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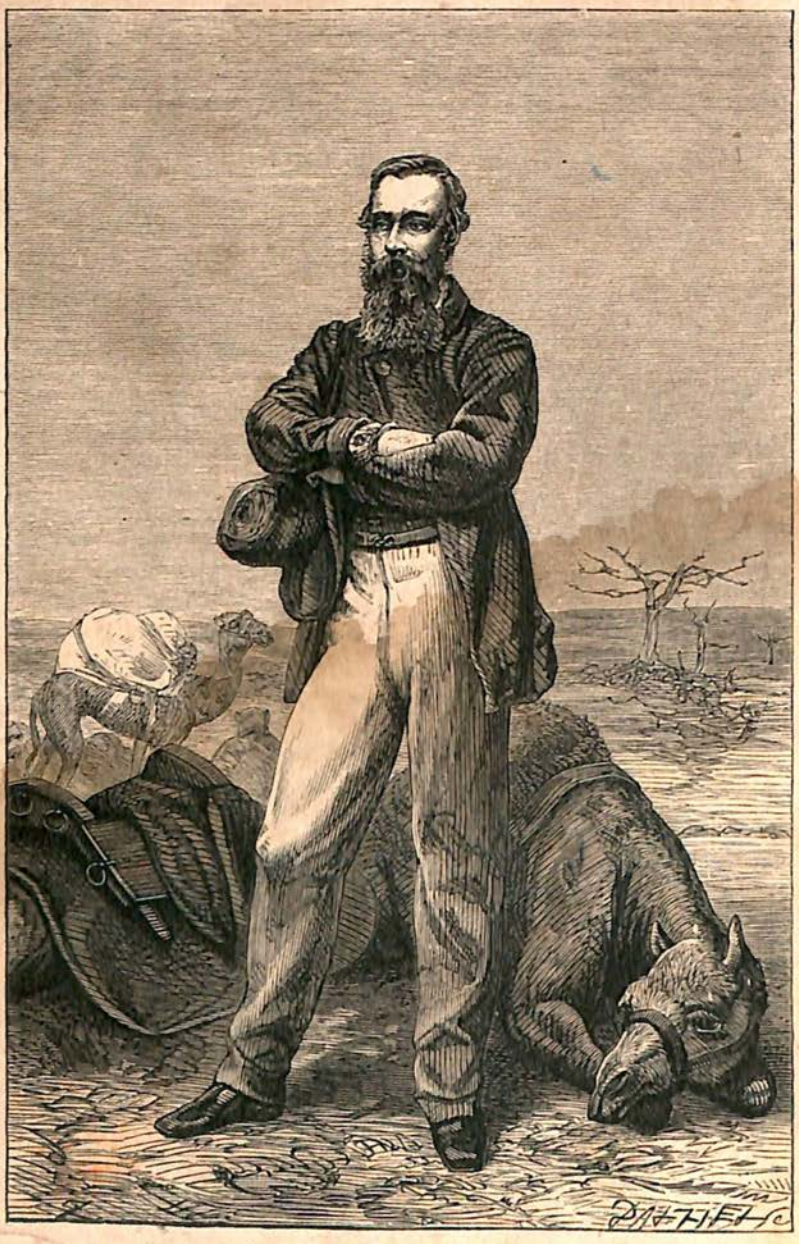
TRAVELLING ABOUT
OVER NEW AND OLD GROUND.



RICHARD O'HARA BURKE. *Front.*

TRAVELLING ABOUT

OVER

NEW AND OLD GROUND

BY

LADY BARKER,

Author of "Stories About:—" "Station Life in New Zealand," &c.

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WITH MAPS AND ILLUSTRATIONS.

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PREFACE.

TRAVELLING ABOUT needs but the shortest of prefaces—merely a few words to stand on the threshold and explain to its readers, as they enter, that the author leaves it entirely to themselves to consider her book either an introduction to other books, or a book in itself. This they will do as their haste or leisure, their taste or distaste, may lead them; but she ventures to hope that, in either case, her labour will not be lost. While she will be the better pleased should these necessarily short and imperfect accounts of the travels of such men as Livingstone, Burton, and Baker, induce her readers to read the books written by the travellers themselves, she confesses that she will be very much mistaken and disappointed if an abstract and brief chronicle of some chapters of modern travel be not found to possess some interest of its own for young people.

So far as she is aware, she is not doing over again a task—or rather a pleasure—which has been done before; for, though unnumbered epitomes of travel have been compiled, their editors seem invariably

to have begun with Marco Polo and to have left off somewhere about Mungo Park, whereas her most ancient author wore his "sandal shoon and scallop shell" no more than forty years ago, while the majority wear them still; and may they wear them long. If, in the intervals of their pilgrimages, any of them should find time to trouble themselves with such a little thing as her book, she trusts they will own she has not been a mere copyist from theirs; trusts they also will wish her well in her endeavour to diffuse the knowledge of a world so much of which they may call their own—a world the wonders of which were in old time seven, but, through their achievements and the achievements of enthusiastic and gallant men who lived before them, are now seventy times seven, and its beauties ten thousand times ten thousand.

A list of the books consulted is added on the next page.

F. N. B.

LIST OF BOOKS CONSULTED.

Wills' Exploration of Australia.
Sturt's Narrative.
Polack's New Zealand.
Dilke's Greater Britain.
Meade's Ride through New Zealand.
Stephens' and Catherwood's Central America.
Lord Milton's North West Passage.
Pumpelly's Travels.
Captain Townshend's Travels.
Burton's Highlands of Brazil.
Hinchcliff's South America.
Head's Pampas.
Smith's Peru.
Burton's Abeokuta and Camaroons.
Livingstone's South Africa.
Speke and Grant's Victoria N'yanza.
Baker's Albert N'yanza.
Rajah Brooke's Journals.
Charles Brooke's Saráwak.
Keppel's Travels.
McLeod's Peeps at the Far East.
Sherrard Osborn's Japan.
Steinmetz's Japan.

CONTENTS.

PART I.—AUSTRALASIA.

CHAPTER I.

PAGE

THE EXPLORING EXPEDITION 3

CHAPTER II.

THE EXPLORERS' FATE 16

CHAPTER III.

STURT'S NARRATIVE 29

CHAPTER IV.

BACK TO MOORUNDI 37

CHAPTER V.

NEW ZEALAND AS IT WAS 45

CHAPTER VI.

NEW ZEALAND AS IT IS 57

CHAPTER VII.

THE MIDDLE ISLAND 68

PART II.—NORTH AMERICA.

CHAPTER VIII.

PAGE
BURIED CITIES 79

CHAPTER IX.

DANGERS BY LAND AND SEA. 91

CHAPTER X.

FROM OCEAN TO OCEAN 105

CHAPTER XI.

ACROSS THE ROCKY MOUNTAINS 112

CHAPTER XII.

ARIZONA AND THE SILVER MINES 119

CHAPTER XIII.

HUNTING EXPERIENCES 131

PART III.—SOUTH AMERICA.

CHAPTER XIV.

THROUGH THE MINING PROVINCE 147

CHAPTER XV.

ON THE RIVER 157

CHAPTER XVI.

IN AND ABOUT BUENOS AYRES 169

CHAPTER XVII.

PAGE

THE PAMPAS 180

CHAPTER XVIII.

PERU 190

PART IV.—AFRICA.

CHAPTER XIX.

ABEOKUTA 203

CHAPTER XX.

THE CAMAROONS 214

CHAPTER XXI.

THE GREAT DESERT 225

CHAPTER XXII.

TO LOANDA 234

CHAPTER XXIII.

FROM LOANDA TO KILIMANE 244

CHAPTER XXIV.

FROM ZANZIBAR TO THE VICTORIA N'YANZA 257

CHAPTER XXV.

THE MEETING AT GONDOKORO 269

CHAPTER XXVI.

THE ALBERT N'YANZA 280

PART V.—ASIA.

CHAPTER XXVII.

PAGE
BORNEO, SARAWAK, AND CELEBES 295

CHAPTER XXVIII.

THE DYAKS 305

CHAPTER XXIX.

FROM CALCUTTA TO LUCKNOW 316

CHAPTER XXX.

LUCKNOW, AGRA, AND DELHI 326

CHAPTER XXXI.

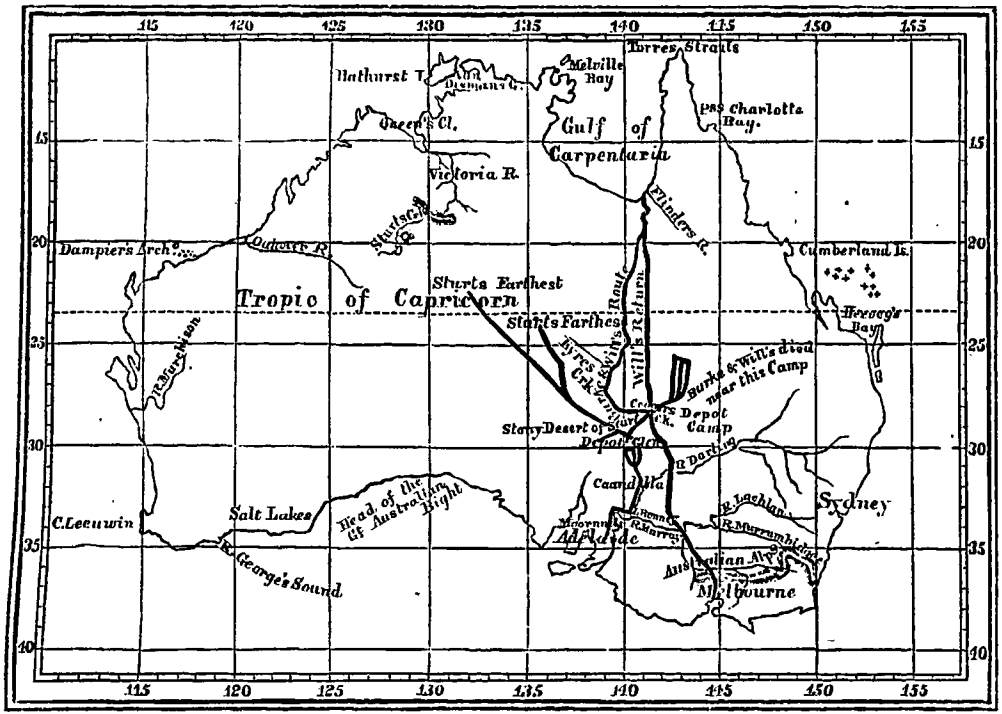
UP TO SIMLA 336

CHAPTER XXXII.

JAPAN 343

PART I.

AUSTRALASIA.


115
120
125
130
135
140
145
150
155
15
20
25
30
35
40
Bathurst I.
Melville Bay
Torres Straits
Gulf of Carpentaria
Pas Charlotte Bay.
Victoria R.
Flinders R.
Dampier's Arch.
Cumberland Is.
Tropic of Capricorn
Sturts Farthest
Sturts Farthest
Wills's Return
Burke & Will's died near this Camp
Depot Camp
Stony Desert
Caamdilla
Sydney
Salt Lakes
Head of the Gt Australian Bight
C. Leeuwin
Adelaide
Melbourne
K. George's Sound

AUSTRALIA.

TRAVELS RE-TRAVELLED.

CHAPTER I.

THE EXPLORING EXPEDITION.

WHEN I was in Melbourne five years ago, the first thing I went to see was the beautiful statue at the upper end of Collins Street, to the memory of Burke and Wills, the unfortunate explorers of the interior of Australia.

No one can look at that statue, at least I could not, without grieving at the recollection of these two lives sacrificed to carelessness and neglect of orders. If one quarter of the money which was expended, and the trouble which was taken to collect their scattered bones, and to do honour to their memories, had been bestowed on them whilst they yet survived, there is little doubt but that they would have been alive now.

There lies before me at this moment a photograph of Mr. Burke, taken on the eve of his journey. It represents a tall vigorous man in perfect health, with a handsome, resolute countenance. At his feet a camel is crouching, and its pack-saddle is also

visible. Vast treeless plains stretch away in the dim background; and a faintly delineated camel procession occupies the middle distance. I see by reference to Dr. Wills' account of the Expedition, that this portrait must have been taken at the end of the first day's march out of Melbourne—which, by the way, was only a seven-miles stage. Mr. Wills, whose name is so closely associated with his leader's throughout, refused to be photographed, alleging that his father already possessed a satisfactory likeness of him. This likeness is the frontispiece of Dr. Wills' book; it shows us a gentle pensive face, with a broad thoughtful brow: such a good countenance, that we can easily believe the fond father's declaration of the worth and depth of William John Wills' character.

We do not know much about these two brave self-sacrificing men here in England; but I can testify that they are remembered with gratitude and deep pity by their fellow-colonists in Victoria. I asked and heard a great deal about them myself, but I shall found the account of their Expedition on a book called "Successful Exploration of Australia." It is that written by the father of the explorer, and contains all the particulars which could be obtained on the spot by a careful collector and sifter of the scanty evidence which was all that seems to have been forthcoming.

The first part of the volume is occupied by a memoir of William John Wills. From it we learn to love and respect the man for his unselfishness, his perseverance, and his devotion to the welfare and improvement of his adopted country. He went out to Melbourne in 1853, twelve years and more before I saw that wonderful city; but if a century had passed since he wrote his first impressions of the wooden and

canvas town which then bore the name of Melbourne, the progress in all the arts and refinements of civilization could scarcely have been more striking.

But it is not with beautiful Acclimatization Gardens, with magnificent Houses of Legislature, with a Free Library which is unequalled in the world, that this story has now to do. We must resolutely turn our back on the Melbourne of to-day, with its hotels, its theatres, its clubs, its shops, its railway stations, its banks, and its fine houses, and stand with the little band of pioneers in the Royal Park just outside Melbourne, on the 20th August, 1860. I stood there myself five years later, and sadly thought of that Monday morning, with all its gay bustle, the tents disappearing, as they were struck and packed one after the other; the long procession of waggons, of pack-horses, of drays, and lastly of camels.

We learn from Dr. Wills' book to hate and distrust those camels at the very outset of the journey. They were brought over from India by one Mr. Landells expressly for this Expedition; wonders were anticipated from them as beasts of burden, but they appear to have signally failed to realize any of the many sanguine expectations of the explorers. Every one who knows anything about camels knows that they are, in Scotch phraseology, "vara kittle cattle" to have anything to do with. Their patience is very much exaggerated; they cannot carry any weight proportionate to their size, and their long sprawling legs soon fail them, except on absolutely dry level ground. Why then were they selected to carry the necessaries of existence for these poor brave men over a country of which nothing was known, and which turned out to be perfectly unsuitable for them?

However, it is only too easy to be wise now; and

instead of railing at the camels, let us come back to the morning of the start, with its sunshine and its warm soft breeze. Nearly the whole population, as Dr. Wills tells us, turned out to witness the imposing spectacle. He copies the account which appeared in the *Melbourne Herald* of the 21st August, and I cannot do better than transcribe a portion of the newspaper narrative for you.

I may skip a few resonant preliminary blasts of the *Herald's* trumpet, and come at once to the enumeration of the "ten thousand or more of our good citizens, who there assembled to witness the departure of the Exploring Expedition. Never have we seen such a manifestation of heartfelt interest in any public undertaking of the kind as on this occasion. The oldest dwellers in Australia have experienced nothing equal to it.

"At an early hour crowds of eager holiday folks, pedestrian and equestrian, were to be seen hieing along the dusty ways to the pleasant glades and umbrageous shade of the Royal Park. A busy scene was there presented. Men, horses, camels, drays, and goods, were scattered here and there amongst the tents, in the sheds, and on the greensward, in picturesque confusion; everything premised a departure —the caravansery was to be deserted. Hour after hour passed in the preparations for starting. By and by, however, the drays were loaded—though not before a burden of 3 cwt. for each camel at starting was objected to; and extra vehicles had to be procured. The horses and camels were securely packed, and their loads properly adjusted.

"It was exactly a quarter to four o'clock when the Expedition got into marching order. A lane was opened through the crowd, and in this the line was

formed; Mr. Burke on his pretty little grey at the head. The Exploration Committee of the Royal Society took up a position in front.

"The Mayor of Melbourne then mounted one of the drays, and said: 'Mr. Burke, I am fully aware that the grand assemblage, this day, while it has impeded your movements in starting, is at the same time a source of much gratification to you. It assures you of the sincere sympathy of the citizens. I will not detain you; but for this great crowd, and on behalf of the colony at large, I say, God speed you.'

"Mr. Burke (uncovered) said, in a clear earnest voice that was heard all over the crowd: 'Mr. Mayor, on behalf of myself and the Expedition I beg to return you my most sincere thanks. No Expedition has ever started under such favourable circumstances as this. The people, the Government, the Committee—all have done heartily what they could do. It is now our turn; and we shall never do well till we justify what you have done in showing what we can do' (loud and prolonged cheering)."

Then they started, and our hearts sink within us from the very first. In vain we learn that the Expedition had been carefully organized by a practical and talented man, that the arrangement of its details had occupied more than two years, and that over £9,000 had been subscribed in Victoria alone, a large sum for the undeveloped resources of the colony to furnish. There were divisions in the camp even before it became a camp, and doubts and misgivings sprang up at the beginning.

Looking at it dispassionately, and with the most earnest wish not to depreciate Mr. Burke's character or services, I cannot make myself think he was fitted to be the head of such an Expedition. He must have

been from all accounts absolutely fearless of danger, of great physical strength, generous, loyal, and noble as any Paladin of old. But, alas! there is something more required for a leader of men. There is forethought, decision, clearness, and conciseness in giving orders, and much more which cannot be set down here. These poor Burke, fine fellow as he was, does not appear to have possessed; and yet it seems hard and cruel to cast now even one reproachful glance at his lowly grave under the box-tree in the pathless rolling plains which lie between New South Wales and the Gulf of Carpentaria.

Mr. Wills was nearly perfect as a second in command. Possessing the strictest sense of discipline and unquestioning obedience, unflagging cheerfulness and endurance, he would have been the most trusty weapon which ever came to a commander's hand; but instead of this, he found himself in positions where his life at last paid the forfeit of vacillating ideas, based on miserably slender information, and where self-will and opposition to his chief could alone have saved them both.

We must remember that the eyes of all the inhabitants of the Australian colonies were turned upon this Expedition; and to account for and appreciate the breathless interest which attended its progress we must recollect that the colonists were waiting for news of what sort of country lay beyond the comparatively narrow strip between the sea-shore and the River Murray, with which they were familiar. They knew that between the Australian Alps and the great Pacific Ocean lay hundreds and hundreds of miles of inland country, but that was all they knew. Whether it was fitted for the habitation of man and beast, whether it was deserted or fertile, well watered or

barren, rich in minerals or poor and thankless—all this they longed to hear. The prosperity of their children, the growth of the beloved new land and its resources — all hung on what the Expedition should discover and report. They must have felt that it was not a question of personal wealth or benefit to either Burke or Wills, for the salaries accepted by them appear to us but scanty recompense for months, and perhaps years, of incessant exposure to wind and weather. It is impossible to doubt that, in undertaking the charge and conduct of the Victorian Exploring Expedition, both Burke and Wills had a single eye to the development and improvement of the colony with which they had cast in their lot, and never a thought of their own personal advancement.

Now we shall start afresh with the little party of adventurous men, and shake off the straggling crowd of idle hangers-on. I must notice that my information is chiefly drawn from Mr. Wills' Diary and Letters. Few papers of poor Robert Burke's were found: it is supposed that they were wilfully lost or destroyed, but my own impression, founded on what I gather of his unpractical habits, is that he trusted chiefly to young Wills' notes for the necessary aids to his memory. At all events, the volume before me naturally bases most of its information on the letters and field-journals of Mr. Wills.

The first note from him to his father breathes the same wonderfully hopeful contented spirit in which his last almost illegible words are traced precisely ten months afterwards. Dissensions and difficulties date from the first day's journey, but there is no trace of either in Wills' letters. A month after the Expedition started Mr. Burke found it necessary to dismiss his foreman, Fergusson, who, we are told, was of so

unprepossessing an exterior and address, that Mr. Burke was warned that he would probably find it necessary to shoot him! Under these circumstances, we feel quite thankful when he is safely packed off with only hard words on both sides. No sooner was this individual disposed of than the original second in command, Mr. Landells (Wills was third in power at the outset), began to make difficulties on behalf of his camels. Amongst other perquisites and comforts necessary for the well-being of these animals, it appears that rum is included, and passing over young Wills' temperate and straightforward letter to Professor Neumayer on the subject of the grand quarrel, we will copy from the *Argus* what the Melbourne press thought of the affair three months after the Expedition had started.

After touching on Mr. Landells' conduct, and speaking in high terms of the letter from Mr. Wills, alluded to above, the *Argus* goes on to say :—

"These camels, under Mr. Landells' spoiling, appear to have become the plague of the Expedition. They were to have rum solely, as it now appears, because Mr. Landells knew of an officer who took two camels through a two years' campaign in Cabul, the Punjab, and Scinde, by allowing them arrack. They were to carry more stores for themselves than they were worth ; they were not to make long journeys, nor to travel in bad weather, nor to be subject to any one's direction, or opinion, or advice. In fine, the chief difficulty of exploring Australia seemed to consist in humouring the camels. We may imagine the feelings of a leader with such a drag as this encumbering him. Mr. Pickwick could never have viewed with such disgust the horse which he was obliged to lead about as Mr. Burke must have regarded his camels."

We do not know how many animals originally started with the travellers: we hear of one camel, with only 4 cwt. on its back, tumbling down and dislocating its shoulder; but Mr. Burke's first and most business-like despatch tells us, that after Mr. Landells' departure there were sixteen available camels and fifteen horses left. This report gives also the names of the diminished party. They consisted of seven Europeans and a Sepoy. Dr. Beckler, the botanist and medical adviser to the Expedition, and Dr. Becker, its naturalist and artist, had both by this time resigned their appointments, and our only wonder is that they ever accepted them, as they were evidently poor weak creatures, quite unfit for hardships.

This despatch of Mr. Burke's is dated Torowoto, October 29, 1860, and is full of hope and courage. The proposed route of the Expedition was due north, straight across the vast unexplored continent, and through a great part of it now known as Queensland. I may mention here that Victoria has benefited very little by the pecuniary sacrifices she then made. To her, however, belongs the honour and glory of having found the men and the money, and she honours the names of her brave adopted sons as much as if they had brought her news of thousands of added acres. But it is a fact that "all the land discovered by the Burke and Wills Expedition, now called Burke's Land, has been handed over to Queensland by the Home Government. It extends up to Cape York on the extreme north, in Torres Straits." According to a rough calculation, they must have travelled some 400 miles by the time they had reached Torowoto. Burke describes the country as very well grassed, and forming splendid sheep-grazing land, with a sufficient supply of creeks

and water-holes. He is, in the same document, full of praise of Mr. Wright, in whom he had a totally misplaced confidence, and declares with greater truth that he feels himself most fortunate in having Mr. Wills as his second officer.

I next turn to Mr. Wills' official report of the same country under the same date, and find it not nearly so encouraging as Mr. Burke's. He, Mr. Wills, writes in his official character as Surveyor to the Expedition, and enters into minute details of the nature of the soil, its dryness, the drifting sand, and the poisonous "Darling Pea," which grows on the river of that name, and which, when eaten in any quantity, drives horses mad. He considers the land about Torowoto more fitted for cattle than sheep, as it is swampy.

Altogether these two despatches, read in the order they are printed, teach us the character of the men—Robert Burke, hasty in his judgments, sanguine, warm, and impulsive, a man to love, but not to follow; John Wills, sober, prudent, observing and cautious, a man who would follow where he loved, all over the world.

At this point the party split up again. Wright went back to Menindie, where he lingered for months instead of following the explorers; whilst Burke and Wills, with only five men, set out from Torowoto on the 29th September, and reached Cooper's Creek, as nearly as possible half-way across the continent, on the 11th November, having travelled 250 miles in about six weeks. Here the Expedition halted for a short time. A depôt of clothing and stores was formed, and many consultations were held on the subject of the shortest route to the Gulf of Carpentaria. The explorers knew that Mr. Douall

Stuart was on the point of starting from Adelaide with the hope of arriving at the Gulf by a different route, so, as Dr. Wills' remarks, it became a rival race as to who should reach the goal first.

We are given about this time a charming little letter from Mr. Wills to his sister, in which he tells her that they had then halted at Cooper's Creek for three weeks, and intended to linger there a fortnight longer. He makes light of all the discomforts and fatigues they had hitherto experienced, and declares it has been more like a pic-nic than an Expedition. One little episode which he mentions does not sound very alluring. He and a comrade, McDonough by name, started from the Creek on a reconnoitring expedition, taking three camels with them. They found no water, and at the end of the third day the animals escaped, whilst Mr. Wills had gone to a rising ground at a little distance to make some observations. He had left them in charge of McDonough, desiring him not to lose sight of them for a moment; but this man set to work to light a fire and boil his pannikin, neglecting to watch the camels. When Wills returned and inquired where they were, McDonough pointed to some stunted bushes in the distance, and said they were the camels. Of course they were nothing of the sort, and after a fruitless search the travellers "concluded," as our Yankee cousins would say, to start homewards. But Cooper's Creek was at least ninety miles away, and they had so little water left that it was necessary to walk fast and steadily. With this terrible fear of thirst before them, they stepped out, and actually reached the depôt with its welcome deep water-holes in forty-eight hours. Young Wills describes the forced march as if it were a holiday ramble; but even his calm composure cannot

lessen the hardship of such a journey, with, as he states, the thermometer at 105° in the shade and 140° in the sun; and a hot wind blowing. They had not half a pint of water left when they reached the camp. No wonder that he speaks of "smacking their lips over a drink of cold water with as much relish as ever any one did over the best sherry or champagne."

Cooper's Creek could not have been a very inviting place, with its myriads of flies, and its flat extensive plains covered with herbs dried like hay, and its water the colour of "flood water in the Dart;" but such as it was, we read of their leaving it as if it were a home to which they bade farewell when they started for Eyre's Creek on the 16th December, 1860. Again the small party divided: a man called Brahe remained at the depôt with two Europeans, Dost Mahomet (the Sepoy before mentioned), six camels, and twelve horses. This only left King and Charley to accompany Burke and Wills, and they took with them six camels, one horse, and three months' provisions.

Before concluding my chapter I must pause for a word about this unhappy man Brahe. After reading both sides of the story, it seems hard to know whether he is most to be blamed or pitied. Here are the opposing statements. Dr. Wills declares that Brahe, who seems to have been a good sort of man in the main, "received most positive orders to remain at Cooper's Creek until the return of the exploring party from the Gulf of Carpentaria." He did not do so; he waited for four months, and then went away, taking *all the stores of clothing* with him, and leaving a very small proportion of the provision deposited in a câche. On the other hand, it is hard to imagine a more trying position than poor Brahe's. Expecting every day to be relieved by Mr. Wright, who he

understood was to join him immediately, he remained in that desolate spot for four months and five days, without word or token from any living creature. He had to listen to the daily heart-rending appeals of one of his companions who was sick unto death, and who prayed him to set out homewards. At last he yielded, and, twenty-four hours after he and his party had started, Burke and Wills and King arrived to find themselves deserted and forsaken. But this is anticipating, and therefore we will return and follow the explorers step by step to the bitter end.

CHAPTER II.

THE EXPLORERS' FATE.

ALMOST the first entry in Mr. Wills' field-book numbered "one," refers to some friendly blacks whom they met, at a point where the sandstone range crosses the creek. Of these natives Mr. Wills writes, "They pestered us to go to their camp and have a dance, which we declined. They were very troublesome, and nothing but the threat to shoot them will keep them away. They are, however, easily frightened; and although fine-looking men, decidedly not of a warlike disposition. They show the greatest inclination to take whatever they can, but will run no unnecessary risk in so doing. They seldom carry any weapon except a shield and a large kind of bomerang, which I believe they use for killing rats, &c. Sometimes, but very seldom, they have a large spear; reed-spears seem to be quite unknown to them. They are, undoubtedly, a finer and better-looking race of men than the blacks on the Murray and Darling, and more peaceful; but in other respects I believe they will not compare favourably with them. They appear to be mean-spirited and contemptible in every respect."

It was close upon the Australian Midsummer when the little band started for the sea-shore, so many

hundred miles away. From the first, their steps lay due north, slightly trending to the west, and Mr. Wills mentions passing through lovely valleys covered with fresh green plants, and gay with red-breasted cockatoos, pigeons, and other birds. In every page of the journal we find careful observations about water recorded, as, of course, in a new country everything depends upon that necessary. At one camp we are amused to come across a notice of an exceptionally good water-hole, and of the night being so calm and bright that Mr. Wills was able to secure an observation of the eclipse of Jupiter's satellite, using the water as an horizon. All through the Expedition the blacks proved most friendly; and we find more than one notice of an interchange of civilities, fish fried in their own fat being bartered by the natives for beads and matches.

Up to latitude 27° 25½′ South, the country is described as being of the finest description for pastoral purposes, but the region beyond was sandy and arid, and very bad for travelling. However, they pushed on, only halting for one day at a spot named by them "Gray's Creek," to celebrate Christmas. We can imagine the four Englishmen trying hard, like Mark Tapley, to be jolly under adverse circumstances. Disagreeables we may be sure there were, enough and to spare, but brave John Wills does not mention them; he only tells us of the advantages attending the situation of that lonely Christmas camp, the abundance of water, the shade of the timber, the sufficiency of food, and the absence of vermin.

At half-past four on the following morning they started afresh to pursue their way over the "earthy, rotten plains," in the direction of Eyre's Creek. The

record of each day's journey is deeply interesting, but we cannot linger by the way: we must march rapidly from camp to camp, over country which improved as soon as they got into the tropic of Capricorn, and which not only furnished excellent feed for the horses, but flocks of ducks and wild pigeons to improve the travellers' fare. It is hardly possible to imagine anything more exciting than this rapid dash through such a virgin country, rich with its treasures of food and water, all waiting, as it had been waiting since the creation, for Man to come and take possession of his splendid inheritance. Let us think for an instant of Burke's and Wills' feelings as they marched hopefully and steadily on, disregarding everything except their goal, the sea-shore. They had both believed that these rich lands lay useless here, and now their belief was turned into knowledge, and they must have proudly thought that thousands of human creatures in the coming generations would remember their names as we remember the names of those who bring us good news. Is it any wonder that even the rough hasty notes, which are all the record we possess of this part of the Expedition, breathe a spirit of joy and hope which should make the colour mount in your cheek, and the true adventure-light shine in your eyes, as you read the soul-stirring words?

And now they are nearing the desired sea-coast; the water begins to taste salt, they strike on the course of the Flinders River, and they get upon the country which had before been traversed by Mr. Gregory and other previous explorers. I confess this part of the narrative disappoints me greatly. In Mr. Wills' journal there is absolutely no mention made of Mr. Burke and himself actually standing on the sea-shore, and yet the tone of the report assumes that

they did so. We are told in one place, that they left Gray and King behind at the camp marked "119" in charge of the camels, and pushed on alone for the shore. The next field-journal, numbered 9, takes up the narrative from the day—the 13th February, 1861—when "the party turned their faces to the south, and commenced their long and toilsome march in return." But there is no actual statement of the when and the how they saw the ocean, and knew that their mission was ended, their brightest hopes fulfilled, and that their names were even then written down on the list of those who deserve well of their country. Of all this we know nothing; but, in turning to the concluding observations, we find this perplexing entry in one of Mr. Burke's scanty notes: "28th March [six weeks after they had left the sea behind them, remember]: "at the conclusion of report, it would be well to say that we reached the sea, but we could not obtain a view of the open ocean, although we made every effort to do so."

And yet it seems taken for granted that they penetrated to the shore, and reached the spot marked as the mouth of the Flinders River. The tracings on the careful and excellent map at the end of Dr. Wills' book lead us to the same conclusion, even in the face of Burke's simple and artless entry recorded above.

We must, however, turn back with the happy, triumphant men, with them rejoin King and Gray, and start for Cooper's Creek once more. Already the provisions were running short; and we can feel for poor Wills' disappointment when, having shot a pheasant, he records his disgust at finding it "all feathers and claws."

It was now the middle of February, and the journal contains almost daily entries of heavy thunderstorms,

flashes of lightning, and pouring rain. This relieved them of their constant dread of a water famine, but made the ground so boggy as to be almost impassable, the creeks difficult to cross; and we now come to the first record of failing strength. Wills writes: "The dampness of the atmosphere prevented any evaporation, and gave one a helpless feeling of lassitude that I have never before experienced to such an extent."

On the 3rd of March we find this entry, the only one of the sort: "In crossing a creek by moonlight, Charley rode over a large snake; it did not touch him, and we thought it was a log until he struck it with the stirrup iron. We then saw that it was an immense snake, larger than any I have ever seen in a wild state. It measured eight feet four inches in length, and seven inches in girth. The weight was 11½ lbs. The under-part was yellow, and the sides and back had irregular brown transverse bars on a yellowish brown ground. I could detect no poisonous fangs, but two distinct rows of teeth in each jaw."

The next camp is marked as "Feasting Camp," and we are rather at a loss to discover the origin of the name until we are reluctantly obliged to believe that they feasted on the snake; for on the following day (17th return camp), there is mention made of Mr. Burke feeling very unwell, having been attacked by dysentery, being giddy, and unable to keep his seat on camel-back; and a further statement that these unpleasant symptoms had dated from a dinner off broiled snake. We should think so, indeed! It is quite a relief to find they had some freshly-gathered dates to eat at their next halting-place.

By the 6th March the only horse, "Golah," gave in, despite the richness of the feed, which is everywhere

recorded. He was obliged to be left behind, as he could not travel even when the pack and saddle were taken off. Wednesday, 13th March, is marked as a night of incessant rain, but there is no trace or symptom of grumbling at the misery and discomfort it must have entailed; and there is even a little sparkle of humour, in naming a camp, six or seven wet days' journey further on, "Humid Camp." Just before this they were obliged to leave 60 lbs. weight of things behind, owing to the failing strength of the camels. "Muddy Camp" is the next entry; and then comes "Mosquito Camp." The resting-place for the 25th March is called "Native-dog Camp," and there is a record of one of the party, Gray, having been caught stealing and eating a hastily-prepared mess of flour. Apparently this was not his first theft, as "many things had been found to run unaccountably short." Gray excused himself by saying he was ill with dysentery; but his excuse did not weigh with Mr. Burke, who called him up and gave him a severe thrashing.

On the 30th March, Boocha, one of the camels, had to be killed, and they halted early to cut him up and jerk his flesh. All this time Gray was supposed to be shamming illness, because he declared himself unable to walk; but unfortunately there is no doubt that he was as weak as he declared, for on April 17th Mr. Wills notes his death, and they appear to have halted for a day to bury him. The survivor, King, said afterwards, that they were all so weak they could hardly scratch a grave deep enough to inter Gray's body.

We find about this time the first mention of cold nights, an additional trial to failing strength. Let any of us imagine what it would be to lie on wet, cold

ground, night after night, with insufficient covering, and therefore to be unable to sleep from cold. It was now getting late in the autumn, and they knew full well that each sunrise and sunset would bring them nearer to a winter, short, indeed, but greatly to be dreaded by human creatures without proper food, or shelter, or clothing.

I have no words of my own in which to narrate the frightful disappointment awaiting the worn-out, weary travellers. I shall copy Dr. Wills' affecting account of it :—

"On Sunday, April 21, 1861, the survivors, Mr. Burke, my son, King, and two camels, reached Cooper's Creek, at the exact place where the depôt party had been left under Brahe. *There was no one there!* During the last few days every exertion had been made, every nerve strained, to reach the goal of their arduous labours, the spot where they expected to find rest, clothing, and provisions in abundance. King describes in vivid language the exertions of that last ride of thirty miles; and Burke's delight when he thought he saw the depôt camp. 'There they are,' he exclaimed. 'I see them!' Lost and bewildered in amazement, he appeared like one stupefied when the appalling truth burst on him. King has often described to me the scene. Mr. Wills looked about him in all directions. Presently he said, 'King, they are gone;' pointing a short way off to a spot, 'There are the things they have left.' Then he and I set to work to dig them up, which we did in a short time. Mr. Burke at first was quite overwhelmed, and flung himself on the ground."

It is hardly possible to realize the depth of such a disappointment, the bitter despair of knowing they had been deserted, and that their lives would surely

pay the penalty of the desertion. If hope deferred maketh the heart sick, what must be the feeling produced by hope extinguished?

Still there is not a word of grumbling or complaint, not a line of reproach against the comrades who had saved themselves at their expense. If one additional pang were wanting to that supreme moment, it might have been found in the date of Brahe's despatch, barely twenty-four hours old. Here is the document itself, which has the sole merit of not offering any excuse for conduct which was quite inexcusable.

"DEPOT, COOPER'S CREEK, *April* 21, 1861.

"The depôt party of the V. E. E. leaves this camp to-day, to return to the Darling. I intend to go S.E. from camp 60, to get into our old track near Bulloo. Two of my companions and myself are quite well; the third, Patten, has been unable to walk for the last eighteen days, as his leg has been severely hurt when thrown by one of the horses. No one has been up here from the Darling. We have six camels and twelve horses in good working condition.

"WILLIAM BRAHE."

So far from recording strictures on Brahe's conduct, Mr. Wills' journal contains a congratulatory entry at the discovery of a câche under a tree, marked "D. T. G.;" he is deeply thankful at this man Brahe having left any food, though the division was most unfair; and it fills one with indignation to read of 150 lbs. of flour taken for four men in health and strength, whilst 50 lbs. were left for an equal number (he did not know of Gray's death) at starvation point. Other things, such as oatmeal and sugar, were but little more evenly apportioned. Even

patient John Wills cannot help writing in his diary, "We are placed in a very awkward position with respect to clothing." What do you think this awkward position was? Simply that William Brahe had taken all the clothing—which by the way was Mr. Wills' private property—with him, and that the explorers returned to the depôt, where they expected to replace their rain-sodden rags by new good garments, to find everything gone.

And yet King testifies that Wills "never once showed the slightest anger or loss of self-command." Here is his own confession of their bodily weakness—borne without a murmur, remember:—

"Our legs are almost paralysed, so that each of us finds it a most trying task only to walk a few yards. Such a leg-bound feeling I never before experienced, and hope I never shall again. The exertion required to get up a slight piece of rising ground, even without any load, induces an indescribable sensation of pain and helplessness, and the general lassitude makes one unfit for anything." He attributes, further on, this state of prostration to "an exclusively animal diet of such an inferior description as that offered by the flesh of a worn-out and exhausted horse."

There had probably been some sort of shelter erected at the depôt, for Mr. Wills writes quite cheerfully of the improvement which the forty-eight hours' rest and the oatmeal porridge had made in the distressing symptoms so pathetically described above; but still we find them starting homewards on April 23rd. Unfortunately, instead of returning by the Darling River, Burke decided on the route to the Adelaide district, by Mount Hopeless. Mr. Wills differed most decidedly from his leader, and we cannot but lament that he yielded the point. Mr.

Burke's reasons for going that way seem to have been chiefly founded on a vague report that there were some South Australian settlers, 100 *or* 150 miles from Cooper's Creek, in that direction. Think of the difference which lay in that *or;* and yet not so much after all, for there were no such people as these visionary settlers.

Just before they started, the party buried these journals of poor Wills in the câche from which the provisions had been taken. A despatch of Mr. Burke's is added, containing a brief account of their discoveries; he says: "We are very weak." In another place we read: "We have all suffered much from hunger:" and again, "Greatly disappointed at finding the party here gone. We shall move very slowly down the Creek." Slowly, indeed, they moved, but Wills keeps a record to the end; still writing brave, manly words to the last. Only once or twice he cannot help noting their sufferings from the cold at night. Five days' march further on one of the two remaining camels got bogged in a creek, and as Wills says, "lay quietly in it, as if he quite enjoyed his position." Weak as they were, every effort to extricate the brute was useless; so, towards evening on the second day, they killed him and cut off such meat as they could conveniently get at, and jerked it.

On May 6th they seem to have abandoned the idea of continuing this route, and poor Wills' diary for that day is brief. He says, "The rations are rapidly diminishing; our clothing, especially the boots, are all going to pieces, and we have not the materials for repairing them properly; the camel is completely done up, and can scarcely get along, though he has the best of feed and is resting half his time." The remaining journals contain frequent notices of camp-

ing with the blacks, who seem to have been always hospitable and friendly enough, sharing their fish and "nardoo," a sort of pulse apparently, it being alluded to as the seed of a small shrub.

On Thursday, May 30th, they made another câche, and deposited the accumulation of journals and notes since leaving Cooper's Creek, also a note from Mr. Wills detailing their wretched plight. They seem to have wandered about a good deal, as one notice refers to a solitary journey by Mr. Wills of seventy miles. Fancy that distance accomplished by a man tottering on the edge of his grave. "Nardoo" was found in abundance, and they learned to prepare it from the natives. It is described as very palatable, but utterly insufficient for the nourishment of a white man, though it forms the staple food of the blacks in that district. The explorers do not seem to have suffered from hunger, only from failing strength. Their emaciation, according to King's account, must have been frightful; and at last Wills confesses himself too weak to move, and implores Burke and King to leave him and go up the Creek in search of the blacks.

We can imagine the reluctance with which they at last, and only after his repeated and earnest entreaties, consented to do so. Wills says in his last journal, "*It is our only chance;*" and then, on the 30th June, King and Mr. Burke left him with nardoo seed near him enough to last for eight days, water and firewood in proportion. Poor fellows, they only took enough for *two* days' consumption with themselves. 'It is a slight comfort to think he was not utterly without shelter.' A sort of wigwam or "gunyah" had afforded them all a sleeping-place for some nights past, as they had taken possession of a deserted camping place of the blacks. Mr. Wills entrusted Burke with

his watch and a letter of leave-taking addressed to his father, and dated, "Near Cooper's Creek, 27th June 1861." He says they are "on the point of starvation, not so much from absolute want of food, but from the want of nutriment in what we can get." He says plainly, that their sad plight is owing to the desertion of his post by Brahe. The postscript of this letter fills us with amazement: here it is:—

"I think to live about four or five days. My spirits are excellent."

He probably did not live even half that space of time. When King returned six days later, alone, he found him lying dead and stripped of his clothes. As the supply of nardoo had not been touched, King judged he had only survived a few hours, and the subsequent testimony of the natives confirmed this idea.

We must now follow King's narrative. He tells us that on the second day after leaving Mr. Wills, poor Burke became unable to move. He seems to have been quite as brave and self-possessed at the last as was his companion and second in command, whom he had grown to love so dearly. Giving King a few final instructions, Burke begged him to remain to the last, saying, "It is a comfort to know that some one is by; but, when I am dying, it is my wish that you should place the pistol in my right hand, and that you leave me unburied as I lie." King's narrative continues, "That night he spoke very little, and the following morning I found him speechless, or nearly so, and about eight o'clock he expired." King may well add, "I felt very lonely."

After this King lived entirely with the blacks until he was found by Mr. Howitt's searching-party on the 15th September. Burke must have died on the 2d July, having therefore lived for two and a half

months with the blacks. On the 18th Mr. Howitt records the discovery of poor Wills' bleaching bones, and their interment in a sandy grave. Mr. Howitt read 1 Cor. chap. xv. in that desolate spot, and cut the explorer's name on a tree close by. The following day they sought and found Mr. Burke's untouched body, the pistol still lying near the extended right-hand. They wrapped the crumbling form in a union-jack, and laid it in a shallow sand grave beneath a box-tree, upon which they carved an inscription telling who rested there.

And so they turned wearily homewards with their sad news. Rumour of disaster had preceded them, and their report confirmed every one's worst fears. We need not dwell on King's reception in Melbourne; the poor exhausted man received such an ovation as well-nigh killed him. Then came commissions, and committees, and inquiries by the score, until we are fairly dazed. To only one question is the answer worth transcribing, for its moral goes with it. King states in answer to question 1,714 (!) "We each had our Bible and Prayer-book—we read them; the evening before his death Mr. Burke prayed to God for forgiveness, and died happy, a sincere Christian."

Now I will end this chapter with nobler words than any I can pen, and I hope that even if my dear boy-friends cannot understand their full force and beauty at this moment, they will commit the sense of the grand lines to memory, and act up to the spirit of their teaching in the far-future years.

"My brother, the brave man has to give his life away. Give it, I advise thee; thou dost not expect to sell thy life in an adequate manner? Give it like a royal heart; let the price be—nothing: then hast thou in a certain sense got All for it."

CHAPTER III.

STURT'S NARRATIVE.

I HAVE read these two handsome volumes carefully, and although they contain much valuable information, the style of the narrative is somewhat dry, and I shall therefore condense it into as short and as palatable a form as is possible.

Captain Sturt tells us that sixteen years before he undertook the journey here recorded he had made an attempt to explore the Murray River, starting from Sydney on the south-eastern side of the Australian continent, and the capital of New South Wales. Of this Expedition we have no account, and the explorer merely states that he "returned to Sydney, disheartened and dissatisfied with the result of his investigations." But the discoveries he had made were really much more important than he imagined at the time, and paved the way for other enterprising men. Sir Thomas Mitchell, Captain Grey, Mr. Eyre, Mr. Oxley, Mr. Flinders, and many others made journeys and expeditions into the interior, of greater or less importance according to the means at their disposal; but we propose to devote these chapters solely to a brief recapitulation of the Expedition into Central Australia, undertaken by Captain Sturt during the years 1844-6.

The travellers started from Adelaide, a town on the sea-coast of the south of Australia, with the design of penetrating as far as they could inland, towards the north. They naturally selected the early spring as the most favourable season at which to commence a journey into an unknown country, in order that the misery of cold might not be added to the many hardships they would have to endure.

It was on the 10th of August, 1844, therefore, that the main body of the Expedition set out, but Captain Sturt and his friend and medical adviser, Mr. F. H. Browne, did not start from Adelaide until the 16th. Here I must pause for a moment to notice the admirable arrangements made by Captain Sturt as commander of this Expedition. He appears to have taken extraordinary pains to insure the comfort and well-being of his men, thirteen in all. Besides Captain Sturt we find Mr. Poole named as assistant, and Mr. Browne as surgeon. The live stock consisted of eleven horses, three bullocks, two-hundred and six sheep, four kangaroo dogs, two sheep dogs; and among the dead stock were one boat and boat-carriage.

They turned their steps north-eastward from the first, and halted for a few days at Moorundi to re-arrange the loads, and see to the final details of so great an undertaking. We cannot fail to admire the regulations established in the little camp, both with regard to its discipline and order, and also its relations towards the natives, whose track they might be expected to cross for some time to come.

Of course it is impossible to follow the party step by step, though I would fain linger with them at the camp at Lake Bonney, a small lake formed chiefly by the back-water of the Murray, where Captain Sturt describes the beauty of wood and water, cliff and

grass lands, with the noble River Murray sweeping in grand curves beneath its high banks. Although they had hardly been marching for a fortnight, the sheep are stated to be already "exceedingly tame and tractable, following the party like dogs." To any one acquainted with the chamois-like shyness of Australian or New Zealand sheep, this is high praise indeed.

The nights seem to have been still very cold, and on the 6th September (answering to our March weather) they found thick ice in the buckets in the morning. They expected to have seen some natives at Lake Bonney, but only eight or nine were forthcoming, and these regarded them with suspicion, and could not imagine why they should journey with so many drays and waggons. It was perfectly natural that our explorers should find but scant welcome from the dwellers in these vast unknown lands. The blacks had already learned that the white man possessed terrible and mysterious weapons, and the first evil consequence to the poor stunted Bushman was, that all his game became wild and were scared and driven away from their usual feeding-places. A party of travelling whites meant, then, to the eyes of the natives, possibly famine and death, certainly extra trouble and difficulty in procuring food.

Captain Sturt mentions fine herds of wild cattle feeding along the richly-grassed banks of the Murray, on that very pasture land which now belongs to the province of Victoria, and is marked on the maps as "Australia Felix." I wonder if any of my boy readers will be colonist-farmers enough to know that cattle are the very best stock in the world to put on new land? They create a surface drainage, which is one of the

first requisites in a new country, by their heavy hoof-prints, and they fertilise the land they feed on. This is a digression, however, and we must come back to Captain Sturt and his party; but before I leave these cattle I must record their having caused an accident to the principal stockman, Flood by name, —a very important personage, I assure you. This was how it happened.

Although they had only been marching for a month, the necks of the bullocks were becoming sore from the pressure of the yokes, and, in order to relieve the poor beasts, Flood proposed to induce some of their wild free brethren to join the camp and take their places. This was easier said than done, and cost four of the best horsemen many a fruitless gallop. At last, at an exciting moment of the chace, when all depended on the animals being turned towards the river, Flood attempted to load and fire his carbine whilst he was in full gallop, thinking that the noise of its report would scare back the cattle. The gun went off indeed, but it carried away three of the first joints of the fingers of poor Flood's right hand, and the cattle got away unscathed. This accident obliged the party to halt on the lovely Ana branch of the Darling River, which runs down from the north, and joins the Murray just here, about lat. 34°.

It was now the third week in September, and they bade adieu to the Murray, and turned northwards to reach the valley of the Darling. I am tempted to copy Captain Sturt's description of this camp:—

"The stream itself was very pretty. Beautiful and drooping trees shaded its banks, and the grass in its channel was green to the water's edge. Evening's mildest radiance seemed to linger on a spot so fair, and there was a mellow haze in the distance that

softened every object. The cattle and horses were up to their flanks in grass, and young reeds and sow-thistle, mallow, peppermint, and indigo fera were growing in profusion around us. Close to our tents there was a large and hollow gum-tree, in which a new fishing-net had been deposited; but where the owner intended to use it was a puzzle to us, for it was impossible that any fish could remain in the shallow, muddy waters of the Darling, which was at its lowest ebb. Whether the natives anticipated the flood which shortly afterwards swelled it I cannot say, although I am led to believe they did, either from habit or experience."

Near this spot was a large encampment of natives, and a very amusing black fellow who had volunteered to join the Expedition earlier in the day, and was called Nadbuck, appears to have heard of the vicinity of this tribe with great anxiety. Probably these rangers of woods and forests in Nature's own great park must have regarded Mr. Nadbuck as a renegade and deserter, and despised him for his effeminacy in wearing clothes, and indulging in luxuries beyond their simple ken. Indeed, Nadbuck would not permit the party to pass the native encampment until he had gone first to prepare their minds for the apparition of the drays. Captain Sturt records the scene in very graphic language, and it seems before my eyes as I read his admirable account.

On a bend of the river, close to its banks, were assembled the men of the tribe. They had, with the true wild-animal instinct, hidden their lubras (women) and piccaninnies out of sight. Fine, tall, handsome fellows they must have looked, standing there in perplexity and terror that bright Spring morning. Perhaps they dimly guessed that this peaceful procession

heralded other comers, who would gradually push them further and further back from these fertile lands—back to the inhospitable stony desert behind. Our friend Nadbuck walked at the head of the line of drays and horses, between two aged men of this tribe, holding a hand of each, whilst another native ally in the Explorers' camp, called Toonda, "walked up to the natives, folded his blanket around him with a haughty air, and eyed the whole of them with a look of stern and unbending pride, if not of ferocity."

Captain Sturt seems to have done all in his power to allay the fears of these poor creatures. He not only enforced the strictest rules concerning the conduct of his own people, but he made presents to the old men of the tribe.

We cannot help taking an interest in the development of Toonda's character. Soon after this, the dogs who accompanied the Expedition pulled down and killed a fine fat kangaroo, which the man appointed to feed them was about to distribute to the hungry animals, when Toonda wrathfully interposed, threatening Jones with his waddy (or tomahawk), and shouting "Kangaroo mine! sheep yours!" He was much disappointed, however, when, a few days later, a sheep was killed, and on his coming as usual for his share of the meat, Captain Sturt reminded him of his own arrangement; but he seems to have submitted so cheerfully to the restriction that we are quite glad to hear he was forgiven, and fed with good fresh mutton. A little way from this spot the party came upon a kangaroo freshly killed and prepared for cooking. Captain Sturt immediately ordered the dogs to be tied up and the meat left untouched, to the astonishment and gratification of the poor, scared hunters.

The weather continued cold to the 9th October,

as they held their monotonous way up the Darling, and on the 10th they turned westwards for the first time, and reached Laidley's Ponds, a broad water-course, through which the floods of the Darling were flowing with great velocity. The poor travellers here encountered thunderstorms and heavy rain. From these ponds Mr. Poole, the next in rank to Captain Sturt, made expeditions and collected information about the country. We read of a tea-party at Cawndilla, the next camp, to which many lubras came, and were each made supremely happy by a present of two lumps of white sugar after they had swallowed their cups of tea. The heavy rain and thunderstorms passed over, it became extremely hot, and, whilst the fine dry weather lasted, Captain Sturt prepared to make brilliant little dashes into the mountainous interior, leaving the draught animals and heavy baggage in camp at Cawndilla. The food of the men was excellent, consisting of fresh meat, bread, &c., whereas their three officers, Sturt, Poole, and Browne took nothing but salt bacon with them during these short, hurried journeys. This diet, added to the greater amount of exposure and hardship endured by the officers, brought on scurvy, and it is sad to read, later in the volume, of Mr. Poole's terrible sufferings from this disease.

However, at present, that is in October, they were all well and strong except Mr. Browne, who had a low fever on him. Nothing can be more interesting than the account of their rambles among hills 2,000 feet high, over crags and rocks which make one giddy to read of, and where they were forced to economise every drop of water. All this time the gallant little party, in light marching order, were working their way N.N.W., as you may see on the map for yourselves

November arrived, bringing greater heat, but still some refreshing showers fell. Their route seems to have made a sort of loop, and we find Captain Sturt returning to Cawndilla about the 18th, leaving Mr. Poole and Mr. Browne to explore a little longer. The whole party met again at Cawndilla on the 1st December, when they prepared to shift the depôt camp higher up to the N.W. It was necessary to take great precautions on account of the heat, and of their ignorance of where water was to be found; however, they surmounted all difficulties, and gradually and cautiously worked their way into the interior. The suffering to both man and beast from the daily increasing heat—for Christmas Day had come and gone—and the interminable dry sandy plains, without a pond or creek for miles and miles, must have been great indeed; but just as the bullocks were at the last gasp from thirst, a providential discovery of water saved them in time. In January we read of the ground being so thoroughly heated that whenever the poor bullocks stopped to rest—and that must have been every hour or so—"they pawed the earth to find a cool place" on which to stand their burning hoofs. Still the explorers marched steadily on, without a thought of turning back or giving in, like the brave men they were, and at last, on the 27th January, they reached a favourable spot, marked on the map a Depôt Glen, where they once more pitched their tents and prepared to rest.

CHAPTER IV.

BACK TO MOORUNDI.

THEY little thought when they encamped in this pretty spot, on the brink of a fine pond of water shaded by trees and cliffs, that it would be nearly six months before the tents could be struck: but so it was, and we can easily imagine how galling and annoying this detention must have been. Yet it would have been madness to have stirred from the oasis one day earlier than they did. As Captain Sturt says himself, "Providence had guided us to the only spot in that wide-spread desert where our wants could have been permanently supplied."

We need not linger long at the place of their captivity, but will presently go on with the story from the date at which they were set free by the first autumnal rains. The heat during their imprisonment must have been great indeed, but they bore it, as they bore everything, cheerfully and bravely. Early in February all the birds had migrated to more fertile regions, and poor Captain Sturt mournfully records how dull and deserted they felt when pigeons, parrots, bitterns, cockatoos, and other birds (having previously congregated together, bird-fashion, before migrating) passed away simultaneously in a single day, the line of migration being directly to the N.W.

Mr. Poole had been very ill with scurvy for some time; Captain Sturt and Mr. Browne were also sufferers, but not to so great an extent. By May Mr. Poole was in a fearful state, all his skin along the muscles turned black, and large pieces of spongy flesh hung from the roof of his mouth, which was in such a state he could hardly eat. They determined to move him early in June, and having made every preparation in their power to ensure his comfort, he was started off homewards in a dray lined with sheep-skins and with a tarpaulin roof. But alas! before he had travelled many miles, and only twenty-four hours after he left the depôt camp, he rose up in his moving home to take some medicine, calmly observed that he thought he was dying, and falling on his back expired without a struggle. His remains were brought back to camp and interred under a beautiful tree, a Grevilia, close to the traveller's underground room.

Before we leave this spot for ever, let us pause to think how desolate must have been the situation of these dozen men cooped up amid arid sandy plains. Here is what Captain Sturt says of their position:— "Everything combined to depress our spirits and exhaust our patience. We had gradually been deserted by every beast of the field, and every fowl of the air. We had witnessed migration after migration of the feathered tribes, to that point to which we were so anxious to push our way. Our animals had laid the ground bare for miles around the camp, and never came towards it but to drink. The axe had made a broad gap in the line of gum-trees which ornamented the creek, and had destroyed its appearance. We had to witness the gradual and fearful diminution of the water on which our lives depended; day after day we saw it sink lower and lower, dissipated alike

by the sun and the winds. The flesh of the remaining sheep became perfectly tasteless, though they kept in excellent condition."

On the 18th July, 1845, the camp broke up, and re-commenced marching in a north-westerly direction. Heavy rain had previously fallen, and already the vegetation was springing up luxuriantly around them; but by the time the anniversary of their departure from Adelaide came round they were forced to halt again and form another depôt near the only obtainable water. The explorers had penetrated to 29° 40′ 10″ S. lat., and to 141° 30′ E. long.; but the country still deserved the name it has ever since borne, "Sturt's Stony Desert," and if we examine a large map we are struck by the character of the names given to the hills. We have a Mount Hopeless and a Mount Deception quite close to each other, besides other trivial names, such as Reaping-hook Hill.

It was a new feature in this camp to be obliged to make military defences, but Captain Sturt judged it prudent to do so. We find him therefore ordering the construction of a pallisade 4½ feet above ground; but it seems to have been intended more for the protection of the sheep than the human beings, as the animals were pretty sure to be wanted first by the natives. As soon as things were sufficiently and securely arranged, Captain Sturt started, accompanied by three picked men, among whom was our old friend Flood of the finger adventure, taking fifteen weeks' provisions. They steered N.N.W. and in about three weeks reached the spot marked on the map as "Sturt's farthest," 8th September, 1845.

On their way they met with scattered groups, rather than tribes of natives, but could not succeed in obtaining any information about the country before

them. Considering that neither party knew the other's language, this is not surprising, nor are we astonished to read that on Captain Sturt producing some fish, intending by it to inquire the way to the nearest water, a lubra pounced on the symbol, and tried to eat it. She was not allowed to do so, and must therefore, in her own dark mind, have added gluttony to the "white fellows'" many failings.

The food for horses along this route was scanty and uncertain, and the water more precious than the finest gold. Captain Sturt tells us that the main object of this expedition was to discover whether or no a chain of mountains existed "trending down from N.E. to S.W., and forming a great natural division of the continent:" but having reached the 138th meridian without any sign of such a range, he naturally concluded it did not exist; and, like a prudent man, turned back again, recrossing the stony desert, and returning after frightful hardships to the depôt camp at Fort Grey on 2nd October. On this homeward journey they met some natives "in a sad state of suffering for want of water; with their lips cracked and their tongues swelled." The horses used to wander away during the night in search of a drink, and the frequent chases after them helped to exhaust the explorers' failing strength. Many times we feel that it must now be all over, surely they cannot get out of this difficulty; yet just as they are at their last gasp some lucky discovery of a surface-pool, or a muddy pond, or a disused well, furnishes a few mouthfuls of water to the parched travellers and their horses.

After they had surmounted all these trials, and had safely reached Fort Grey camp to find it flourishing and untouched, all the rest of the party naturally thought that they might now count on being allowed

to turn their steps homewards to Adelaide. Great, therefore, was their astonishment when, a few days only after the completion of their journey just recorded, during which they had travelled 800 miles during seven weeks, to hear that Captain Sturt was fully bent on pushing still further into the interior, but to the N.E. this time.

He proposed that Mr. Browne should return to Adelaide with all the party but three, leaving him five horses, and as much provision as could be spared.

At first Mr. Browne would not hear of this, though the gallant fellow was even then too ill to stand; and he declared he would not desert his leader, but would await his return from the proposed expedition in the spot where the camp was then pitched.

On the 9th October, therefore, Captain Sturt, Mr. Stuart, the draughtsman to the expedition, and two other men, started for further investigations. They only carried with them this time a ten weeks' supply of flour and tea. At first they were fortunate, crossing beautiful grassy well-watered plains in their north-eastern course; but this belt of verdure was of small extent, and we can heartily sympathise with Captain Sturt when he says that he "really shuddered at the reappearance of those solid waves (of sand), which I had hoped we had left behind, but such was not the case."

The weather was getting colder, and the water supply, although scanty, not absolutely dried up. The little party came across deserted temporary villages erected by the blacks, but failed to meet any of the natives, from whom they might have obtained sign directions. On their return journey they met with a few: but this is anticipating.

As so much of the success of the Expedition de-

pended on the horses, Captain Sturt gives us a short memoir, as it were, of these animals, which we cannot do better than copy.

"My own horse was a grey called Duncan. I had ridden him during the whole of my wanderings, and think I never saw an animal that could endure more: he was aged." The other riding-horses did not possess sufficient character to make them interesting, except "Bawley, a strong, compact little animal, with a blaze on his forehead, high-spirited, with a shining coat; and, having been a pet, up to all kinds of tricks." We hate "Traveller," a light chestnut; "a washy brute," always eating and never fat. Then there was "the Colt" and "Slommy."

By this time the horses had worn out the last sets of shoes, and had also worn their hoofs down to the quick, insomuch that any inequality in the ground made them limp, and it was distressing to ride them. Further on we are told of their exceeding tameness, poor brutes, and how when they prepared to rest for the night, without having found any water, they would collect round Captain Sturt, and "pull my hat off my head to attract my attention."

We rejoice once more to bend our steps back to Fort Grey depôt, having reached on the 21st October the spot marked as "Sturt's farthest" in this direction, 180 miles from the start. Want of water was once again the barrier which stayed their progress, and they suffered much. Two of the horses actually dropped on those dreadful plains. No wonder Captain Sturt describes himself as "feeling a little weak" and longing for the rest which was, however, an "indulgence he could not justify to himself."

During the first days of November the heat was intense, so great that the mercury in Captain Sturt's

thermometer rose to the top of the instrument, and expanded to such a degree as to burst the bulb; and this "in the fork of a tree sheltered alike from the wind and sun." Still they struggled on. Just at the last Bawley fell, and never rose again, but their own lives hung on too slender a thread to leave room for lamentations over a horse's death. They reached the camp about the 12th November to find it completely deserted, and a letter from Mr. Browne, found in a pre-arranged spot, told the sad reason why. The water at the depôt had turned perfectly putrid at the first summer heats, and made all who drank it seriously ill.

No wonder that Captain Sturt, persevering as he was, felt such bitter disappointment that he declares "I could calmly have laid my head on that desert never to raise it again."

They felt that their only chance of life lay in catching up Mr. Browne and the rest of the party; and so, after feeding off scraps left by the dogs in the neighbourhood of the camp, they mounted the freshest of the pack-horses, and after twenty hours' hard riding—this, remember when they were weak and suffering—overtook their comrades, and found comparative rest and shelter. But their troubles were not yet over. The summer heats burned fiercer and yet fiercer; if a match fell on the ground, it ignited; if a rocket was lit, it "exploded at once without rising."

Captain Sturt was now ill with scurvy, had quite lost the use of his limbs, and suffered agony at every jolt of the springless cart in which he was forced to travel. The party struggled on to "Flood's Creek after incredible hardships, and when Cawndilla Creek was once more reached, felt as if they were quite at home again, more especially as here we were met

by fresh supplies of food and clothing, and—quite as precious luxuries—letters from home."

They lingered over the Christmas Day of 1845 under shelter of huts made of boughs, which were much cooler than their tents. The change of diet improved poor Captain Sturt's health so much that he says he began to entertain hopes of being able to ride into Adelaide. The last days of 1845 and the few first of 1846 were exceedingly oppressive, but on the 17th Captain Sturt was so far recovered from his fatigues as to be able to mount a horse for the first time since November. His wife met him at Moorundi, from whence the Expedition had started two and a half years previously, and the narrative closes with a glimpse of a happy reunion.

CHAPTER V.

NEW ZEALAND AS IT WAS.

SCARCELY any country in the world has changed so much since the year 1831 as New Zealand, and therefore I propose to contrast the best account I can find of it at that not very distant date, with my own experience, supplemented by descriptions of those parts unknown to me, taken from two delighful books by Lieutenant Meade, R.N., and Sir Charles Dilke. In this chapter I shall give you a *résumé* of Mr. Polack's very interesting volumes, which treat of New Zealand as it was between thirty and forty years ago.

I think it is quite possible that the ideas of some of my young readers on the geographical position of these three New Zealand islands may be as vague as mine once were. I can only hope they do not consider them to be a part and parcel of Australia, which would be about as correct as if they imagined England was a bit of Africa. They are nearly a thousand miles distant from the nearest part of the Australian continent, and extend over thirteen and a half degrees of latitude: that is, from 34° to 47° 40′ S. lat. The North Island has always been the most inhabited by the natives; its climate is warmer, and it is better timbered than the Middle Island, which, by the way,

is marked in some old maps as "Island of Victoria." At present, and for the last twenty years, it has been called, however, the Middle or South Island; but this latter name is incorrect, and is likely to cause confusion with the real South Island, a tiny little place of a million acres or so, known by the name of Stewart's Island, and inhabited only by a few straggling settlers, who make a trade with the whalers, and fell timber for exportation. It is rather what the Irish would call a "misfortunate" little fragment of earth, for it appears to be too small to be of any use to the colonists. This is all we need say about it, I think, for it has not yet made itself of sufficient importance to be noticed in a brief sketch.

I may begin by reminding you of Captain Cook's discovery of the islands in the year 1769, whilst cruising in his ship, appropriately named the *Endeavour*. He seems to have landed first in a bay on the eastern side of the North Island called Poverty Bay. Few of the original names given by the sailors to the bays and promontories have been changed, and they are very suggestive of first impressions. The native names have also undergone singularly little alteration; and as they are pretty and soft-sounding, we must hope that they will not be hastily superseded. Captain Cook first cast anchor, on the 8th October, 1769, at a place named Turunga, which is marked on Mr. Polack's map as "Turunga or Poverty Bay." The name exists to this day, and the place was the scene of a frightful massacre of white people about three years ago.

The very first accounts of these natives, who are called "Maoris," represent them a turbulent set of people, always fighting with each other. Indeed Captain Cook is reported to have said, after his fifth and last visit to New Zealand, that he never landed

on any part of the North Island without being requested immediately by the natives to assist them in making war on the neighbouring tribe. He adds, "Had I attended to these requests I might have extirpated the whole race; for the people of each village applied to me to destroy the other."

We learn that Cook was disappointed in getting supplies at his first anchorage, and therefore gave the bay the name it still bears, in spite of its being famous for the richness of its agricultural produce. As we know that Cook steered north after leaving Turunga, let us hope that he next dropped the *Endeavour's* anchor at a place marked the "Bay of Plenty," as it is suggestive of abundant supplies to the brave explorers.

The next visitor was the French commander Crozet, who tried in 1772 to propitiate the wild dwellers on this coast. They accepted all his gifts, devoured the food he offered, and then beat and maltreated the ships' crews when they attempted to land, which was much higher up the coast; nearly at the extreme north, but still on the eastern side of the island. Several unfortunate French sailors were treacherously murdered. Mr. Polack remarks that in consequence of this outbreak, the revengeful feelings of the natives were excited, and their hatred to the French nation continues unabated to this day at the Bay of Islands, although between 3,000 and 4,000 ships of all nations have since anchored in that very spot.

Of course, the subject upon which all the earliest discoverers dwell with the greatest horror is the cannibalism of the New Zealand natives. I have heard it offered as an excuse for this horrible propensity, that they had no other means of satisfying

their hunger; but in the late wars the Hau-haus, though they had plenty of potatoes and pigs, devoured their enemies with quite as great an appetite as ever. The necessity, if it once existed, no longer does so, for the lands of both North and Middle Islands are covered by flocks and herds. We certainly read in the histories of these old ghoulish times that the only indigenous animal in New Zealand was the rat; but there were always plenty of birds and fishes. No one can deny that the supply of meat was unequal to the demand, but still it could hardly have been necessary to eat each other. The Maori ovens in the Middle Island, still give up ghastly relics of human bones when opened, but its few native inhabitants have always been a gentle easily civilized race, as we shall presently see.

To return to the ferocious Northern Islanders, however. Mr. Polack seems to have made himself thoroughly master of their strange customs. He gives us an elaborate account of the system of "*tápu*," or prohibition, which is so curious that it seems worth a brief notice as the first of their most cherished laws. It is a religious observance, and must emanate from the priest to be at all binding. For instance, the priest, acting probably out of pure caprice, would "tápu" a child; the urchin might then be as naughty as he pleased, his own father dared not touch him to inflict a good and necessary whipping. How would it answer for us all to be "tápued" the day before we go back to school?

If a grown-up person was engaged on any holy work, he was often "tápued" from food; and in that case had nothing to eat except what was put into his mouth by a friend. How highly inconvenient would such an arrangement be! If you wanted to prevent your pig or your dog from being stolen, it

would have needed to be "tápued" at once as its only chance of safety. There was one phase in this system which the farmers in our hunting counties would probably like adopted. When a field of corn had reached a certain stage of its growth, the New Zealand Maori farmer used to cut off a lock of his hair, get a priest to tie it on a pole at the side of his patch of land, and then no one dare go on it, for it was strictly "tápued."

Another advantage of the "tápu" rite was that there need never be any difficulty or delay in getting up a good battle and replenishing the chief's establishment with wives or slaves, or the public larder with food. Whenever any warrior wanted to pick a quarrel with a neighbouring tribe, he had but to break its "tápu." Letting his pig loose into a patch of "tápued" sweet potato would do it very nicely.

"Utu," or satisfaction, was another firmly established custom which the early settlers must have found very puzzling. It was demanded for everything, even a self-inflicted injury, and was simply a system of fines. It may be easily exemplified by a case of dog stealing in London. Somebody fancies my dog (alas, this simile is drawn from nature!)—he carries it off, and, in the present state of civilization, demands sundry sovereigns before he will give it up. I don't like doing it, but I have to pay them. If I were a Maori, it is the thief who would have to give *me* whatever I demanded as "*utu*" for stealing my dog. If I were to write fifty pages on "utu" I could not make it clearer to you. Both the "tápu" and "utu" exist among the Maoris up to this very day. I often heard of instances of them whilst I was in New Zealand.

I wish I could avoid touching on the subject of

cannibalism, but I am afraid that no history of the North Island would be complete without a few words on the horrible custom. We cannot help laughing when we hear of the common threat, "I'll eat your head;" or the reproach, "Who fed on his parents?" But these jokes had a great deal too much truth in them to be pleasant. The bones of an enemy were supposed to make a particularly good chisel. The natives defended themselves to Mr. Polack by declaring that all creation set them the example; that the pati, or puss, always ate the kiore or rat; and that the strong preyed on the weak both by land and sea. They further assured him that the satisfaction of eating their enemy was much enhanced by the priest's declaration that he was thereby annihilated, and that the process of being digested prevented the slain foe from ever enjoying happiness in another state of existence. With all their warlike propensities, Mr. Polack considers the New Zealander an arrant coward, and says, "He will *never* engage in fair combat, or advance to an attack, unless previously certain of becoming a victor." This is the case even now, as all the records of our late wars in that country dwell on the impossibility of getting the Maori to stand in the open. They are fond of ambushes, and show great skill in skirmishing, but nothing will persuade them to risk a pitched battle.

With reference to this fearful appetite for human flesh we must do them the credit to quote Mr. Polack's declaration: "Yet many natives have sickened at the thought of such provender, and refused it with unconcealed horror."

The unhappy slaves were naturally often killed for a trifling fault, and eaten; but on the whole the preference of the Maori was given to his enemies, though

he by no means disdained a morsel of white man. It is no wonder to read, that, "From the earliest traditions, these people have been bred in continual fear of each other. Every family has some tale of dreadful suffering to relate, occasioned by the acts of their neighbours. They are continually seeking opportunities for revenge, each tribe being observant of the politics of the surrounding villages." "Club law, or the law of might constituting right, is the enactment made use of in this community."

With all this ferocity, the savage seems to have been wonderfully patient and forbearing to the Missionaries, and Mr. Polack mentions, more than once, how much influence for good these excellent men had over the ferocious natives. Here, as elsewhere, the law of God needs to be taught before the untutored mind will listen to the law of man. Indeed Mr. Polack expressly says, in many places, that the New Zealanders repulsed vigorously the first efforts made by the traders to civilize them. They were quite contented to go on as their forefathers had done, depending upon forays for slaves to work for them, for no warrior would degrade himself by practising peaceful arts.

Their constant cry was, "Let the white man return to his residence; who sent for him? He came from beyond sea to us—he has seen us. What does he further want? Let him go back."

It must have been very difficult for the early settlers to make their way in the face of such scant welcome, but the spirit of adventure and the true instinct of colonization were strong within them, and they persevered. From that time till now, however, they have had rather a hard life of it; and indeed the question of, who was in the right? seemed perplexing

enough. From time to time the fierce tribes have risen and fallen upon smiling homesteads and peaceful farms, burning and slaying right and left, and driving off the flocks and herds of the white man. In vain the poor settler pleaded that his Government had given him the land he held.

"Who knows or cares about your Government? They gave away what did not belong to them when they gave you this." Then the authorities stepped in, and showed title-deeds setting forth the purchase of sundry blocks of land all duly signed and receipted. The Waikato chieftains laughed at the solemn parchment with its flourishing characters, and said, "The tribe who sold this, sold what did not belong to them. It is ours, and we won't sell it."

Can you not imagine how perplexing and irritating all this must be? And yet it has been, and we fear will be, the North Island way of doing business for many a long day.

To return, however, to Mr. Polack's interesting volumes. We will pass over many horrid details of cannibalism, the recital of which would only make you sick, and see what we can learn of the art of tatooing. I have seen the process performed on white arms during the tedium of a five months' sea-voyage, when everybody was so weary of everything that I wonder we did not all jump into the sea. On a white skin the effect of anchors, monograms, and crests punctured in sky-blue characters is not ugly, but on a Maori chieftain I cannot say it is an improvement to an already ugly face. Here is Mr. Polack's description of a great chief undergoing the painful process of being made "beautiful for ever":—

"His face was besmeared with blood, that had partly dried on his skin, and also streamed from the

punctures then making. The practitioner of the art was a native of Wákátiwai on the banks of the Thames, and was accounted an adept in this really difficult branch of the native arts. I could scarce refrain from smiling at this artist. In giving any interesting touch to the agonized impatient under his hands, he would incline his head on either side, with the self-satisfied air of an academician when giving a touch that 'tells,' according to the technical term of connoisseurs. At every stroke given by the operator, the victim to fashion winced and writhed; which will not excite surprise, as each cut jagged into the flesh with the acuteness of a sharp knife, blood flowing profusely at every incision; this was wiped away with a piece of soft flax, that an extra tap might be given if the flesh was not already cut deep enough.

"We passed on from this prostrate chief, who summoned all his fortitude to appear calm before us, though the quivering of his whole body evinced the tormenting pain he was suffering. I next espied some male exquisites in a small shed, decorating each other for the occasion. One was stooping down having his hair combed, feathered, and painted; while, in turn, he was giving a touch of red ochre and shark's oil to the legs of his coiffeur."

The proper dress to be worn with a tatooed countenance is a mat; and very fine and flexible these soft silky flax garments are; they are worn fastened over the right shoulder, and hanging in graceful folds like a toga. The Maoris of the present day are fast losing the art of mat-making, as they find clothes more convenient; but still there are times when the old savage nature will assert itself.

For instance, I was once at a ball which boasted of the presence of four or five Maori chieftains. They

stood together at one end of the room, keen-eyed and intelligent, with a slight air of contemptuous indifference, but no surprise in their glances. Extremes meet, and your true savage and your true dandy are *never* astonished, I believe, at anything. Well, upon this occasion the chieftains stood silent and watchful, faultlessly attired in full evening dress, and looking the high-bred gentlemen they were, in spite of spiral patterns of bright blue tattoo all over their dusky faces. To them presently approached, with some timidity, the prettiest young lady in the room, leaning on her father's arm. She inquired, with a charming embarrassment, whether Te Henare or Te anybody-else would like to dance, and professed her willingness to be their partner. Immediately the youngest and bluest chieftain stepped forward and commenced pulling off his coat with alacrity, announcing his great desire to dance English dances, but entreating her to wait half a moment whilst *he took off his clothes!* I leave you to imagine the discomfiture of the young lady. I hope her partner intended, if he had carried out his scheme, to substitute a mat at all events, for the tight European garments; but this point will never be cleared up, for the fair damsel hastily retracted her offer and departed swiftly, covered with confusion.

Mr. Polack gives us a long descriptive list of the birds to be found in the North Island, as well as of the plants and shrubs; but as these would not interest you, we shall pass them over, merely saying that the song of a blackbird or thrush is worth all the notes within the compass of the birds of New Zealand, and that there is a curious absence of wild-flowers, and a preponderance of thorns among the shrubs. The ferns are splendid, and grow in luxuriance. I

have often found half a dozen varieties in full beauty in the bed of a creek sheltered by a dense growth of scrub or bush, when the snow was lying deep on the ground.

As I said before, the only animal really indigenous to the islands is the kiore, or rat, though even these are supposed to have been introduced by European vessels one or two centuries ago. The natives are very fond of eating them.

There are no snakes or serpents of any description, whereas in Australia these reptiles are very common. Mosquitoes and sand-flies are great plagues, especially to dwellers near a "bush" or forest. Out of newly-turned earth these little creatures of torment swarm in legions, and are a real trial to the settlers.

Mr. Polack was much scandalized at the unruly conduct of the small Maori children; in fact, he does not hesitate to say they were dreadfully spoiled; and it is strange to read of the tenderness towards their children shown by these wild, savage tribes of the New Zealand islands.

We read of a certain Te Kuri who lost his little boy, four years of age. The father was distracted at his child's death; and, being unable to part with the body, "eviscerated it and the head, and cooked the whole in the same manner the head of an enemy is preserved, stuffing the inside of the body with scraped flax; and at a distance it was impossible to perceive the difference between it and a living child. I have often seen Kuri carrying this apology for an infant in his blanket behind his back, and remarked one day what a pleasing and remarkably quiet child it appeared. This observation elicited a laugh, in which the father joined. The body had been stuffed in the state I saw it at least five years."

The two volumes from which we have compiled this chapter, conclude with a clear-sighted statement of the probable difficulties which would arise in colonizing New Zealand; but that Mr. Polack did not think them insurmountable may be gathered from this paragraph:—

"New Zealand once systematically colonized, will be regarded in a very few years by Great Britain among the first in value of her colonies, without any of those attendant expenses that have hitherto been inseparable in the formation of those adjuncts to her greatness. The country is destined to become the granary, as well as, from her peculiar locality, the safeguard of the many rising colonies now established on the four coasts of New Holland."

How far this prophecy has been fulfilled will be our business to show in the next chapter.

CHAPTER VI.

NEW ZEALAND AS IT IS.

BEFORE I tell you anything of my own New Zealand experiences, which are confined almost entirely to the Middle Island, we will see what Sir Charles Dilke thought of the North in the year 1866. His first glimpse of Wellington, then the capital of New Zealand, was on a lovely November day. Here are his earliest impressions of it: "Wellington appeared very English and very quiet; the town is sunny and still, but with a holiday look: the outskirts are gay with cherry-trees in full fruiting, and English dog-roses in full bloom." This is a description of the spot of which Mr. Polack speaks thus vaguely only thirty years before: "In the harbour of Wanganin Aterá, or Port Nicholson, all the ships of Europe might anchor in perfect security." But when he saw it, no ships had, as far as he knew, ever anchored there; it is on the south-western side of the island, and forms a portion of the channel between the two islands known by the name of Cook's Straits.

Auckland, the present seat of New Zealand Government, is situated much higher up, at that part of the North Island where the land appears to be broken up into numerous small pieces, and nearly worn through by the action of the water on each side. On the east it is washed by the Hauraki Gul

and guarded from the swell of the Pacific roller-waves by the Great Barrier Isle. We will glance at the passing record of another English traveller, Lieutenant Meade, R.N., in the year of grace 1864. He is steaming out of Auckland harbour in a westerly direction bound for Tauranga, on a December, nearly midsummer, night. "The summer's night was calm and warm, the sea like glass. We had stayed till the end of an opera, very fairly produced by an American company, and the last strains of Maritana left pleasing impressions on our minds."

Here is a change, indeed, for little more than a quarter of a century to work. Fruit, flowers, and music, instead of grisly images over wharrés (or native huts), human bones left from the last feast, and the cries of tortured slaves. Thirty years before, had the travellers landed at either of these spots, those were the sounds and sights which would have greeted them, or else the great Primeval Silence would have brooded over all in oppressive and unbroken stillness.

Yet, in spite of all the advantages of civilization, in spite of the cherry-trees, the gorse hedges, the rosy cheeks of English children playing in peace and safety on places where their fathers' lives would not have been worth a moment's purchase; in spite of all this, we read with a sorrowful heart what Sir Charles Dilke says of the Maori or "Native" of New Zealand. He begins the subject by quoting the words of a well-known Maori song:—

"As the Pakéha[1] fly has driven out the Maori fly;
As the Pakéha grass has killed the Maori grass;
As the Pakéha rat has slain the Maori rat;
As the Pakéha clover has starved the Maori fern;
So will the Pakéha destroy the Maori."

[1] English.

My own experience on this subject is so limited, that I am obliged to borrow still from Sir Charles's most interesting book "Greater Britain." Here is what he thinks and says about the effects of our colonization :—

"In America, in Australia, the white man shoots or poisons his red or black fellow, and exterminates him through the workings of superior knowledge; but in New Zealand it is peacefully, and without extraordinary advantages, that the Pakéha beats his Maori brother.

"It is not merely that a hunting and fighting people is being replaced by an agricultural and pastoral English people, and must farm or die. The Maori does farm; Maori chiefs own villages, build houses, which they let to European settlers; we have here Maori sheep-farmers, Maori ship-owners, Maori mechanics, Maori soldiers, Maori rough-riders, Maori sailors, and even Maori traders. There is nothing which the average Englishman can do which the average Maori cannot be taught to do as cheaply and as well. Nevertheless, the race dies out. The Red Indian dies, because he cannot farm; the Maori farms, and dies."

Sir Charles Dilke evidently considers that the decay of the Maori race had commenced before we came to the Islands, for he remarks later on: "The Maories themselves were dying out. In New Zealand the wintry cold of the winters causes a need for something of a tougher fibre than the banana or fern-root. There being no native beasts, the want was supplied by human flesh; and war furnishing at once food and the excitement which the chase supplies to peoples that have animals to hunt, became the occupation of the Maories. Hence in some degree the depopulation of the land."

Now we will take one more good look at our old savage friends in blankets and mats and war-paint, before we turn our backs on the North Island, and, crossing Cook's Straits, devote a few pages to a description of the peaceful wool-growing, sheep-ridden, Middle or South Island.

We must still see with Sir Charles's eyes whilst we are in the North, though we have not space for all of his graphic description. It is December, the summer of 1866.

Let us imagine ourselves seated on mats on a light-green sward; in the centre of the grass-plot is planted a tall flagstaff, from which float the Union Jack and a pure white streamer, emblems of British rule and British wish for peace. On the left is a village of low wharrés fenced with a strong stockade, and on the right are groves of karakas, the sacred tree of New Zealand.

"A thousand kilted Maories dotted the green landscape with patches of brilliant tartans and scarlet cloth. Women lounged about, whiling away the time with dance and song; and from all the corners of the glade the soft cadence of the Maori cry of welcome came floating to us on the breeze, sweet as the sound of distant bells. The faces of the older people were horribly tattooed in spiral curves. The chiefs carried battle-clubs of jade and bone; the women wore strange ornaments."

This assembly was one of vast political importance, for it was called together to debate on the settlement of a vexed question, one which had often ended in warfare. The British Government had agreed to purchase an enormous block of land, that of the Manawatu; the price was arranged to the satisfaction of all parties, but the difficulty lay in deciding

between the various claimants to the money. It was a negotiation of extraordinary difficulty and delicacy. Three Maori tribes claimed ownership of the land. One, because they had owned it, so they declared, from the earliest times; another, because they had fought for and conquered a good deal of the country in question; but the third and last claim constituted, in Maori eyes, much the strongest title to the land, and was the most likely to lead to an appeal to arms if it were disputed or neglected. One of its chiefs had been cooked and eaten on the ground. There was no doubt about this historical fact, and it must have created great difficulties for the unfortunate commissioners. The three tribes were the Ngatiapa, who were well armed; the Ngatiraukawa, who had their rifles; and the Wanganuis who had indeed come unarmed to the meeting, but had sent for their weapons in hot haste.

"On a signal from the Superintendent, the heralds went round the camps and pahs to call the tribes to council. The summons was a long-drawn cadence, of which the words mean, 'Come hither! Come hither! Come, come, Maories! come!' And men, women, and children soon came thronging in from every side, the chiefs bearing sceptres and spears of ceremony, and their women wearing round their necks the Heitiki, or greenstone god.

"No sooner were we seated on our mat than there ran slowly into the centre of the ring a plumed and kilted chief, with sparkling eyes, the perfection of a savage. Halting suddenly, he raised himself upon his toes, frowned, and stood brandishing his short feathered spear. It was Hunia té Hakéké, the young chief of the Ngatiapa."

This orator ran about all the time he was speaking,

and although his gestures must have been somewhat alarming, his words were conciliatory. To him succeeded the leader of the Opposition, a young chieftain of the Wanganuis, "who wore hunting-breeches and high boots, and a long black mantle over his European clothes. There was something odd in the shape of his cloak, and, when we came to look closely at it, we found that it was the skirt of the riding-habit of his half-caste wife." He was rather coughed down; and we felt full of anxiety for the fate of the costume of his successor in the debate, a funny old grey-beard, whose costume was very picturesque so long as he stood perfectly still, but when, waxing warm with his subject, he raised his right arm, and waved his tribal sceptre, his drapery "began to slip off his shoulders, and he had to clutch at it with the energy of a topman taking in a reef in a whole gale." The next speaker was a small chieftain of the Ngatiraukawa tribe, who literally told his dreams, which were fortunately of a prophetic nature and shadowed forth a happy peaceful ending to the negotiations.

The only oration which we need transcribe entire is remarkable for its terseness. The speaker was scantily attired, and walked round and round the ring of councillors repeating these words incessantly: "It is hot, and the very birds are loth to sing. We have talked for a week, and are therefore dry. Let us take our share—10,000*l.*, or whatever we can get—and then we shall be dry no more."

All the speeches, however, were not so short as this one, and to use an expressive, though scarcely elegant, Maori simile, the waistbands of the debaters were now beginning to slip down low, so there was a pause in the debate, and all the honourable members

went to lunch off whitebait boiled in milk and eaten with wooden spoons out of flax-blade dishes.

When the Runanga, or Parliament, met again at four in the afternoon, the debates waxed hotter, the speakers had recourse to taunts and jeers at each other; but when a declaration of war seemed imminent the chieftains had to give in and cease to exchange defiances from sheer exhaustion. This Runanga sat for three days, but all the questions were happily adjusted, the tribal distribution of the money was agreed upon, and the Superintendent started off to fetch it from the nearest town.

"No sooner was he gone than a kind of solemn grief seemed to come over the assembled people. After all, they were selling the graves of their ancestors, they argued. The wife of Hamuéra, seizing her husband's green-stone club, ran out from the ranks of the women and began to intone an impromptu song, which was echoed by the women in a pathetic chorus-chant :—

"The sun shines, but we quit our land; we abandon for ever its forests, its mountains, its groves, its lakes, its shores.
All its fair fisheries, here, under the bright sun, for ever we renounce.
It is a lovely day; fair will be the children that are born to-day; but we quit our land."

and so on for many verses.

The next day a grand war-dance and festival took place to celebrate the payment of the money, for no one in the world loves hard cash so much as your thorough-bred Maori. Hunia's toilette at the ball must have been beautiful. A heron's plume in his hair, and another at the muzzle of his gun, a kilt of three layers of gauze-silk, pink, green, and red, and over his shoulders a short white satin scarf. They alternately ate, danced, and made compli-

mentary speeches until the morning, and we feel quite exhausted when we think of their gymnastic feats.

We have just room, before the end of this chapter, to glance at Lieutenant Meade's description of a Runanga, which must have possessed a singular interest for him and his comrades, inasmuch as the subject under debate was whether he and his fellow-travellers were Kingites or Queenites, and whether they should be killed and perhaps eaten on the spot, or let go free.

Before we come to this we will quote Mr. Meade's opinion of the Maories of the present day. He says—

"As a race they are honest. There are thieves among them, but they are few and despised. They are a very good-tempered people, easily pleased, but keenly alive to a slight, not quarrelling much among themselves, and still more rarely coming to blows. They are very intelligent and reflective; they learn what is taught them in the schools much more rapidly than the Europeans, and he who wants to 'weather' a Maori in a bargain will have to get up very early in the morning. Although a well-made race, especially about the lower limbs, with calves which would make the fortune of any London footman, they are not so fleet-footed as Europeans; neither in trials of strength can they lift such heavy weights."

This Parliament was held also in the open air, but the "Riki," or war-flag, was flying from a tall pole, and 150 armed warriors stood round it. Even Mr. Meade, for all his good-tempered fearlessness, is obliged to admit them to have been "the most villainous-looking crew I ever set eyes on in New Zealand."

The proceedings commenced by a great burly

ruffian, Te Aokatoa (which means "All the World"), gabbling away at a tremendous rate, in gibberish which was supposed to be a combination of English, French, and Hebrew, but winding up with a Maori hymn, which, Mr. Meade remarks, with a coolness marvellous at such a juncture, was the only native music he ever heard sung in tune. But to this chant soon succeeded discordant cries of, "Let the pig be stuck! Let the calf be killed!"

"Then uprose Hemipo (Mr. Meade's native guide), and addressed the Runanga on my behalf and his own. He had been well primed before starting with some good stiff lies. I had thought it better to trust to his knowledge of his countrymen's character for the concoction of a plausible account of myself, which should satisfy any Kingites whom by ill-luck we might chance to meet with, than any story which I could evolve from my own comparative ignorance of the people whose lands we wanted to traverse by fair means or foul. He accordingly explained to his audience that I was a civilian Pakéha, who had only recently come out for my own pleasure to see the country; that I was going to return to England immediately, and that my only reason for wishing to pass through their territory was to avoid missing my passage in the ship which was to sail next week, &c.

"But though his own life was nearly as much at stake as mine, I could not help admiring the cool, almost careless, way in which he spoke, playing with his riding-whip, as though he were speaking to his own people at home; behaving, in fact, as became a 'rangatira' (gentleman) in difficulties."

But the senate appeared bent on murder, and still the cry arose, "Let him die! let him die!" The street-boys of an English row were represented by

numerous urchins, who came and squatted in front of the Pakeha, and tried to move him from his dignified calm by jeers and taunts; but we read that he smoked on unmoved, even when his knowledge of the language made him aware that his nearest savage neighbour, Karouria, was offering in the handsomest manner to carry out the sentence of the court on the spot. This proposal, however, must have caused some uneasiness in the breast of the legitimate executioner, "a tall man with no hair on his face, and rather a humorous expression of countenance; he wore his blanket, like most Maories, toga fashion, and twitched it at intervals, as if to keep his right arm clear and free, for he carried a small bone-handled tomahawk, which he took little or no pains to conceal."

At the most critical moment, when the best they could hope for was a sudden death without previous torture, a woman left her place amongst the savage spectators, walked slowly through the open space, and sat down at the Englishman's feet.

Her husband had been killed by the British, and yet she chose this beautiful, noble revenge. All who were present felt that she had won the day, and that Mercy, enshrined within this dusky, savage form, had triumphed over the old cruel instincts. There was no reason whatever for her act; she was only moved by a spirit of compassion.

A murmur of admiration warned Hemipo that now or never was the moment for escape, so they coolly "walked down the slope to saddle the horses, avoiding as well as we could all appearance of hurry, which might have been likely to provoke an attack, in the same way that snatching one's hand away from a parrot induces it to bite."

When once they were out of sight, and enough had been done for dignity, they sprang into their saddles and rode for their lives, fearing a treacherous ambuscade at each turn of the road.

And now we will bid adieu to the North Island, with its strange mixture of English civilization and Maori savagery, its beautiful scenery and its sanguinary feuds. All the machinery of Government is set up there, and it abounds in all the elements of prosperity. Its very rocks have hidden veins of gold, and its agricultural prospects are fair indeed. But all this prosperity hangs on the somewhat uncertain turn of the native temper. The Maori tomahawk is a very sword of Damocles over the settlers' heads, and no people need to cry more earnestly and incessantly, "Give peace in our time, O Lord."

CHAPTER VII.

THE MIDDLE ISLAND.

I HOPE I have made you understand the geographical position of this island sufficiently for us to follow Sir Charles Dilke without delay across Cook's Straits, up Queen Charlotte Sound, past Picton and Nelson—which he calls a gem-like little Cornish village—to Hokitika, the chief town of the famous goldfield on the west coast of the Middle or South Island.

When I saw it, the evening shadows were coming rapidly on, a thick grey mist creeping up from the gorges of the mountains, and all was blurred and indistinct. Still it was a most suggestive picture which lay before me as I stood on the deck of the little *Albion*, and strained my eyes towards the dim shore. On board our tiny mail-steamer all was hurry and confusion; every moment of the fast-flying daylight was precious, for no man could tell in how long, or rather how short, a time, it might become impossible to land the impatient diggers who crowded the forecastle, all ready to drop into the pilot-boats alongside. We had brought these men, over 200 in number, from Melbourne; and as it was in the full flush of the west coast gold-fever, every vessel conveyed as large a crowd. Besides these professional

diggers who arrived by sea, the long list of new arrivals from inland was swelled by men of all ranks and grades from other parts of the island. Shepherds left their sheep, bankers their till, farmers their crops, and they all poured in one continuous stream by narrow mountain-passes, over incredibly bad roads, down to the mouth of the river Grey, from whence they dispersed, according to the rumours of the day, up the narrow gorges, following the "lead of the gold."

I am speaking of the year 1865. Now it is quite different; there is still a large town, with a great population, at Hokitika, but it is comparatively deserted to what it was in those first wild days when those who had hitherto failed in every attempt to earn a livelihood believed they had only to cross the mountain ranges to find on the other side that elusive wealth and happiness which they had been vainly chasing all their life long.

But to come back to the crowded deck of the *Albion*. I was much struck by the orderly, respectable appearance of our digger-passengers. I stood watching them embark as rapidly as possible, and saw nothing but quiet good humour; nor did I hear a rough word. They were all wonderfully alike in type, and their dress was so much the same that it might almost have passed for a uniform. They all looked the picture of health, with bronzed faces, and long, somewhat shaggy, hair and beards. Every man wore a red flannel shirt, moleskin trousers, strong leathern belt around his waist—from which hung a large clasp-knife—and thick boots: these generally came high up the leg, and the trousers were stuffed into them. Their "swag" consisted of a long narrow bundle of blankets, a pannikin and "billy," or pot

for boiling tea, &c. Besides the diggers, we had also brought several hundred boxes of oranges for Hokitika; but these were kept until the morning, and consequently never landed, for at midnight a furious N.W. gale got up, which would have driven us on the Bar of evil repute, and wrecked us in half an hour. At the first warning puff, therefore, our captain got up steam (our fires were only banked), and we set off as fast as we could make headway against the tremendous waves rolling into the open roadstead.

My last glimpse over-night showed me the white vandykes of thousands of tents, closely clustered together, streaming down in white lines from every narrow defile, and swarming on the sea-shore. Here and there I could at first discern a flag flying from a rare wooden building, marking a theatre or a tavern. The camp-fires made specks of brightness all among the tents, like distant glow-worm gleams, and the smoke arose and mingled with the evening mists, which were creeping down from the background of shadowy indistinct mountain-ranges. I longed, like a child, for the morning light, to enable us to cross the treacherous Bar, with its barrier line of beating surf; but when the daylight came, no land was in sight, and we were speeding towards our destination, Port Lyttleton, only a few miles away from Christchurch, the capital of the province of Canterbury, in the South Island.

Sir Charles Dilke was more fortunate than I, for a year later he made Hokitika early on a calm summer morning, and this was the view which met his eyes:—

"A hundred miles of the Southern Alps stood out upon a pale blue sky, in curves of a gloomy white that were just beginning to blush with pink, but ended to the southward in a cone of fire that blazed up

from the ocean: it was the snow dome of Mount Cook struck by the rising sun. The ever-green bush, flaming with the crimson of the rata-blooms, hung upon the mountain-side, and covered the plain with a dense jungle."

The two principal islands of New Zealand are divided into nine semi-independent provinces, three of which are large and powerful, Auckland in the North, Canterbury and Otago in the Middle, or South, Island. Besides these there are six smaller provinces, which are comparatively poor and small. All these divided interests entail a very cumbrous machinery to govern them and arrange their affairs.

We will take a glance at Canterbury, the most important province of the Middle Island. It seemed little less than marvellous to me, when I arrived at Christchurch, to hear that the colony was then only sixteen years old. I found excellent roads, handsome churches, capital shops, clubs, gas, artesian wells, pavement in the town. Outside it the flax-swamps had been changed into meadows and fields of clover, which made one wish one was a horse or a cow—so green and inviting did they look; and pretty little villas nestled among groves of trees. There were Acclimatization Gardens, which possessed two trout, in delicate health, as much an object of interest to the community as if they had been human beings on the brink of the grave. Reading-rooms were not wanting, nor Mechanics' Institutes, nor a Museum, where I nearly broke my neck looking up at the Moa's skeleton.

This gigantic and awe-inspiring bird must not, however, be dismissed in so flippant a manner. I will give you a proper, respectable account of him. Fortunately for all parties, the "Dinornis" is now extinct,

though it is supposed that only a hundred years ago some of the twelve species existed. There were six perfect specimens in the Government museum at Christchurch, beginning with the *Dinoris giganteus*, the skeleton of a bird ten feet high, and ending with the *Dinoris didiformis*, a pretty little creature only four feet three inches. The bones from which these specimens were carefully collected, and set up by the Government geologist, Dr. Haast, were found in the north of the province a short time since. I believe that a stray bone is found here and there all over the island, and it is quite a common thing for the shepherds to bring in a handful of clear agate-looking stones which they find in a little heap all together. These have been at one time in a Moa's gizzard, having been swallowed by it, as smaller birds pick up gravel, to digest its food. Our imagination is spared the task of fancying these tremendous birds flying about, for they belong to the great Apterix, or wingless family.

The tunnel through the Port Hills, which divide Lyttleton from Christchurch, is now finished, and is at once the most costly and most splendid engineering work of the kind in the southern hemisphere. A little bit of it falls in now and then, but that is nothing, and does not at all fulfil the dismal prophecies which accompanied every stroke of the excavators' tools.

After you reach Christchurch and get beyond its pretty suburbs, the first thing which surprises a traveller is the vast extent of the treeless, yellow-tinged, Canterbury Plains. Across them from north to south runs a magnificent chain of snow-capped mountains, and their grand outlines serve to make the monotony of the thousands of acres of table-land endurable These plains are almost all now divided into sheep

or cattle runs. Where the soil is sufficiently good, and the difficulties of carriage not too great, the enterprising settler tries his hand at farming, but he has many obstacles to contend with. I need not go minutely into them in so slight a sketch as this, merely mentioning that after a good harvest the farmer cannot always find customers at anything like paying price, and in a bad year he must be a heavy loser. Wind is his enemy as well as rain, for it often happens that, just as his corn is ripe and within a few hours of being cut, a north-westerly gale will blow the grain out of the ear; or supposing it has been cut, the north-west wind sends his sheaves flying through the air as if they were thistledown.

Sheep and wool are the important items of Middle Island prosperity. Whenever an English steamer, or its forerunner, the telegraphic summary of news, arrives, the first question each man asks his neighbour is, "How is wool?" and in proportion to the answer, "Down," or "Up," does his countenance rise or fall. The conversation is also tinged with peculiar idioms in consequence of this all-absorbing topic. For instance, it is not uncommon to hear one gentleman demand of another whether he proposes to "Wash this year?" and it is startling, to say the least of it, to be told, "No, I shan't wash this season; I'll shear in the grease." If haply the answer to the washing question be "Yes," it is generally followed by the query, "Hot or cold water?" which invariably leads to an animated discussion on the merits of the various systems. Happily, the appalling inquiry "Are you scabby?" is dying away now, for scab, that curse to sheep-farmers, has been nearly stamped out.

As I have said so much in the preceding chapters about the Maories of the North Island, I will devote

only a few lines to their quiet brethren of the Middle or South Island. They are looked down upon by their warlike fellow-savages, who declare that the handful of peaceable natives in the Middle Island are only the remnant of a small body of escaped slaves who survived a certain raid or expedition, of which the tradition is as follows. Some sixty years ago the Maories in the North Island, being short of provisions, or craving variety, chose calm weather and crossed over in a fleet of canoes, surprising the dwellers in the Middle Island, and as usual cooking and eating them. Their ovens, with the remains of calcined human bones, exist all over the country to this day; but it is difficult to believe of the few remaining Maories in the Middle Island that they were ever cannibals. In appearance their type of countenance more nearly resembles the Negro than does that of the North Island Maori; nor have I ever seen the least trace of good looks in either men or women.

When we took possession of the Middle Island, the Government carefully apportioned and set aside large tracts of country, which are called Maori Reserves. These lands not only comprise the best soil, but are particularly selected for possessing advantages of wood and water. I believe the Middle Island Maories have never expressed the least dissatisfaction at these arrangements, and they dwell in peace and prosperity within their own borders. They build schools, wherein their children are taught English-fashion, and the wharrés of the North Island have given place to trim pretty cottages. On the whole, they are well off, and particularly fond of horses. A Maori seldom walks if he has a chance of bestriding any animal; and I was much amused once to meet a bridal procession going

to a Dissenting chapel close by, in which the bride was mounted on a tall raw-boned grey horse. She was quite young, and looked the picture of good-humoured self-satisfaction, but the fashionable white muslin costume, ornamented with white satin bows, seemed rather out of place *en Amazone*, and I never shall forget how droll her white satin shoes on bare brown feet looked as they hung down by her charger's gaunt side.

At shearing-time those who are accustomed to the work go "up country" in small gangs to seek and find ready employment in the large wool-sheds. I have also constantly seen Maories in Christchurch offering for sale freshly-caught whitebait in flax baskets.

It is a great pity that the splendid forests which once covered Canterbury, and, indeed, almost all the Middle Island, have been so much destroyed by fire. For miles and miles there is not a tree to be seen, and yet the mountain-sides bear traces of tree-stumps, and in many places are strewn with huge, half-burned logs. The first thing a colonist does is to plant trees around his dwelling, not only for ornament, but because he knows that without their shelter he will never be able to induce anything to grow in his garden. Groves of poplars and gum-trees are rapidly springing up all over the country, as they grow more quickly than other trees; but they have a very parvenu and mushroom appearance in comparison with the grand silent native bush, which still exists here and there in great patches of timber.

The inland lakes are magnificent, and will some day, if the labours of the Acclimatization Society be crowned with success, become well stocked with fish. There are no hot-springs like those in the North Island, so well described by Mr. Meade; but Switzer-

land cannot boast of anything more beautiful than Lake Wanaka in Otago, or, on a smaller scale, Lake Coleridge in Canterbury. The former has the advantage of splendid belts of timber girdling its mountain-sides; but the latter is an exquisite sheet of water. Only a few yards from the shining shingly shore a man-of-war might ride in safety, but its blue waters are full of peril for light craft, on account of the sudden squalls from the mountain gorges.

Other writers have so well and so ably described the beauties of these lovely Antipodean Isles that I feel there is little left of praise for my loving pen to bestow. They are lands where the best part of English home-life may be reproduced, in a climate which is exquisitely healthy. They do not hold an Earthly Paradise within their shores; but many of the evils of more advanced civilization are absent. There are no infectious disorders, no beggars, no poor-rates, no almshouses, for all who are willing to work will thrive. A splendid race of healthy well-fed children are growing up amid those hills and forests and plains; children who have never known what it is to want a good meal or a sound sleep, and whose merry English voices and bright rosy faces are in strong contrast to those which are to be found in London courts and alleys.

PART II.

NORTH AMERICA.

NORTH AMERICA.

CHAPTER VIII.

BURIED CITIES.

My table is covered with books of travels in North America, which seems to possess attractions for all the adventurous spirits in both the Old and New Worlds. Many of the most interesting volumes before me are written by American travellers; and here I may notice one little difference in these works. The Englishman travels chiefly for the pure love of seeing new scenes, and having a shot at big game; and, in short, from the true British restlessness of disposition which underlies our stolid outer manner. The American, on the other hand, has always an eye to business. We hear little of the habits of buffaloes and elks from our tall cousins, but we gather a great deal of useful information about the countries they pass through so rapidly.

I do not mean to infer from this that we are only a nation of tourists or huntsmen. No, we naturally travel sometimes on business, but when we do so, I fancy, we don't write books about what we see or hear by the way. Perhaps it is in order to carry out this little theory of mine that I select from the great heap of travellers' tales four books from which I hope to compile a varied and interesting series of tours for you. Two of these volumes are written by Americans,

and two by Englishmen. We will take them in order as they come.

Business first, and pleasure afterwards, shall be our motto; so we will begin by dipping into one of the most interesting books of travel ever written. It is the joint production of Messrs. Stephens and Catherwood, and extends from the year 1839 to 1852.

I do not mean you to infer that they were travelling all that time, for the Preface expressly tells us that this volume relates only to their first journey, which occupied about ten months of the years 1839-40. In 1841 they set forth again, and explored the Peninsula of Yucatan, and made some other shorter tours in 1849-50; but these cannot now be touched upon.

One of the writers, Mr. Stephens, started on his first journey, that of October 1839, in the position of Minister to the United States, and we owe to him the greater portion of the entertaining narrative before us. They left New York, then, on the 3rd of the month, in a British brig, and steered straight for the Bay of Honduras. A reference to the map will enable you to follow their course exactly. This is about the only part of the expedition which I personally envy them, for their ocean-track, so far, is familiar to me. When I read that "on the 9th we were within the region of the trade-winds, on the 10th within the tropics, and on the 11th with the thermometer at 80°, but a refreshing breeze, we were moving gently between Cuba and St. Domingo, with both in full sight." When, I repeat, I read this sentence, the words have a magic all their own, to conjure up the recollections of the beauty of those tropic seas, set with islands almost as thickly as their glorious sky is with stars. I see again, as in bygone days, the crisp, translucent Atlantic waves, just tipped

with a foamy fleck here and there. Over them the good ship, with her ugly name "Mary Ann," moves as smoothly as a Long Acre carriage bowls over a level road, for the breeze is lifting her steadily along. If you lean over the brig's side and gaze down into the endless blue depths through which you are making your watery way, you catch glimpses of strange creatures flashing to and fro in their sparkling ocean-home, or an exquisite bit of seaweed spreads its lace-like film out on the water for one brief instant. Then, at another moment of the long, enchanted day, you raise your eyes, and across the dancing wave-lines mountain shapes stand out against the flowing sky with forms as varied as those of cloud-land, and changing lights and shadows play over the irregular surfaces of a beautiful West Indian Island. If ceaseless variety constitutes the charm of scenery, then you have no cause to complain, for each island differs in loveliness from its sister isle, and yet all are fair and exquisite to behold.

But memory gives me back no photograph of the past more clear and sharp in its outlines than my first tropic night at sea. I can feel again that awful tranquillity, wrapped in which we were silently speeding along under a crowd of softly-rustling canvas, when I looked up to behold, for the first time in my life, a tropic moon and tropic stars. They hung, or so it seemed to me, in mid air, like great shining globes of light. I could see the deep blue ether stretching away *above*, as well as beneath them; I could feel the warmth of their golden beams on my upturned, wondering face, and a great oppression of beauty fell upon me as I thought of Carlyle's words:—"Brief, brawling day, with its noisy phantasms, its poor paper crowns, tinsel-gilt, is gone, and

divine, everlasting Night, with her star-diadems, with her silences and her veracities, is come."

No doubt Messrs. Stephens and Catherwood saw and, perhaps, felt all this glow and warmth of beauty while the weather lasted, but they record, as faithful historians are bound to do, eighteen days of terrible weather before reaching Belize, the capital of Honduras, in the curve of the Gulf of that name. Of course one of the first things they saw was another brig, laden with mahogany, as that is the great trade of the place. For miles and miles along the coast, but standing back a little from the sea-line, extends a succession of forests of these noble, stately trees, and the timber-merchants in Honduras drive a flourishing trade, and find the road to fortune tolerably smooth and easy.

We may pass over their amazement at the slender bridge which spans the great gulf between Black and White at Belize. In these days a traveller arriving even from New York, as they did, would not find such matter for astonishment in the fact of the most respectable inhabitants having black wives and bronze-coloured children, whom they educated with as much care, and made money for with as much zeal, as if their skins were perfectly white.

The United States Minister and his travelling companion visited the excellent Negro schools, and many other institutions of this English settlement in Central America; but we are most amused with their amusement at the primitive forms of the administration of justice in the Grand Court at Belize. There was certainly nothing grand about the court except its name, for the costume of the judges, if the day proved sultry, was generally a roundabout jacket, which sounds rather a school-boyish dress for such grave and learned

functionaries. But the astonishing part of the court consists in the absence of lawyers in spite of plenty of law, for as we are told very prettily, "Belize is a place of large commercial transactions; contracts are daily made, and broken, or *misunderstood*, which require the intervention of some proper tribunal to interpret and compel their fulfilment.

Everybody pleaded their own cause and defended their own "misunderstandings," and the trial was conducted in the most affectionate, not to say free and easy, manner. Imagine the defendant in a trial at Westminster Hall putting his hand in a friendly way on the plaintiff's shoulder when he interrupted his statements, and saying, in coaxing tones, "Now don't, George; wait a little, and you shall have your turn; don't interrupt me, and I won't you." It is not surprising that our travellers were amazed at such a system, and contrasted it favourably with all their former experiences of the "reign of law."

However, they could not linger long in these hospitable regions, where all doors were open to them, but departed in a few days amid flying flags and thundering cannon for Puerta Gorda, a settlement of Carib Indians 150 miles south-west down the coast. The object of their short visit to this place seems to have been to afford the inhabitants an opportunity of getting themselves christened or married by a good Padre, who was a fellow-passenger of the two American gentlemen. Mr. Stephens records his disappointment at the natives' anxiety to profit chiefly by the former rite, but as nearly all the men were away at work in the great mahogany forests, the scarcity of bridegrooms is not so surprising after all.

They soon re-embarked, and steered for the innermost bend of the Honduras Gulf, casting anchor in

the beautiful harbour of Ysabel. Here they bade adieu to the "Mary Ann," and, after making arrangements for the hire of Indians and mules, started to cross the great Mico mountain, purposing to reach Guatimala by this difficult but short route. So light are the spirits of the travellers, that, as we read their accounts, we are apt to underrate the hardships they encountered, for it is not possible to help laughing when at one of their halting-places, where they stopped for a meal, at the summit of the mountain, we find these details:—

"We unrolled the napkin containing our stores, and the scene that presented itself was too shocking even for the stoutest nerves. We had provided bread for three days, eggs boiled hard, and two roasted fowls; Augustin (their half-caste servant) had forgotten salt, but he had placed in the napkin a large paper of gunpowder as an adventure of his own. The paper was broken, and the bread, fowls, and eggs were thoroughly seasoned with this new condiment. All the beauty of the scene, all our equanimity, everything except our tremendous appetites, left us in a moment. We wished the whole of the murderous seasoning in Augustin's body, for we could not pick out enough to satisfy hunger. It was, perhaps, the most innocent way of tasting gunpowder, but even so, it was a bitter pill. We picked and made excavations for immediate use, but the rest of our stores was lost."

On this journey the muleteers appear to have been greedy and extortionate beyond their regulations, and Mr. Stephens narrates how, at one halting-place, when the muleteer suddenly demanded a higher scale of payment, and on his refusal threatened to summon the United States Minister before the Alcade, Mr.

Catherwood cheered his drooping spirits by promising that if he were imprisoned, he, Mr. Catherwood, would proceed to bombard the village with his brace of revolvers!

It is not until we reach this part of the narrative that we perceive the object of the long and tedious journey, with its days of hard riding and its nights rendered sleepless by noise and vermin, undertaken by the adventurous friends. But here Mr. Stephens tells us, with much enthusiasm, how his imagination had been fired by reading Humboldt's accounts of the reports of the ruined cities in Mexico and Central America. These narratives had suggested to the enterprising explorers wild and wandering ideas in regard to the first peopling of this country, and the strong belief that powerful and populous nations had occupied it, and passed away, whose histories are entirely unknown.

Humboldt had told the world of Mitla, the Vale of the Dead; Xoxichalco, a mountain hewed down and terraced, called the Hill of Flowers; and the Pyramid or Temple of Chalula. But since Humboldt's days rumours had reached both Europe and America of great cities beyond the Vale of Mexico, buried in forests, ruined, desolate, and without a name. The prevailing idea respecting these remains was that they betokened to a race long anterior to that which inhabited the country at the time of the Spanish conquest.

Copan was the first of these buried cities which lay in their route towards Guatimala. From Ysabel their path trended to the south-east, and very graphic and interesting are the pages devoted to a minute account of these massive stone remains, which have outlasted by so many centuries the hands which hewed and set

them up. We admire, at every line, the patience and perseverance of Mr. Stephens and Mr. Catherwood. The difficulties which were thrown in their way by the stupid Spanish and Indian dwellers on the outskirts of the forest must be read to be believed. At last, in a fit of desperation, the explorers proposed to buy Copan, "idols" (as the stone monuments were called) and all, for the sum of fifty dollars! It was considered a very handsome offer, as they were articles for which the demand was never brisk, and in spite of the difficulties attending the sale, on account of the scarcity of paper whereon to draw up the deed, it was at last happily completed, and duly signed and sealed.

With much enthusiasm Mr. Stephens dilates on the wonders and glories of his new freehold. We see by his help the depths of the tropical forest, its silence only broken by chattering monkeys and screaming parrots; the group of Indians clearing with machete and axe the overhanging vines and creepers, and bringing to light once more the long-hidden tokens of human skill in its blind groping after artistic beauty We read of a stone portrait of some king, chieftain, or sage, with an expression of face at once noble and severe, and showing a close imitation of nature. Plentiful were the sculptured skulls of monkeys, but we think the following passage describes the most wonderful of the remains at Copan:—

"There are two fine stone pyramids, moderately large and lofty, from which is suspended a hammock that contains two human figures, one of each sex, clothed in Indian style. Astonishment is forcibly excited on viewing this structure, because, large as it is, there is no appearance of the component parts being joined together; and though entirely of one

stone and of an enormous weight, it may be put in motion by the slightest impulse of the hand."

It is no wonder that Mr. Stephens records the feelings of solemn awe with which he gazed on the ruins of ancient Copan. He infers, from the frequency of a Death's-head in the decorations, and the numerous sacrificial altars, that he was standing amid the fallen evidences of a holy city—the Mecca or Jerusalem of an unknown people.

Here the friends separated, Mr. Catherwood remaining behind, whilst Mr. Stephens pushed on towards Guatimala, travelling through wooded mountains and crossing many rivers, but owing his chief discomforts to the knavery or stupidity of his muleteer. He records at each stage the hospitality and goodness of the "cura," or padre, of the village. Never did he beg in vain at a priest's door for the rest and refreshment he so sorely needed, and which often was churlishly denied by others. We quite love one old cura, "a man of six feet high, with broad shoulders, and a heart as big as his body and as open as his wearing apparel," who gave up his own câtre or bedstead to the tired traveller.

Very touching and beautiful is the account of a house of mourning by the wayside, with the young widow kneeling by her dead husband all through the soft tropic night, looking out at the starlit heaven, and pathetically demanding, amid sobs and tears, "Oh, our Lord of Esquipulas, why have you taken him away? My only help, my consolation, my head, my heart; you who were so strong, who could lift a ceroon of indigo, why have you left me?"

We must hasten on with Mr. Stephens through the beautiful scenery, all fair and lovely by nature, but polluted by man's wickedness and violence at

each step of the road, till we reach with him the city of Guatimala, the capital of Central America. Here he revelled, poor weary man, in clean sheets and decent food, and records his delight at being established in a house once more, for he seems to have laid aside at this place the rôle of traveller, and assumed that of United States Minister for a short time.

A few months before, one of the revolutions—as common to these explosive latitudes as their own earthquakes—had taken place, of which a certain outlaw called Carrera was the leader; and Mr. Stephens enters minutely into an account of the existing politics, and describes his interview with the popular hero of the day. But such topics are foreign to our proposed plan of keeping ourselves always moving on, in a way which ought to gladden the heart of a policeman, so we will once more take the road with our author, who set out on an excursion to La Antigua and the Pacific Ocean on the 17th December, 1839, partly to be out of harm's way.

He descended a wild and rugged road, crossed El Rio Pensativo, and found himself once more amid shattered though modern ruins. A series of earthquakes had gradually laid La Antigua low, and volcanic irruptions had helped to destroy what had once been the finest town of the New World, and had borne the proud title of the City of the Knights of St. James. It was founded in 1542, but having suffered from volcanoes of water as well as of fire, and from earthquakes innumerable, it was finally abandoned in 1777.

Mr. Stephens could not afford time to linger long in this spot, so lovely, that even volcanoes could not make it desolate, but hastened on through the classic ground, where Cortez received the ambassadors from

the Kachiquel kings, where Alvarado fought his most brilliant battles, past the rugged sides of a volcano, where he saw the seams and gullies made by the irruption of the water, past Ciudad Vieja, till he reached the beautiful city of Escuintla. A few hours' repose was all the indefatigable traveller permitted himself, and a hasty visit to its roofless cathedral, whose rich walls had been rent by a recent earthquake. Before this ruined splendour stood two venerable ceiba trees, and the platform commanded a splendid panoramic view of the volcanoes and mountains of La Antigua.

At two o'clock that same night, with a brilliant moon overhead and a single guide, Mr. Stephens and his fellow-travellers started for the Pacific. Daylight found them amid gigantic forest-trees, from 75 feet to 100 feet high, and 20 feet to 25 feet in girth. From these massive branches hung a drapery of vines, and red or purple-blossomed creepers. Not only were parrots and other brilliant-hued birds flitting about, but here was the fitting leafy home of the great Guacamaya or macaw, with its red, green, and yellow plumage. These gay-feathered creatures made the lights of the beautiful forest picture; its shadows were vultures and scorpions, and the monster iguana, or lizard, 3 feet in length.

Emerging from the forest shade, later in the day, they journeyed on over a rich uncultivated plain, capable of supporting thousands of human beings on its broad and fertile bosom, but for miles and miles they never met a living creature. Soon they struck the course of the river Michatoyal, and, following along its banks, heard, long before they saw them, the distant boom of the waves rolling in from the great Southern Ocean. These are Mr. Stephens'

own words: "The sound was grand and solemn, giving a strong impression of the immensity of those waters, which had been rolling from the creation, unknown to civilized man. I was loth to disturb the impression, and rode slowly through the woods, listening in profound silence to the grandest music that ever fell upon my ear. The road terminated on the bank of the river, and I had crossed the Continent of America."

CHAPTER IX.

DANGERS BY LAND AND SEA.

IT was not long after his return to Guatimala before Mr. Stephens came in for a revolution, and the 1st January, 1840, saw the Liberal Party defeated, the whole place in an uproar, and Mr. Stephens setting out from his head-quarters "in search of a Government." But, unfortunately, he found a fever before he had succeeded in discovering orthodox rulers; and we pity the sufferings he describes so pathetically. It is bad enough to be alternately chilly and burning, to be racked with pain, and drenched with odious remedies, when we are lying in a comfortable bed, amid quiet soothing scenes; if we add noise, fleas, dirt, a blazing sun, and constant travelling to these miseries, we may faintly perceive the extent of our poor traveller's wretchedness. However, he reached Istapa, an open roadstead on the Pacific, and immediately embarked on board a French ship. Here he met with great kindness and attention. Indeed, he complains of too much of the latter, as, during a violent access of his illness, he could not keep the chief steward out of his cabin. Morning and evening that official appeared, cup and spoon in hand, with the dry announcement, "Monsieur, un vomitif;" "Monsieur, un purge." There was no escape, the contents of the cup

had to be swallowed, but the result was a successful cure for the time.

The brig's course lay south, as she was bound for Costa Rica, the southernmost state of the Confederacy. Mr. Stephens determined on the journey for the sake of the sea-air; on the 22nd January they started; and on the 2nd February, wind and weather having been most favourable, they cast anchor in the harbour of Caldera. This port had so deadly a reputation for fever and ague, that lingering was impossible, and in a few hours Mr. Stephens started once more to retrace his steps by way of Cartago. His object was to obtain some information respecting the canal route between the Atlantic and the Pacific by means of the lake of Nicaragua and the river Southran. He was accompanied by his new and excellent servant "Hezoos," which name he was shocked to find meant "Jesus." Hezoos was not very brave, it appeared, and Mr. Stephens tells us this little tale about him :—

"In one of the darkest passages, Hezoos stopped, and, with a voice that made the woods ring, cried out, "A lion! a lion!" I was startled, but he dismounted and lighted a cigar. This was cool, I thought; but he relieved me by telling me that the lion was a different animal from the roarer of the African desert, small, frightened by a shout, and only ate children."

Mr. Stephens did not linger long at Cartago, for he was anxious to return to Guatimala, where there was a chance that the revolution might be over; and on the 13th February a final start homewards was made in very light marching order. Before two days' journey was ended, the travellers came in for an earthquake, which terrified them almost to death. After a hard

day's travel, they were seated at supper in a hut, when a sound was heard in the roof as if it were opening and about to fall on their heads. One of the party started up, flung his arms around the nearest person's neck, shouting "Temblor, temblor!" (an earthquake). In an instant all had rushed out of the frail shelter, and had flung themselves prostrate on the heaving earth. To their surprise, the hut did not fall, but this is accounted for by its being built of undried bricks, or "adobes" of clay and straw, which are laid in a soft state upon the top of each other, with upright posts between, so that they are dried by the sun into one mass, which moves with the surface of the earth.

On 1st March, Mr. Stephens reached Grenada, and he gives a most interesting account of an extinct volcano appropriately named El Infierno de Masaya, with a crater a mile and a half in circumference, and 500 or 600 feet in depth. Imagine men going down into this frightful pit, from which smoke and flame are reported to have issued unceasingly, in search of gold? Yet there is a record of two monks and two Spaniards having descended in a large bucket, suspended by a chain 150 fathoms long. As soon as they had reached this depth, the heat began to melt the chain and bucket, and they were glad enough to give the signal to be drawn up "sufficiently frighted."

Mr. Stephens, however, thinks this tradition exaggerated, for he describes the scene as one of singular and quiet beauty, with green grass growing luxuriantly within the huge basin. He was anxious to descend into it, but the sides were too steep. He suggests that it would be a very good speculation to buy the volcano, build a nice hotel at the top, put a railing round "El Infierno" to keep the children from tumbling in, a zigzag staircase down the sides, and a

glass of iced lemonade at the bottom! He calculates that the volcano might be purchased for ten dollars, and we are rather surprised he did not add it to his purchase of Copan with its masses of fallen stone.

Leon was the next town passed through, where a small revolution seethed and bubbled in the streets, rendering any stay but the very shortest dangerous. Everywhere Mr. Stephens gives us the same report—a beautiful country, well watered and wooded, with soil of marvellous richness, all rendered useless by the "assassin-looking scoundrels" who inhabit so fair a region. From Leon Mr. Stephens hastened to embark at Naguiscolo, and steered for the opposite shore of the Conchagua Bay. From hence he made a hurried journey through the state of St. Salvador, the richest in Central America. It extends for 180 miles along the seaboard of the Pacific Ocean, and produces tobacco, indigo, and balsam of the finest quality. Five or six days' forced journey brought them to the town of St. Salvador, and from this a fresh start was made for Guatimala, which they reached in a few days to find things in a much worse state than when they left. In fact the arrival of "El Señor Ministro del Norte America" seems to have created fresh political complications, for it became an open question which of the rival cabinets should possess such a functionary. Mr. Stephens records with quiet drollery how he and his followers surrendered to one party in the morning, only to be captured out of their hands in the evening by the opposite set of revolutionists. The climax of these disagreeables seems to have arrived when the unfortunate Minister heard that he was expected to entertain his co-statesmen for the time being, and

consequently had to furnish two good meals a day to opposing parties at a moment's notice.

Besides this commissariat difficulty, there was the constant danger of being shot by mistake; but at last the city settled "into a volcanic calm," which does not appear, however, to have brought any ease of mind to our traveller, and we rejoice with him at the safe arrival of Mr. Catherwood, who had been left behind at Copan, and whose account of his excavations is exceedingly interesting. Very beautiful is one drawing of an idol at Quiriga, so covered by luxuriant tropical vegetation, ferns, mosses, &c., that the grim faces and strange forms look out on us from frames of exquisite foliage. The first idea of the explorers had been to remove some of these great carved stones to their own country, but, as they say, "We had not the Government for paymaster," and the undertaking was too costly for private enterprise, so the monuments still remain in the same spot where they were first discovered.

In the meantime, Mr. Stephens decided, that, as he was obliged to report to the authorities at Washington, "After diligent search, *no* Government was to be found in Central America at that date," he was at liberty to go where he pleased. He and Mr. Catherwood therefore started for Palenque, 1,000 miles distant in a south-westerly direction, and just within the Mexican frontier. The dangers of this route were many and varied, but the Indians were the most dreaded enemies; and, as usual, before starting, the travellers were well primed with horrible stories of recent assassinations and murders. It was judged safer to provide the two American gentlemen with passports, in which Mr. Stephens was vaguely described as "Consul for the North;" and, having

arranged their business in Guatimala, sent off their heavy luggage—among which Mr. Stephens especially mentions his now useless diplomatic coat—they set forth on their perilous journey on the 7th April.

They proposed to themselves to visit several ruined cities by the way, and their first halt was at Teepan, which amply repaid their most sanguine expectations. They also paused at the ruins of Santa Cruz del Quiché, once the large and wealthy capital of Utatlan; but unhappily we cannot linger with them.

Quezaltenango was their next halting-place. It stands amid the ruins of the ancient Xelapah, or "under the government of ten," having been governed by ten captains, who each presided over 8,000 dwellings, and, according to Fuentes, contained 300,000 inhabitants. Here all was beautiful and interesting, and Mr. Stephens deplores that they could not examine the treasures of Aztec art and of nature so profusely scattered around them; but it was necessary to push on and seek a land where at least human life was safe. They could not pause at the beautiful ruins of Quezaltenango even for rest, but hurried forward to Gueguetenango, which they reached in "a shattered condition, both animals and men having suffered severely from the forced marches over bad roads." As for Juan, the muleteer, he could do little else than moan "Vay morir!" (I am going to die).

Here also were ruins to be found—ruins of the ancient city; but the chief curiosities of the place consisted of old vases and fragments of human bones secured in mounds, or hidden away in caves.

The Indians were too numerous and too "excited" to make a long visit to this interesting spot possible to the unfortunate Consul for the North and his ener-

getic companion, so they took saddle once more to cross the frontier to Comitan. Before they could reach this place of comparative safety, they had a most disagreeable adventure. A burning forest barred their path, and laid desolate the villages on the route in which they had hoped to find rest and shelter for a few hours. They barely escaped with their lives, and had scorched faces and hands by the time the danger was passed. We pity the mules almost as much as we do the men, for the poor beasts were attacked by swarms of enormous flies, which had been driven out of the bush by the fierceness of the flames. These insects had to be brushed off with a stick, but not before they had driven the mules nearly frantic by their bites, which drew blood freely.

Mexico was entered by a most beautiful road, and the boundary river between it and Guatimala—the Rio Lagertero—safely crossed. Here Mr. Stephens congratulates himself on standing on comparatively safe and free soil, "out of the dangers of revolutions, in good health, with good appetite, and something to eat!"

The next morning they started in high spirits, and half resolved to ride through Mexico and Texas to their own door in New York. But this idea gave way to the anxieties which soon gathered as thickly as ever about them, and it was as much as they could do to reach Comitan. Here their passports did them good service, and Mr. Stephens acknowledges that he should have found it difficult to prosecute his researches at Palenque—which was their next point—without those documents.

The 1st of May saw them setting out for that city, and on the third day they reached Ocasingo, the nearest inhabited place. Here they were comfortably

housed, and from hence they made many and frequent expeditions to some ruins and caves in El Monte, which latter were supposed to communicate with the old city of Palenque, 150 miles distant.

They had little time to devote to clearing away the tropical growths of centuries which shrouded both the reported ruins and the entrance to the supposed vast subterraneous passages, so they started almost immediately. Great was their grief at having to turn their backs on such attractions, and Mr. Stephens says: "It had additional interest in our eyes, from the circumstance that this would be the best point from which to attempt the discovery of the mysterious city seen from the top of the Cordilleras."

Yahalon was the next stage. How beautiful must be a journey through a land where every hour and day produce something new! They never had any idea of the character of the place they were approaching until they had entered it, and one splendid scenic surprise followed close upon another. Alas! the more beautiful the face of the country, the more hideous seems to have been the nature of its inhabitants. The Indians all along this lovely route bear the worst characters in the world, and at Tumbala the muleteers considered the danger so great that they promptly ran away, and left the Americans to journey on with unknown attendants taken at random from the surrounding ruffians. On they went, however, through a country as wild as it was before the Spanish conquest, over mountain-tracks so steep that the mules could barely scramble up them with only the saddles on their backs, under a broiling sun, with precipices 1,000 feet deep beneath them. At last they paused at Nopa, on the mountain top, and never was the shelter of a rancho more welcome. Yet this

rancho was only a pitched roof covered with palm-leaves, and supported by four trunks of trees. Its floor was strewn with snail-shells and the ashes of the fires in which those delicacies had been cooked.

From this lofty point the last start for Palenque was made, and they arrived at the village in safety. The ruins were eight miles off, and a vile road lay between; but after a few hours of well-earned rest, and some hasty purchases, they set forth, and the first glance at the ruins, which they reached at nightfall, amply repaid them for all their hardships and toil.

This is the best known of all the ancient cities of America, as it was the first to awaken interest and attention. The earliest mention we have of it is taken from the Spanish records, which state that in the year 1750 a party of Spanish travellers found in the midst of this vast solitude, ancient stone buildings, the remains of a city covering from 18 to 24 miles of ground, known to the Indians by the name of "Casas de Piedras." Up to that date Mr. Stephens states that there is no mention of the existence of such a city in any book, nor even a tradition of its hidden wonders, though he suspects the Indians were aware of the proximity of the ruins to their village of Palenque. However, in the year 1786, the then King of Spain ordered an exploration, which was undertaken in the following year by Captain Antonio del Rio, who proceeded at once to the spot from Guatimala.

This officer made an ample and minute report of his discoveries to his Government, but the documents were locked up in the archives at Guatimala until the year 1822, when they fell into the hands of an English gentleman, who at once published them, but without attracting much attention to the subject.

Another expedition was sent out in 1805, by Charles the Fourth of Spain, under Captain Dupaix, but one of the numerous Mexican revolutions happening about the same time, it became of more importance to preserve existing cities from ruin than to search for those already ruined, so the subject slumbered once more, and the work of M. Dupaix, with its beautiful illustrations, was not brought out for twenty-eight years more.

Mr. Stephens evidently considers that all the information hitherto given concerning the size and extent of the old ruins of Palenque has been taken from the vague and varying reports of the Indians, and he proceeds to show the falsity and exaggeration of most of the existing statistics. Nothing can be more simple or more straightforward than his interesting details. In an old palace he established his temporary home; its corridors were infested by bats and scorpions, but lit up at night by giant glow-worms; it abounded with magnificent carved doorways and lintels; with silent, staring images of departed kings and heroes of bygone ages; and with gay swarms of parrots and lizards.

Mr. Stephens and Mr. Catherwood now wished to start for Yucatan; and so home, but just before they set out it was proposed that they should become the purchasers of the ancient city, and the ground on which it stood, 6,000 acres, for 300*l.*; and the bargain was actually struck. On the 4th June they left the village of Palenque and set their faces homewards. It does not say much for his fellow-creatures—at least as they appear in Central America—that Mr. Stephens' parting regrets were lavished on his faithful macho, or mule. He records his testimony to its courage and endurance, adding that it

had carried him safely over 2,000 miles of the worst roads ever travelled by a mule. We are quite glad to learn that this faithful beast was turned out into rich pasture grounds to roam untouched by spur or bridle till his old master should return again.

And now we are on the point of bidding farewell to our fellow-travellers, in whose company we have made so long and so dangerous a journey. Soon after their last start from Palenque they crossed the river Usumasinta, 500 or 600 yards wide, one of the noblest rivers of Central America, rising among the mountains of Peten, and emptying itself into the Lake of Terminos, in the Mexican Gulf. Here the incessant jogging on mule-back was exchanged for a lounge on the deck of a river boat, or bungo, which appears, however, to have been essentially a fair-weather craft; for Mr. Stephens narrates, with much humour, how, when a squall of wind and rain came on, the four or five passengers on board this cranky skiff, as a matter of course, took off their boots and coats and got out their life-belts. It seems to have been high time to adopt these precautions, for the mainsail had stuck half way, and would neither move up or down, whilst the patron or captain of the boat looked at the refractory sail with tears of terror in his eyes, and besought his sailors, or "marineros," to aid him, in long sentences beginning, "Gentlemen, do me the favour."

However, they escaped drowning by what seems little short of a miracle, and, after having been much buffeted, cast the heavy stone which did duty for an anchor, in the little port of Laguna. This place is a small harbour in the seven-miles-long island of Carmen, which, with another smaller island, bars Lake Terminos from the full sweep of the waters of

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the Mexican Gulf. They re-embarked for Sisal, sixty miles beyond, the seaport of Merida. It is not difficult to guess the attraction this town—founded on the site of an old Indian village, but surrounded by flat uninteresting scenery—possessed for our travellers. They had heard reports of the existence of Indian buildings in its neighbourhood. Uxmal was the name of this their last Buried City. It is described as being the most beautiful of all. Mr. Stephens says: "We came at once upon a large open field strewed with mounds of ruins, vast buildings on terraces, and pyramidal structures grand and in good preservation, richly ornamented, without a bush to obstruct the view, and in picturesque effect almost equal to the ruins of Thebes."

In spite of such strong inducements to remain and explore, they were obliged to decide on a sudden and speedy departure for Havana. Fever was very prevalent at Uxmal after the heavy rains, which were just over, and Mr. Catherwood was taken so seriously ill that his life depended on his leaving the unhealthy, though fascinating spot. Mr. Stephens had time, however, to make several very interesting drawings and plans of the ruins. It was a great puzzle to him to observe that there was no trace or remnant of fountains, wells, or streams, amid these old-time dwellings. Water the former inhabitants must have had; and yet where, under the surface of the ground, could they have concealed the sources of their supply? In all other excavations and explorations he had discovered, as was to be expected in so hot a country, abundant signs in every silent house-place of tanks and cisterns, but here it was quite different.

On the 29th June they re-embarked at Sisal for

Havana, but their ill-luck attended them to the last. The Spanish brig was not seaworthy; they had calms and head-winds, water and provisions ran short, and had it not been for crossing the track of a vessel bound for New York, which took them on board, their entertaining and delightful book would probably never have been written; for the journals, note-books, and sketches from which it was to be compiled would have sunk, with their brave, persevering authors, in the Gulf Stream. It was owing, at last, to Mr. Stephens' sharpness and courage in embarking in a boat half-full of water, on waves swarming with sharks, that the *Helen Maria* was at last safely reached, and the somewhat dangerous run to New York accomplished by the 31st July, after an absence of ten months.

We feel how impossible it has been to convey, in so few pages, any but a very small portion of the information contained in this large volume; information so pleasantly given that it reads more like chapters from an old romance, mingling Spanish and Indian legends in its story, than a book of realities. But in spite of the large proportion of the exciting and the marvellous in these delightful travellers' tales, we must do full justice to the fairness of spirit and freedom from prejudice in which they are written. This is never more apparent than in Mr. Stephens' last chapters upon the subject of the antiquity of his beloved ruins. He discards all the fantastic theories which assign their origin even to antediluvian dates, and states his belief that they were inhabited to within some three centuries ago—in fact, up to the time of the Spanish conquest. He accounts for their ruin and decay by the natural and evident theory of exposure to tropical rain and sun, and the effects of

rapid tropical vegetation in excluding light and air, and so hastening the downfall of a deserted city; and he is firmly persuaded that a scattered remnant of their former inhabitants still exists in remote parts of Mexico and Central America.

CHAPTER X.

FROM OCEAN TO OCEAN.

"VARIETY is pleasing," said the old copy-books, and they were quite right; so we will have as much variety as possible. Our next excursion, therefore, shall present a sharp contrast to the last. We will take it with Lord Milton and Dr. Cheadle for our guides, and we will endure, with them, cold instead of heat, frost-bites instead of mosquito-stings; our enemies shall be the hardy Sioux and other North American Indians, in place of the lazy Carib or Southern Indian, and we will hunt the buffalo and trap bears instead of searching for ruined cities and a lost people.

We approach this portion of our task with great diffidence, however, for the volume from whence our information is drawn, stands almost alone as a charming book of travels over a wild and unknown region. To touch is to spoil it, for seldom has a narrative been so deservedly and widely popular as the one before us. All the success we can hope for in the few pages devoted to a *résumé* of its contents, is to create a desire in the minds of those readers who have not yet read "The North-West Passage by Land," to make themselves acquainted with a bright, graphic, and most interesting record of adventure and sport written in simple language.

Our travellers set forth on the 19th of June, 1862, from Liverpool, bound to Quebec. We gather from the context, some chapters further on, that Lord Milton had made a former excursion to these happy hunting-grounds two years previously; but of this we do not, unfortunately for ourselves, possess any record.

We are told in the Preface that the object of the present expedition was to discover the most direct route through British territory to the Gold Regions of Cariboo, and to explore the unknown country on the western flank of the Rocky Mountains. Besides this design, the travellers also hoped to draw attention to the importance of establishing a highway, through British possessions, from the Atlantic to the Pacific, not only for inter-colonial traffic, but also to afford a more rapid and direct communication with China and Japan.

They frankly acknowledge that the idea of this North-West Passage by land was not an original one, but had been entertained for many years by the early French settlers in Canada. We also had dreamt dreams for three centuries of a North-West Passage, but our visions had pointed to an ocean highway which, when discovered, has proved practically useless.

Neither Lord Milton nor Dr. Cheadle felt inclined to linger in cities; they only gave one day to Niagara, which no amount of Barnumism, nor railways, nor hotels seems able to spoil; and then they started for La Crosse, in Wisconsin, on the banks of the Mississippi. Thus far the journey had been by rail, sleeping in luxurious night-cars, and speeding on without intermission; but at La Crosse they took steamer up the "Great River," as the Indians call the Mississippi, and

went swiftly on to St. Paul, the chief city of the State of Minnesota, and the great border town of the North-Western States.

The Trans-Continental Railway, which now extends from shore to shore, was then finished only to six miles beyond St. Paul, as far as St. Anthony, where our travellers were fain to betake themselves to a miserable "stage," or covered spring-waggon. Their miseries and sufferings in this wretched vehicle are most amusingly described, though our pity is chiefly given to two splendid dogs belonging to one of the party, who were chained on the top of a pile of luggage on the roof of this conveyance. The poor animals, a bloodhound and a Newfoundland, kept tumbling off their slippery perch, and hung dangling by their chains at either side, half-strangled, until hauled back again.

The road lay through open, level country, exceedingly fertile, and giving evidence of its rich pasture in the extraordinary fatness of the horses and cattle which grazed on it. Sixty-five miles of travelling by "stage" brought the wayfarers to Sauk Centre, and from thence they struck the boundary of the Red River Settlement, and went across it to Georgetown, which they reached on the 18th of July, just a month from the date of their leaving Liverpool!

We look in vain for Georgetown on the best maps, and Lord Milton describes it as being merely a trading port of the Hudson's Bay Company, round which a few settlers have established themselves, with a company of Minnesota Volunteers as a protection against the Sioux. The travellers had intended to proceed by steamer from this point to Fort Garry, a more important settlement five hundred miles distant; but finding that the arrival of the boat was very

uncertain, they determined to try their luck by canoe, on the Red River.

The party had been increased by a certain Mr. Treemiss, a fellow-passenger from England, who had been bitten by the explorers' ardour, and had volunteered to join them. This part of the expedition was full of danger and difficulty. Not only were the banks of the river infested by wandering and predatory tribes of Sioux, Chippeways, and Assiniboines, but the birch-bark canoes were in bad repair and anything but water-tight. It was impossible to engage a guide; the half-breeds were all afraid to go, as the terrible Sioux were out on the war-path.

However, none of these threatened perils had any effect in turning our Englishmen back. They packed a little provision in the smallest possible compass, took their guns and ammunition, and embarked each in their skiff, which sat as lightly as a leaf on the sluggish stream. At first all went well. We are told, in picturesque language, how they lazily paddled and floated along under the deep shade of the trees, the stillness of the woods being only broken by the dip of the paddles, the occasional splash of a fish, or the cry of an oriole, or kingfisher.

As night approached numbers of owls, whip-poor-will, and "loons," hooted and called from the densely-wooded banks, and flocks of ducks floated past. These peaceful denizens of the silent river were often "requisitioned" to furnish forth a good supper for the hungry invaders, and, after a sufficient number had been shot, they landed and camped. The account of the cooking does not give us the idea of an Ude or Francatelli's talents; but the travellers possessed large quantities of what we are often told is the best sauce. This, their first night on their own resources,

was both wakeful and uncomfortable, and when they re-embarked the next morning, Lord Milton's canoe had to be ignominiously towed along by his fellow-travellers, for his arms were so blistered and swollen from the exposure of the day before, that he could not use his paddle.

Their progress was, as might be expected, very slow, and disagreeably varied by violent "riband" thunderstorms for three successive nights. The riband-storm passes over only a narrow line, but within these limits is exceedingly destructive. Their ammunition got spoiled, and they suffered greatly from hunger until the river steamer fortunately overtook them on her way up. Glad enough they must have been to clamber up her friendly sides, haul their exceedingly cranky canoes in after them, and finish the rest of the river-journey in what seemed, by the contrast to sixteen days' paddling, the greatest luxury.

The Red River Settlement extends some twenty miles northward, beyond Fort Garry, which stands on the bank of the Assiniboine River, and fifty miles to the west of the settlement. It was established in 1811, under Lord Selkirk's auspices, but is now incorporated with the Hudson's Bay Company, and is a very important post, with wealthy farmer-inhabitants. But our enterprising explorers determined, instead of wintering within its comfortable inclosure, to travel westward to some convenient point on the river Saskatchewan, so as to be in readiness to cross the great mountain barrier with the earliest summer weather.

They fitted themselves out from the stores at Fort Garry with horses and dogs, moccasins, and deer-skin shirts, blankets, and buffalo robes, pemmican, tobacco, tea, salt, &c. It may be as well here to state what

pemmican is, as our readers probably share our former ignorance of this indigestible dainty. The coarser kind is made of meat dried in thin flakes by sun or fire, placed in a dressed buffalo skin, and pounded with a flail until it is reduced to small fragments and powder. The fat of the animal having been melted, the boiling grease is poured over the mass, and it is well mixed and stirred together. When cool, it is as solid as linseed cake, and tastes like chips and tallow. We confess to being quite able to understand Lord Milton's assertion that a very little of it goes a long way. A finer kind of pemmican is made with marrow and the addition of berries and sugar. Great quantities were prepared in England for the Arctic Expedition made of the best beef, with currants, raisins, and sugar. It is invaluable to a traveller in a country where food is scarce, as it contains a large amount of nourishment in very small weight and compass; but its unhappy consumers suffer habitually from dyspepsia.

Although it was now the middle of autumn, the Indian summer shone in all its glory. The swarms of mosquitoes and sand-flies had disappeared, and clear, bright, sunny days were succeeded by nights of bracing freshness. By September 26th our party had reached a settlement called Carlton House, on the south bank of the Saskatchewan, and from thence they made a final start for their winter quarters near the White Fish Lake, eighty miles NN.W. of Carlton; and touching the border of that giant forest, which stretches away for so many unknown miles to the north. This spot comprised the advantages of shelter under the shadow of the lofty trees, fishing, and a hundred, or so, miles of good trapping grounds. On the way to La Belle Prairie, as their destination was called, on the lands belonging to the peaceful tribe

of the Wood Crees, they met several herd of buffalo, which furnished them with large supplies of jerked and frozen meat as well as a few extra skins.

The "Lodge," as the hunters' winter-quarters is always named, was speedily built, inexperienced as were its architects, and though somewhat dark and draughty, served as an admirable shelter during the long, severe winter. At all events, it is quite certain that its inhabitants possessed so much pure unselfishness, generosity, and good humour, that any roof which harboured them must have straightway become a pleasant, cheery homestead. These delightful qualities are, fortunately, quite as portable as pemmican, and important to the well-being and comfort of stay-at-homes as well as of travellers.

CHAPTER XI.

ACROSS THE ROCKY MOUNTAINS.

THEY remained at the "Lodge" all the winter, with occasional visits from the Indians, but in no need of excitement as long as there were animals to hunt or trap. We learn a good deal about the habits and peculiarities of the various fur-clad animals, and become acquainted with nice distinctions between martens and minks, cross and silver foxes, fishers and ermines. But there also grows upon us, as we read these pages, a great dread and hatred of the wolverine, "le sacré carcajou," as their half-breed huntsman calls the cunning beast. Indeed, we wonder that this animal has not been held to represent the Evil One himself in the Indian myths, for his courage and cunning in ill-doing shows an instinct which rises to intelligence. In contrast to this Satanic quadruped, who tastes poisoned baits before he swallows them, and can detect the presence of the most homœopathic quantity of strychnine, who can, without risk to himself, enter any trap and devour the captured animal, we have an account of a Birds' Ball, which we must positively give in the author's own words :—

"In the spring of the year the prairie grouse assemble together at sunrise and sunset in parties of

from twenty to thirty, at some favourite spot, generally a rising ground, and dance—yes, dance like mad! It is a running bird, and does not ordinarily progress by hopping; but on these festive occasions they open their wings, put both feet together, and hop like men in sacks, or the birds in a pantomime, or 'The Perfect Cure,' up to one another, waltz round, and 'set' to the next! A prairie chicken-dance is a most ludicrous sight, and whilst they are engaged in it they become so absorbed in the performance that it is easy to approach them. Their places of rendezvous are recognisable at once from the state of the ground, the grass being perfectly flat in a circular patch, or worn away by the constant beating of feet."

On the 3rd April, 1863, the party broke up their winter-quarters, and turned their backs on La Belle Prairie—more deserving than ever of its name, with its spring carpet of large blue anemones—with regret, and started for Edmonton, which lay in a N.W. direction, in the Saskatchewan district. This "establishment", was reached on the 14th May, and whilst collecting horses and other necessaries for their long and dangerous journey, they attempted, unsuccessfully, to gain some information about the country on the west of the mountains. It was acknowledged that many explorers had started on the expedition through the forest, but none had returned to tell his experience save one, who reported that he had "neither time men, nor provisions to cope with it, and was nearly overtaken by the snows of winter."

On the 3rd of June the little band, six in number, left Edmonton, and struck at once into a W.N.W. direction. During the journey they examined the country, as well as they could, for traces of coal, and tested the river sand for gold. The country was slightly undu-

lating and thickly wooded, and it was impossible to obtain a view of it. The McLeod River was easily crossed, and the explorers followed its western bank until they reached a place where it makes a great bend to the south, and the trail, or track, turns off at right angles to avoid it. At this point their guide, a French Canadian, deserted them, and returned to Edmonton, leaving the party at least 700 miles from its destination, and perfectly ignorant of the route. They soon lost the right track, which had gradually become fainter at every step, and whilst camping to consider their position, had the misfortune to set the forest on fire. It was a most critical moment, and had it not been for the energy and activity of the two Englishmen, there is little doubt but that the whole party must have perished miserably. The frightened horses added to their difficulties and hampered their movements, but at last the blaze was got under, and the next day they made a fresh start, turning off at right angles from the point where the river bends to the south. After a few hours' march they came to a tree bearing an inscription to tell that three miners had penetrated thus far, and believed themselves to have been close to the Athabasca, or "Great River of the Woods." This information proved correct, and the next day brought them to its deep and swollen waters. From a knoll hard by the explorers had their first glorious view of the Rocky Mountains.

The pine-clad hills, running nearly north and south, rose in high and higher succession to the west into a range of rugged rocky peaks, which had for background grand snow-clad mountain outlines. A cleft in one of the ridges nearly opposite to them, as clean as if made by a knife, showed to their gladdened eyes the gorge by which they were to pass, and they recognized, from

description, one peculiar rock to be "La Roche à Myette," close to Jasper House.

With fresh hope and courage they plunged anew into the thick timber, and soon reached the base of "La Roche." Here they struck a well-marked trail, which led them up a steep cliff amid a succession of strange fantastic peaks. They were now fairly in the Rocky Mountains, and it is difficult to imagine a more magnificent scene than that which burst on our travellers. We must try to realize how weary they had become of wandering for a fortnight amid the forest gloom, before we can feel with them their overpowering delight at the boundless view around them. The Athabasca rushed beneath them with the impetuosity of a mountain torrent and the volume of a mighty river, and ice-bound rocks glittered like fairy pinnacles over their heads. But more welcome than all this glorious scenery was a glimpse of a little wooden building on the further side of the river, which told them that they were in the right track, and had reached "Jasper House."

It was a very difficult matter to build a raft and swim the horses across the rapid, wide stream; but the peril was safely overpassed, and the weary travellers housed for a night or two. Short was their rest, however, for on July 4th we find them starting again under the guidance of an Iroquois to cross the Athabasca once more. After they left the river valley, and, still following the N.W. track, entered a rocky narrow ravine, their progress became slow and difficult. On the 9th they had the satisfaction of coming upon a stream flowing westward, and thus perceiving they had unconsciously reached the highest land and gained the water-shed of the Pacific. The next day brought them to the Fraser River, but

the travelling became more difficult and harassing at each step.

In a day or two they began the descent on the Pacific side, and noticed a marked change in the vegetation. Cedars, silver pines, and many new deciduous shrubs showed strangely to their eyes. The scenery too was very fine, though the large timber made the descent more dangerous than ever. Often, whilst cautiously proceeding down a steep narrow path along the mountain-side, the path would be barred by a fallen pine-tree, which required an hour's toil to move, and that in a spot where a false step would send them headlong down into the river.

On the 14th they reached the Grand Fork of the Fraser, the original Tête Jaune Cache, so called from being used by an Iroquois trapper, nick-named "Yellow Head," to hide the furs he obtained on the western side of the ranges. Here they fortunately encountered some friendly Sushwaps Indians, who ferried them across the Fraser and landed them safely on its opposite bank, the boundary line of British Columbia. Good pasturage abounded at this spot, so it was decided to camp for a day or two, and rest the horses. One of the young Sushwaps volunteered to guide them for the first day's journey, until they should strike the trail of a party of emigrants who had preceded them by a month or so, and thus make their path to Cariboo plain and easy. So they set out again on the 19th, and were fortunate enough to hit the desired track without difficulty in twenty-four hours. Here their guide left them, and they followed the emigrant's track across Canoe River, round a range of hills to the south, till, on the 25th, their route was stopped by a large river flowing from the N.W. Here they camped and con-

sidered the position. The spot bore evident tokens in felled timber of the emigrants having halted to make a raft, probably to cross the river; but the track on the other side failed them in the wished-for direction, and led to the belief that the party whose footsteps they were following had turned their faces southward to seek Kamloops.

It was evidently impossible that so small and weak a party as our explorers could penetrate the unknown country which lay westwards, and they were forced to give up the idea of finding the direct road to the gold fields, which they were persuaded trended in this direction. With great reluctance therefore they decided to try for Kamloops, 130 miles distant. They encountered terrible difficulties in cutting their way through the pathless primeval forest which rose up around them. From inscriptions on trees they learned that the emigrants had, at this spot, constructed rafts, on which they purposed to drop down the river to Kamloops, but our explorers had no axe with which to fell the necessary timber.

On the 31st July they left the emigrants' camp by a steep, densely-wooded path, and soon found their way blocked by a mountain-range. Their progress was slow and toilsome, averaging but six or seven miles a day, and provisions were running very short. They were compelled on the 9th August to kill and eat one of their horses, but so miserably thin was the poor overworked beast, that his carcase only yielded them thirty or forty pounds of lean meat. On the 12th August they entered a barren and rocky region, but it was the 23rd before they struck, by mere chance, a trail which led them, with the assistance of some Indian guides whom they met soon after, straight to Kamloops.

Here the ragged, half-starved, weary travellers met with the most generous hospitality, and they confess that sufficiency of meat and drink, after three weeks of half-rations, seemed to them the height of earthly felicity. For three weeks they rested and refreshed themselves, and then on the 8th September set out for Victoria. This was indeed easy travelling, for they rode along a high road, and slept at nightfall under the shelter of a roof. They passed between Lytton and Yale, where most of the gold-yielding bars, or sand-banks, lie. At this latter place they embarked on the River Fraser, and after stopping one night at the rising city of New Westminster, the capital of British Columbia, proceeded to Victoria. Their voyage led them through the Gulf of Georgia, past Mount Baker, amid beautiful scenery till they reached Victoria, which is beautifully situated on the shore of a small, rocky bay.

Even in this lovely spot the wanderers could not rest: they were resolved to visit Cariboo, which they reached in three days, and the statistics of the yield of gold in that region reads like the wildest romance. The enormous rush to the gold-fields has exhausted the surface gold, Lord Milton thinks, but the deeper mines still give an immense quantity of the glittering "root of all evil."

Lord Milton and Dr. Cheadle did not linger long amid the famous gold-fields of British Columbia, and on the 25th we find them back again at Victoria, from which place they embarked for a cruise in H.M. gunboat *Forward* to San Juan and Nanaimo. Of this voyage they give no details, but close their thoroughly delightful book with many practical and useful hints to intending explorers and emigrants to British Columbia.

CHAPTER XII.

ARIZONA AND THE SILVER MINES.

THE only unsatisfactory part of Mr. Pumpelly's admirable book of travels, which lies before me now, is that it has no beginning. The reader is simply put down at the westernmost end of the railway in Missouri in the autumn of 1860, and informed that his destination is the Silver Mines of Santa Rita in Arizona, but he has no idea how or why Mr. Pumpelly found himself at the above-mentioned spot. Now, if Mr. Pumpelly's reader at all resembles the person to whose lot it has fallen to compile these travels, he will feel himself very ill-used. A traveller who writes an account of what he has seen or done, becomes a personal acquaintance of those who read his book; in some instances he succeeds in making himself into a delightful and entertaining friend; and this has been Mr. Pumpelly's case. But we want to know all about our friend's antecedents, especially how he got to that lonely little wayside station, and above all where he started from.

However, as the author has chosen to be silent on these points, we must only content ourselves with expressions of gratitude to him for the information which he has given, and, taking up the thread of his

narrative from the somewhat vague indications vouchsafed to us, go on, in his pleasant society, through Missouri and Arkansas, the Indian territory, a little bit of north-eastern Texas to Arizona, and eventually through Sonora and California to San Francisco—familiarly called, by its inhabitants, Frisco.

Mr. Pumpelly is an American by birth, and tells us incidentally that he is tall, with blue eyes and a red beard; but we cannot picture his appearance half so well as we can his character. To great powers of observation and true down-eastern shrewdness, he must have united courage and endurance, besides possessing that true nomadic spirit which makes light of personal discomfort, and finds pleasure in the mere act of journeying through new scenes. Without this qualification all travellers' tales must consist of pathetic complaints relating to their individual privations and hardships, or bitter invectives against manners and customs differing from their own.

But Mr. Pumpelly was a true traveller. From the first moment we enter a stage-coach, starting from the unfinished railway in Missouri to Tucson in his company, we find him making light of discomforts, and only intent on showing us in his pages the features of the country through which he passes. At first, whilst the heavy overladen vehicle toiled slowly along through the more barren parts of Missouri and Arkansas, there was little in nature to distract the traveller's mind from his disagreeable fellow-passengers; but after a while, when the road entered the Indian territory and the fertile valley of the Red River, all discomforts were forgotten in pure delight at the scenery, fair with Eden's primeval beauty.

This valley of the Red River is of great extent, and as rich and fruitful through all its length and breadth as was the country through which Lord Milton and Dr. Cheadle passed. Their route, however, as a reference to the map will show, was much further north, whilst our present guide will lead us in a south-westerly direction.

After passing the Arkansas River, and travelling for two or three days through the cultivated portion of north-eastern Texas, the route entered gradually a desert country. Desolate and barren indeed must be the southern part of the Llano Estacado, lying between the Brazos and the Pecos Rivers. It is chiefly high table-land, some 4,500 feet above the sea, its dry gravelly soil bearing only scattered cacti and yucca shrubs. The burrows of the prairie dogs alone give variety to the dreary monotony of the scene, and rattlesnakes and lizards are the only other animal life which exists until the Pecos River is passed. Then indeed the infinite face of Nature once more smiles on her children, and grassy plains slope gently away from castellated cliffs and peaks. Through the clear pure air could be seen—a hundred miles away—the grand outlines of the Guadaloupe Mountains standing out in embattled forms against the dazzling sky, as if they would shut in and surround the desolate wastes from which the travellers were just emerging.

Tucson was reached at last, after a long and sleepless journey. From thence Mr. Pumpelly intended to start for his home at Santa Rita, but it was necessary to make some preliminary preparations. These were happily completed in a few days, and with himself and his possessions packed in a waggon, he started early in the morning for the Santa Rita Mines. Short as was the distance,—only thirty miles—it took two toil-

some days to reach the hacienda. The geographical position of this part of America is so little known that we cannot do better than extract Mr. Pumpelly's condensed sketch of its boundaries :—

"Arizona, at the time of my visit, comprised simply the tract of country known as the Gadsden Purchase, having been bought of the Mexican Government, through our Minister Mr. Gadsden, for $10,000,000, to serve as a southern route for a railroad to the Pacific. Taken from the States of Chihuahua and Sonora, it was bounded by these on the south, by the Gila River on the north, the Colorado River on the west, and the Rio Grande on the east. It thus formed a long narrow strip, lying between 31° and 33° N., and containing about 30,000 square miles. The present boundaries of Arizona are Utah and Nevada on the north, New Mexico on the east, Sonora on the south, and California on the west.

"Western Arizona, and North-Western Sonora, of which I have more particularly to speak, lie between the watershed of the Rocky Mountains and the depression occupied by the Gulf of California and the Colorado River."

Nothing could have been more picturesque and beautiful than the situation of Mr. Pumpelly's new home, in a broad valley, shut in by the lofty range of Santa Rita Mountains; their dark porphyries and white tufa cliffs cutting sharp outlines against the blue sky. And yet, what are almost the first words he writes of this fair scene? He says it is so beautiful, it might belong to another planet; that, seen through its wonderfully clear atmosphere, under glowing sunshine or soft moonlight, it has seemed a paradise; and again, "under circumstances of intense anxiety," it has been to him a very prison of hell.

What these circumstances were, and how terrible the anxiety which came in their ghastly train, we shall presently learn. Few and evil indeed were the days of men, women, or children likely to be in this valley of silver, and, before Mr. Pumpelly had slept for a week under the roof of the hacienda, he had come to the conclusion that every man held his life in his hand.

On his first expedition, undertaken a few days later, to Fort Buchanan, twenty miles off, he and his companion passed a man driving a cart laden with hay, about fifty yards from the shelter of the Fort. Five minutes afterwards they heard the report of a pistol, and on retracing their steps, found the driver lying dead on the dusty road. A small thicket by the wayside had afforded shelter to some fierce but cowardly Apaches who were his murderers. The poor young man was known to have a few dollars in his pocket, and so he was doomed to die, what Mr. Pumpelly calls "the common death of the country."

For two centuries had these rich treasure valleys, which run up among the Santa Rita Mountains, been watered with human blood, but in spite of ruined furnaces; deserted mine-openings, and a country positively depopulated by constant Apaches raids, the Americans have persevered in working the silver veins, which in old days cost the heart's blood of so many Spaniards. The Jesuits appear to have made the most successful resistance to their terrible neighbours in bygone years, and they extracted much of the costly ore; but time and circumstances were against them, and the Apaches have driven the Society out of the country.

The common saying is, that "in Arizona, the hoofs of your horse throw up silver with the dust;" but Mr.

Pumpelly considers this an exaggeration, though he seems to credit a report that the supports of some of the old mines still exist in columns of massive silver.

Difficult indeed was his task; short of money, of miners, of machinery, of fuel, and never knowing whether each hour might not be his last. He was not alone, however, but was fortunately associated with Mr. H. C. Grosvenor, who held the post of Superintendent of the Mines.

Early in the winter, the Indians made a raid on their stockade and carried off in the night all their horses and mules. The owners of these fifty or sixty fine animals naturally attempted to recover them, and this led to a series of skirmishes, which resulted in their mines "becoming the scene of more fighting than any other part of the country."

Besides this guerilla warfare, there was a regular campaign going on between the 150 or 200 men, whom the Government of the United States provided to defend its property, and the Apaches. It originated in the capture by the Indians of a cow and a child, but ended after much bloodshed in the ignominious defeat of the regulars.

Whilst affairs were in this state, Mr. Pumpelly found himself obliged to take a long solitary journey, with a quantity of pure silver ore in his custody, and he well describes what it is to travel by night in a country of hostile Indians. Yet the night is really safer than the day, for the darkness is some security. Of course, the ore was sent by a waggon, and equally, of course, it never reached its destination. But the loss of the shining curse seemed but a light evil compared with the catastrophe which the theft brought about. When the waggon failed to arrive at the proper time, the Superintendent,

APACHES INDIANS. P. 124.

Mr. Grosvenor, and the author, who had reached the hacienda in safety, mounted their horses and set forth, carrying ten days' provisions, to look for the precious freight. They suspected the Mexican drivers and escort, for no Indians had been seen in the neighbourhood. Only two miles from home, the road topped a hill, and in the valley below they saw with delight the missing waggon, toiling slowly but safely along. Their first impulse was to go to meet them, and return all together; but Mr. Grosvenor objected to this course, saying, it would show the Mexicans that he and Mr. Pumpelly had suspected them. Acting on this cautious delicacy, the two friends retraced their way home. Hour after hour passed until the short twilight fell upon the land, and then they thought it necessary to see what caused the delay. At first both started, but Mr. Pumpelly turned back to get something almost directly, and Mr. Grosvenor said he would only go to a little knoll close by and see if the waggon was in sight. Two other Americans happened to be in the house, and after the lapse of half an hour, Mr. Grosvenor not having returned, it became necessary to go and seek him. The three gentlemen started, armed to the teeth, to walk along the road in the brilliant moonlight. Mr. Pumpelly tells us, most pathetically, how, just as they were starting, the house-cat ran, mewing to them as if to ask to be taken. He stooped down and lifted the gentle affectionate creature up in his arms; and it was well he did so, for a moment later his attention was attracted by her bristling fur and staring eyes. He glanced in the direction she was gazing, and there against the sky-line stood out the crouching figure of a man, who was running for shelter to some cacti hard by. Mr. Pumpelly dropped the cat and drew his pistol, cocked it, and ran up the hill. All was silence

and darkness. There was no time to lose, so the three friends went as quickly as they could over the broken, uneven ground towards the ravine at whose entrance they had seen the waggon so many hours before. There indeed stood the waggon, but neither mules nor men were to be seen. Near it lay something white, "a bag of flour," said one of the party; but even as the words were spoken, a great dread and horror came over them, to be more than realized when they came a few steps nearer. It was no flour-sack; it was the yet warm, naked body of the murdered Superintendent. With his head nearly severed from his body, thrust through by a dozen lances, in a pool of blood he lay.

Two more bodies lay near poor Mr. Grosvenor's; they were those of the Mexican drivers. From the signs of the struggle they guessed, that, soon after the waggon had passed the spot at which they had seen it, a large body of Indians must have sprung out of an ambush and attacked it. The muleteers and escort were overpowered, and their bodies lay among the brushwood by the roadside. After all this bloodshed the victors found but little profitable spoil. The ore was absolutely useless to them in its uncrushed state, so it lay by the side of the waggon. The mules had been driven off, and hard by were tokens that one of the animals had furnished a supper to the fierce Apaches. Flour lay scattered on the ground and mixed with the blood-stained dust.

The murdered men could not be buried until the arrival of a party of soldiers in the course of a few hours. Then, with the armed escort standing around, and with a revolver in one hand and a spade in the other, watching for the least sign of ambush or surprise, graves were dug, the burial service hastily read,

and the unhappy victims laid to rest under the shade of some trees.

Things grew worse and worse every day. To the ferocity of the bloodthirsty Apaches, who would brook no foreigner near their own haunts, was added the treachery of the Mexicans. It is therefore no wonder that we find Mr. Pumpelly resolved to leave the country as soon as possible. Before he could give up his post however, he thought himself obliged to refine and send away all the ore which had been extracted from the mines under his care. To do this it was necessary to cut wood and convert it into charcoal; this had to be done stick by stick, and by hand, for there were neither horses nor mules to draw the waggons. "All had to sleep on their arms round the furnace, taking turns at working, sleeping, and patrolling, receiving rations of diluted alcohol sufficient to increase their courage without making them drunk."

These were weeks of sleepless anxiety; often the silence of the night was broken by yells from the Apaches, or volleys of rifle-shots. One morning, just as dawn was breaking over this beautiful but miserable valley, the chief smelter was shot whilst tending the furnace, and after his death Mr. Pumpelly had to perform this duty himself.

Great as were the dangers indoors, where all kept watch and ward, they seemed as nothing compared to the risks attending the removal of the metal when it was separated from the lead and melted. The trains containing the boxes of silver were attacked, and the mules stolen; but by the energy and bravery of the Americans, every bar and ingot was safely lodged at Tubac and placed under the care of the military force there.

Eight months of this life had effectually disgusted Mr. Pumpelly with Arizona and its inhabitants. We are not surprised therefore to find him, so soon as he had got rid of his precious charge, undertaking a tour into the Papagoria, or land of the friendly Papago tribe. Two other American gentlemen accompanied him. There were mines also among these people, and Mr. Pumpelly mentions two very rich ones, one of which contained free gold as well as silver.

This tract of country lies between Arizona and California, and is dry and arid. The Indians suffer much from want of water, and often die in a dry season by numbers.

After this excursion they returned to the Heintzelman Mine, a new purchase by a private company, near Tubac, and worked by Germans in charge of a brother of our author's. As they rode up, a messenger met them. His face was pale, and his manner hurried. "What news?" inquired Mr. Pumpelly. "All murdered," the brief and terrible answer. This time the Mexicans had been the assassins, and the just-cooled silver the tempting bait with which the Father of Murders as well as of Lies had caught his prey.

This was too much. Mr. Pumpelly only stayed to bury his brother and the poor workmen, and then turned his back for ever upon the Arizona Mountains. Well might the narrow entrance to these silver-bearing ranges be called the "Gate of Hell," for hellish deeds were of daily and nightly occurrence within their cliff-portals.

The travellers decided on taking the quickest route to California, although it led them through a desert country; but they had suffered so much lately at the hands of their fellow-creatures, that any route comparatively free from the footsteps of men seemed pre-

ferable to a well-trodden highway. They encamped one night at Quitovac; and even on the confines of this desolate region they had reason to believe themselves tracked, so they changed their route to San Domingo. From thence they made their way over the sandy cacti-bearing plains along the Gila River to Colorado city. Here they rested only a few days, but at their start from thence they found treachery and treason among their followers, and narrowly escaped with their lives.

At last, in the beginning of September, they approached the western edge of the Colorado desert. They travelled chiefly by moonlight, and Mr. Pumpelly gives so vivid a description of the horrors of this last portion of their dreary journey, that we find ourselves obliged to transcribe it:—

"As though fearful that the traveller may forget the horrors of a thousand miles of journey over its awful wastes, the desert, as a last farewell, unfolds in this dismal recess (a spot where the desert sends an arm like an estuary into the mountains which limit it), a scene never to be forgotten. Already from the plain, through the clear moonlight, we saw the lofty range bordering the waste, a barren wilderness of dark rock rising high above the grey terraces of sand that fringe its base, great towering domes and lowering cliffs rent to the bottom, and clasping deep abysses of darkness. As all night long we forced our way through the deep sand of the gorge, winding among countless skeletons glittering in the moonlight, scorched by hot blasts ever rushing up from the desert behind us, we seemed wandering through the valley of the shadow of death, and flying from the very gates of hell."

But their troubles were nearly over. The next day

they reached the summit of the Sierra Nevada, and as they passed the ridge felt the fresh ocean-breeze blowing in their faces. All fatigue was forgotten: the jaded horses raised their drooping heads, and the western declivity of the mountain-range was soon descended. Over green pastures and herds of cattle their delighted eyes wandered, past the vineyards of Los Angeles, and that port was safely reached. From hence a steamer took them northwards up the coast to San Francisco, and here our enterprising traveller found an appointment awaiting him. He was selected as one of two mining engineers to explore a portion of the Japanese Empire, so he had no sooner reached what he thought would prove his destination, than he found himself hurried off to Yokohama. Here then we must bid him adieu, with many acknowledgments for his delightful companionship.

CHAPTER XIII.

HUNTING EXPERIENCES.

IN accordance with my theory at page 79, you will have no difficulty in guessing that these concluding chapters on North America are taken from an Englishman's book. And so they are, for I found the record of Captain Townshend's journey over ten thousand miles so very amusing, that I have chosen his volume as an illustration of my firm conviction that more Englishmen travel, as he did, for mere sport and adventure, than any other people.

It is impossible to make the same objection to Captain Townshend's narrative as we did to Mr. Pumpelly's, for the gallant Life Guardsman begins at the very beginning; and we start with him on the afternoon of the 1st of August 1868, in one of Cunard's steamships, bound from Liverpool to New York.

That city was duly reached by the 11th, and Captain Townshend lingered there until the 17th, when he left for Newport, in the State of Rhode Island. The whole tour was through the States, and extended from New York to San Francisco, by a different route from that selected by the other travellers whose books we have been dipping into.

Captain Townshend and his friend and brother officer, Mr. Kendall, crossed the Rocky Mountains, but by a pass much further south than that used by Lord Milton.

This entertaining book of travels may be said to describe the country lying between Lord Milton's and Mr. Pumpelly's routes, and it is partly for this geographical advantage that I choose it.

Interesting as are Captain Townshend's sketches of towns and town life, we shall pass them rapidly over. Our borrowed scenes have been chiefly drawn from great Nature's stage, and the picture of life in a New York boarding-house, or in the hotel of a fashionable watering-place, would be out of place among our open-air sketches. During their short stay at New York, our travellers naturally endeavoured to obtain information about their prospect of sport further west; and here the contradictory assertions which we have all of us suffered from under similar circumstances came into full play. This is an example:—

"We were often told that we should enjoy ourselves much more, and see far more of American life and customs, by spending the winter season at New York; and as to buffalo-hunting, we were generally assured that, if we went into a farmyard and shot so many bulls and cows, we might have about as much excitement and danger, with far less trouble, as if we were galloping after buffalo on the plains. On further inquiry, however, we always found that our informants had never themselves tried which was the best sport!"

From Newport, Captain Townsend made an excursion into Canada, and saw Quebec, Montreal, and Ottawa, of which place he quotes the following epigram, declaring that it describes with tolerable

accuracy the geographical position of that town. Imagine ourselves, therefore, inquiring of a Yankee "What sort of a place is Ottawa?"

"Guess, if you start from the North Pole and face southward, the first clearing you come to is Ottawa!"

A sail on Lake Ontario, and a voyage down the St. Lawrence, where the Rapids were shot in a small steamer, are vividly sketched; and so is a visit to Niagara; but we prefer to start from New York again with the hunters, as it was from that town the regular hunting expedition may be said to have set forth. The 5th October, therefore, saw Captain Townshend and his fellow-sportsman comfortably established, bag and baggage, in one of Pullman's Palace Sleeping Cars, in which they were able to eat, drink, and be merry during the day, and at night to lie down and sleep whilst they were whirling over the thousand miles between New York and Omaha. The journey only occupied thirty-six hours, and they passed Philadelphia, Pittsburg, and Fort Wayne on their iron way.

Omaha, the capital of the State of Nebraska, was the place for which they were bound, and from whence they intended making final arrangements for the equipment of the scouting party. These preparations occupied some days, which our enthusiastic travellers filled up by expeditions to shoot prairie chickens and wild ducks in the neighbouring marshes. Captain Townshend describes very amusingly, how, instead of erecting sheds or duck-houses for shelter in the last-named sport, the musk-rats save the sportsman this trouble, by biting through the bulrushes, and building a dome-shaped house, about six feet in diameter and three feet above the water. Upon these reed cupolas the sportsmen sat, and in a few hours they made

capital bags of geese and snipe, as well as mallards, teal, and widgeon.

Our author tells some excellent stories, which should be read in their own proper place; but one is so good we cannot help copying it. The day's sport among the bulrush-covered marshes being over, they sat after dinner around the cheerful fire in a neighbouring farmhouse, and, as was natural, heard with delight many stories illustrative of Western ways.

"Among them was one of a conjurer, who came to Omaha to exhibit his tricks. Wishing to perform the well-known feat of having a pistol fired at him, he gave a weapon to one of the Western boys who formed his audience, and desired him to fire at him. The man did as he was told, and of course the conjurer held up the bullet in his hand. The native of the West looked at him in astonishment and disgust, and then exclaiming, 'By thunder, I never missed a man twice!' drew his own revolver from his belt, and shot the juggler through the shoulder. The unfortunate man ran for his life, and, it is needless to say, attempted no more similar exhibitions at Omaha."

On the 17th October, the hunting and Indian scouting party started in force across the plains. Captain Townshend and Mr. Kendall may be described as attached to this expedition, which was undertaken for more serious ends, and was under the command of a General. Fourteen hours on the Union Pacific Railway took them two hundred and fifty miles west of Omaha, and from this point they commenced their march. The Platte was the first river crossed, and although it is a shallow stream, its ever-shifting quicksands made it difficult to cross the twelve waggons and ambulance drawn by mules.

Once safely across, the force encamped took great precautions against a night surprise by the Indians. Captain Townshend thought such vigilance somewhat needless in the bitter cold of a night on these high table-lands, for the Indian shuns all risk of being killed at night. He believes that in such a case he would have to hunt in darkness in the spirit-land, and therefore will not even steal a mule unless it can be done safely.

At the time of this expedition there were no less than three Indian chiefs out on the war-path, and each had a "tail" of some two hundred or more dusky warriors. "Spotted Tail," "Turkey Leg," and "Black Kettle" were their names; and their object was to do as much mischief as they could to the Pacific Railroad by pulling up the sleepers and rails.

When we remember that the force which Captain Townshend accompanied only numbered a couple of hundred in all, we see how necessary it must have been to guard against a surprise.

The first buffalo, an old bull, was sighted and killed on the second day's march, and antelopes as well as smaller buffalo kept the camp well supplied with fresh meat. This portion of the country must have been flat and uninteresting enough—dreary and barren as any African desert, with only short brown grass, and dwarf cacti to cover the dusty plain. Neither water nor trees were to be seen, whilst the whitened bones of buffalo and deer alone told of any living creatures having ever passed over the lonely waste. But excitement was not wanting, for the Indian trails were numerous and fresh, and even deserted wigwams were occasionally met with. At night the cayotes or prairie wolves, and a small marmot, called the prairie dog, kept up a

dismal howling, so that in spite of the early hours, *reveillé* never sounded too soon.

One hunt after buffalo may be described as a fair sample of the peril and excitement of the sport:—

"After a chase of three miles, I got near enough to the bull to give him a bullet from my Spencer carbine; but my horse being unsteady, it only struck him in the hind-quarters, and made him kick out with one leg in a most absurd manner. I gained on him steadily, until at last I got up to him; and as we galloped abreast along the side of a ravine—he on the higher ground, I on the lower—I saw that blood was pouring from his nose, and that he could not go much further. Checking my horse, I was just going to give him a finishing shot at about ten yards' distance, when, suddenly stopping, he cocked his tail, lowered his horns, and charged me with a rush. I fired, at the same time digging my spurs into my horse's side, in order to shoot ahead of the buffalo. The horse became frightened, however, and stood still. In a moment the bull was on us, catching me with his head and horns just under the knee-joint of the left leg, and tossing me on the ground several yards off. He then passed clean under my horse's hind-quarters, hoisting them up with his back as he passed, but not injuring the terrified animal, which he pursued for a few yards."

Captain Townshend was too severely wounded to follow the bull—which got away to die, in all probability, a miserable death on the plains, but had, at all events, the consolation, could he have known it, that the buffalo-hunter was incapacitated for the present from following his favourite sport. Our traveller was compelled to travel in the ambulance, wrapped in a medicine robe or buffalo skin, which had

lately been taken from the lodge of a Sioux chief. This garment was beautifully dressed outside, and on the inner side was painted, with horrible minuteness, a representation of the massacre of a party of United States' soldiers by the Red Men. There seems to us to have been a want of tact in thus enfolding a sick and fevered patient in so fearful a covering, for tomahawking and scalping, as well as minor tortures, had been only too faithfully depicted by the Sioux artist. Captain Townshend lay helpless, wrapped up in the medicine robe, reflecting that they were marching through the best and most bravely defended hunting-grounds of this very tribe, and that any chance shout might be the signal that the original owner or designer of the mantle was at hand. However, the Red Skins never came, except in the fevered dreams of the patient.

Besides the Sioux, the Trans-continental Railroad has sworn foes in the equally fierce and warlike tribes of the Cheyennes and Rapahoes; but in spite of all opposition the line has been finished, and works well. We fear, from Captain Townshend's unprejudiced report, that a war of extermination has been carried on; the hunters, trappers, and ranche-keepers saying openly that an Indian should be shot down like a dog wherever he may be seen. Yet it is the white man who is the intruder, scaring by his noisy trains and shrieking engines, the herds of antelope and buffalo far away from all spots accessible to their original Red owners. We must remember, that with the Indian it is not a question of sport or hunting, but of his actual existence, for he depends for his daily food on these animals. "Leave us and our game alone," is his constant cry; but what is called civilization is too strong for him, and in spite of his desperate struggles

to preserve his one possession, the Indian and his game are year by year—almost day by day—driven further and further away; away from the plains where grass and water are to be found, back into sterile and desolate regions, safe indeed from whizzing trains, but so rocky and barren that the difficult life becomes an impossibility. So the unhappy savage dies, fighting hard like a wild animal, and his food becomes sport for rich or enterprising travellers from distant countries, who speed over his old hunting-grounds in Pullman's Palace Cars.

But we must come back to our scouting party. They had made good progress, for by the 28th October they had reached the great chain of the Rocky Mountains, and, by the time a halt was called at Fort Saunders, had gradually and almost imperceptibly ascended a height of 7,300 feet above the sea-level.

Here they were weather-bound for a day or two, and when a fresh start was made it was with a party reduced to one-fourth of the original number, and composed of fresh officers and men. At first the route lay along the bank of the Laramie, over the plains called after that river, but they soon left the stream behind and crossed a spur of the huge mountain range. Game was shy and scarce here, and the cold, at this late season, most intense, especially at night.

The real ascent of the Rocky Mountains could not be said, however, to have commenced until the party began the ascent which divides Wyoming from Colorado. Here they had to cut their way through the great belt of pine forest which clothes the main ridges of the mountains, and as a passage had also to be cleared for three waggons, the task became tedious

indeed. Not only was it necessary to fell some trees, but others, dead ones, which blocked up the road, had to be removed; and this work was carried on with two feet of snow on the ground! When the track led through a swamp, young saplings had to be cut down and laid over the shaking ground to form what is called a "corduroy" road, over which alone the waggons could pass. On the surface of the snow could be plainly seen the foot—or perhaps we should say, paw—prints of bears, panthers, and wolves, and it was a happy day on which the track of a great grisly bear could be discerned. However, the wayfarers had not much superfluous energy to spare, and found it sufficiently hard work to provide fresh meat for so many hungry men. Four antelope and two black-tailed deer constituted a satisfactory bag, but, even in these mountainous pine-clad solitudes, great care was still needful lest a rock should prove the shelter of a wandering Red Skin also looking for a dinner.

Elk were to be found further on to the west, and Captain Townshend esteems himself a most fortunate man in getting, to his own solitary rifle, a magnificent head. But alas, elk-horns are too cumbrous to be moved through a forest, so the splendid trophy lies under the pine branches now.

When the travellers reached Fort Steel, 130 miles west of Fort Saunders, on the banks of the Platte, they may be said to have crossed the Rocky Mountains, and from this point they struck across the dreary plains for Salt Lake. At first the journey was by rail, but the last 180 miles had to be undergone in a coach. Travelling at the rate of four miles an hour in a most uncomfortable conveyance made our Englishmen wish themselves back again in their camp-life, with all its

dangers and difficulties, but with, at all events, room for their legs!'

From time to time, indeed, they were released from their cramped and crowded prison on wheels, to walk across a swamp, or struggle, as best they could, through a snow-drift. At last, however, the lumbering, springless vehicle drew up at midnight before the porch door of the Townsend House (or hotel) in the Salt Lake City, and the blessing of rest and sleep became once more possible to the weary travellers.

Captain Townshend himself thinks that it is the sense of contrast between the monotonous desert plains traversed for so many tedious hours, and the cultivation surrounding the Mormon City, which makes all new arrivals so enthusiastic in their praise of Utah's charming situation. But even allowing for this influence on travellers' tales, there must be great natural beauty in the site of the town. He tells us that it stands at the foot of the great Snowy range of the Wahsatch Mountains, with lesser hills (the Oquirr range) surrounding the fertile valley. Through its midst runs the Jordan River, which carries the fresh waters of Utah Lake down to the briny waves of the Great Salt Lake. The broad streets of this city of curious domestic arrangements are shaded by avenues of beautiful trees, and kept free from dust or glare by sparkling way-side streams. With bright sunshine and a warm soft air, what can the heart of the numerous Eves wish for except the power of saying

> "Like Alexander, I will reign,
> And I will reign alone"

They only reign alone, insomuch as each wife has a separate house and garden of her own, and it is perhaps owing to this precaution that Captain Townshend is able to add his testimony to that of so many

other writers, who speak of the deep peace and quiet which broods over Salt Like City. We confess that the exact contrary of such a statement would have been less surprising to us. We also learn that these duplicate and triplicate wives "have a subdued air about them, and a way of looking down as though ashamed of themselves," and, under the circumstances, this is the most natural air for them to wear, poor creatures.

There is, however, so large an element of good mixed up with, and emanating from, the teaching of these strange people, that it is hard to condemn unreservedly a growth which bears such abundant fruits of honesty, sobriety, and thrift. They found this plain a howling wilderness, and it now fulfils literally the old scriptural prophecy that the desert shall blossom as a rose. One thing, which we think has not before been noticed, strikes our author as strange. The Mormons declare that in spite of the uninhabited and desolate nature of their chosen country, they have discovered hieroglyphic inscriptions, and other remains, on and among the rocks of the Wahsatch range, which prove that, after all, they are only successors to a former race or colony, who dwelt here in the long-ago ages of the world.

We become gradually so thoroughly accustomed to long distances whilst travelling with our various pen-and-ink companions, that we consider Captain Townshend's next and last stage quite a short one. When he and his party set out from Utah City for San Francisco, there lay between them and that motley town 1,000 miles of land and water, divided into two journeys, equal indeed in length, but differing widely in comfort. For the first half of their way they would be jolted in a mud-waggon—a

lower depth of cramped misery than the stage-coach —but the last 500 miles would be rail and steamboat. Accordingly they travelled monotonously, with aching bones, over the Great American Desert. During the day the heat was intense as in summer, but with nightfall came a bitter icy wind sweeping over the unsheltered level ground, and a sharp frost, rendering buffalo robes a necessary of life. All along the route they met groups and parties of miners, for rumours were afloat of gold and silver veins shining here and there through the limestone rocks; and where these glittering lures are spread, there will men of every nation and clime under the sun find their way. Through frost and snow, burning heat or poisonous swamps, they will flock to worship the golden god. There is no mountain so high, no forest so dense, no river so deep, but that it will be crossed by human feet seeking after gold in flakes, or dust, or imprisoned in quartz. Poor creatures! after all it is happiness, under the form of wealth, which they seek so passionately; and yet—and yet, we know that neither gold nor silver can buy the only real or lasting happiness for Time or for Eternity.

The experience of all travellers teaches us, as Captain Townshend's does, how lightly this hard-won gold is lost, and every author whose path has led him across a gold-field tells the same story of crowded gambling or drinking-houses, where gold and human life are equally cheap.

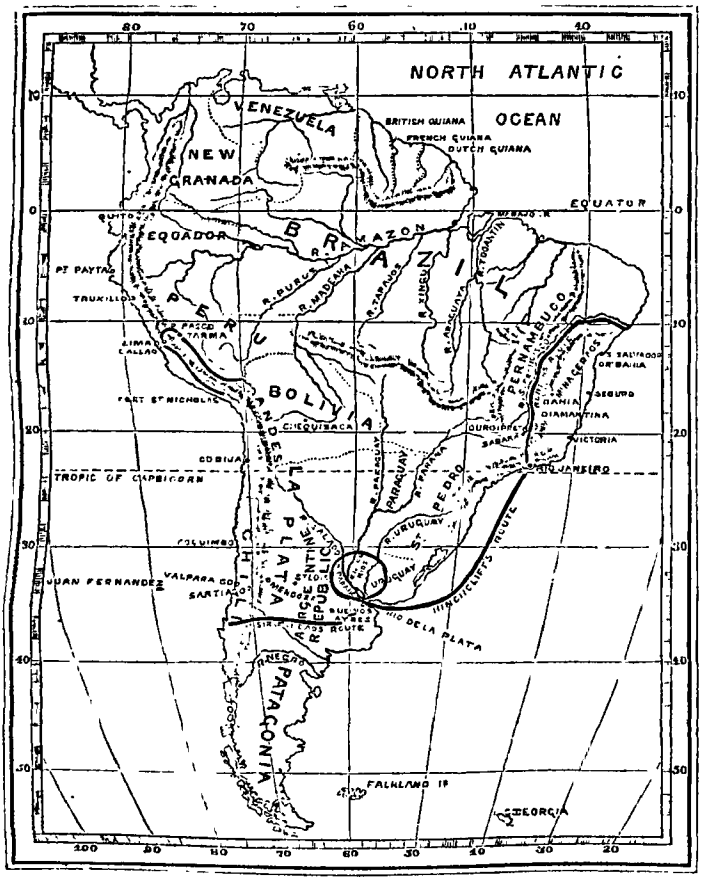
It is a relief to leave all these sordid scenes, and embark on board a steam-packet at Sacramento. For 125 miles the travellers floated down the beautiful, wide river, with its well-wooded banks, dotted by villas, past the Bay of Suisun (where the San Joachim joins the waters of the Sacramento), through

the Carquinez Straits, till they reached San Francisco, thus ending their long journey of nearly 4,000 miles across the great North American continent.

At San Francisco, then, we must leave them; amidst its luxuriant fruits and flowers, its groves of *Wellingtonia Gigantea*, and its swarms of Chinese coolies. Captain Townshend's travels did not end here, and we have some fifty pages more of amusing sketches; but, as at this spot they lingered until it was time to embark for the West Indies, we must close the volume with regret. Few Englishmen see so much in so short a time, and still fewer describe what they see in such simple and unaffected words.

PART III.

SOUTH AMERICA.



SOUTH AMERICA.

CHAPTER XIV.

THROUGH THE MINING PROVINCE.

SOUTH AMERICA is a difficult country to deal with, for whilst inferior to no other portion of the globe in vast internal resources, or attractive external features, it has not been so fortunate as other and more insignificant places in its historians.

Books on South America abound, but the most careful research fails to give me, from any one recent traveller, aught but a general account of a circumscribed region. The facilities for locomotion are limited indeed in Southern America, and the chronic state of political ferment renders travelling difficult and dangerous. It is constantly recorded by the travellers whose works have come under my notice, that their original intention had been to make a much more varied and extended journey, but that they found such obstacles at every turn of their route, such lets and hindrances from the lazy, shiftless inhabitants, that they were fain to leave well alone, and to remain within reach of food and shelter.

One of the best of recent works on South America is from the pen of Captain R. F. Burton. It is called "The Highlands of the Brazil;" but yet his range

of personal observation appears to have been very limited compared with the vast area of the Brazilian Empire. If we refer to the map, we perceive that he started from Rio Janeiro, and travelled as best he could some 850 miles by land to Sabara, where he embarked on board a raft on the São Francisco, and made 1,150 miles' voyage up that river. The time occupied by this excursion was only five months, and he truly says that five years would not have have been too much to devote to it; so we may judge from this statement how hurried and imperfect is the notice he is able to give to the shores on either side of the mighty river.

His account of the journey ends somewhat abruptly at the great Rapids of the Rio de São Francisco, instead of landing us at its real termination, the mouth of the stream. He acknowledges that this may seem to be a caprice, but pleads that it was impossible for him to wind up his tale with petty details of a short land journey and a few hours on a steamboat, when his mind was filled with images of beauty and grandeur.

In reading all these books we are struck by the confident expectation of the traveller that his description will attract crowds of tourists, and that eager feet will hasten to follow in his footsteps. But apparently this has not been the case, and we can hardly wonder at vacation tourists, or even those with whom the fever of locomotion is a chronic disease, not finding the country, so faithfully and graphically described, particularly enticing.

For instance, let us turn to Captain Burton's gravely offered advice, to any one desirous of travelling comfortably in Brazil, merely suggesting that a country where such selfishness—to call it by

no harsher name—is declared to be absolutely necessary, can hardly be very agreeable to travel in.

"Let every thought be duly subordinate to self. Let no weak regard for sex or age deter you from taking, or at least trying to take, the strongest beast, the best room, the superior cut, the last glass of sherry. When riding, lead the way, monopolize the path, and bump up against all who approach you. If a companion choose a horse, a saddle, or a bridle, endeavour to abstract it—he had evidently some reason for the choice. Never go to an hotel if there be a private house within a league; and above all things, keep the accounts. Finally, if you invite a man to dine, score up his liquor on the wall, staring him in the face, so shall or may it deter him from the other bottle. And thus your trip will cost you 123 mil-reis, instead of 750 mil-reis a head."

Now, a careful study of Captain Burton's very interesting volumes leads us to doubt strongly whether his practice was not very dissimilar to his theories, and his wife warns us in her Preface not to take him at his own valuation, for that he delights in pretending to be much worse than he is. She says that she protests vehemently against his moral sentiments, which belie a good and chivalrous life; and we suspect that in the above-quoted sentence, he is pretending to offer advice which he would be the last to follow.

Captain Burton tells us that his "plan was to visit the future seat of Empire along the grand artery of the São Francisco, and to make known the vastness of its wealth and the immense variety of its productions, which embrace all things, between salt and diamonds, that a man can desire." He is very enthusiastic on his subject. The youngest of empires

and the only monarchy in the New World, so richly dowered with physical beauty and material wealth, and so magnificent in geographical position, seems only to need inhabitants to become Fortune's favoured child. Immigration has been going on steadily for some years past, and 10,000 settlers were confidently expected during the year following Captain Burton's visit. Coffee and sugar attract the planters; the almost boundless plains, the great graziers; and almost every known metal lies buried under the teeming soil. Still the drawbacks are serious, first of which must be reckoned the climate, though Captain Burton vehemently denies the prevalence of yellow fever in any alarming proportion, and declares that the climate, allowing it to be tropical, is one of the healthiest in the world. He admits freely, however, the existence of serious drawbacks, which we shall touch on in due time as we skim lightly over his pleasant pages.

The travellers, six in number, including Mrs. Burton, started from Rio de Janeiro, described by old chroniclers as "the very loyal and heroic city," on 12th June, 1867; and after three days' travel by steamer and rail, which Captain Burton declares was only a Cockney excursion, reached Petropolis, from whence the real old-fashioned journey began. We see with his eyes the top-heavy coach, drawn by four fiery little mules, and driven by a stout young German. Through rich coffee-bearing valleys, past the rapid Piabanha and Parahybuna Rivers, over bridges built long ago, by tall houses where travellers are taxed for moving about, they bowled along, changing their wiry active little steeds constantly. In the lingering patches of forest by the road-side they heard the wild cry, "Tucano, Tucano," of that strange bird,

whose acquaintance some of us must have made at the Zoological Gardens—the Rhamphastus—with its "Lord Hood's nose." Mule troops or tropas crowd the road in places; droves of pigs, sheep, and goats are met with, and yet the markets are ill-supplied with butchers' meat, which is both scanty and bad. Guinea-fowls are numerous, so are ducks, and the varieties of fowls enumerated would rejoice a hen-wife's heart. Twelve hours of what Captain Burton calls "kaleidoscopic travel" brought them to their first night's resting-place in Minas Geraes, where neatness and comfort added a charm to the light, cool, pure air.

This ideal travellers' rest stood on a hill. Beneath them lay the city of Juiz de Fóra, which consists of one dusty street, or rather road, with palm-trees planted across it in pairs. The residents live outside this single-street town, in villas and chateaux within the virgin forest. To some of these picturesque dwellings Captain and Mrs. Burton were invited, and there they rested, lying on the grass eating Tangerine oranges, under the delicious shade of myrtle-trees, and admiring the Wellingtonias and screw-pines. But this was their last glimpse of comfort for a long time. The next day brought a break-up of the party, only one gentleman accompanying our travellers northward, and a fresh start in a rickety crowded coach. The rising ground through which their new route lay was rather too cold for coffee or cotton, but rice, maize, and tobacco flourished well; and the gaudy semi-tropical birds were displaced by vultures, buzzards, and a species of thrush, and of the cuckoo.

They soon struck the road between the metropolis of the empire and the capital of the gold and diamond province, and a very poor road it was;

the Brazilian trusting chiefly to the great engineers, Sun and Wind, and neglecting to metal or macadamise his highways or byeways. Fortunately for our travellers the dry season was at its height, and the mules made a good run in to Barbacena. This town stands on high ground; beneath it lie, outstretched, the vast Campos or Prairies, which extend westward of the Maritime Sierra and the Beira-mar or coast country. At first sight nothing can be more unpromising than the appearance of stubborn sterility of these Campos; but Captain Burton is of opinion that they were originally forest-land, and that if the practice were discontinued of burning the clumpy, tussocky grass, with which they are covered, the soil would recover its original fertility, and become fit for stock breeding. He cannot say too much in favour of the pure perfumed air, so refreshing to a European wayfarer in the Tropics. He says, "The mornings and evenings are the perfection of climate; the nights are cool, clear, and serene, as in the Arabian desert without its sand."

Of Barbacena itself,—the white city on the hill-tops,—Captain Burton has much to say which I cannot, for want of space, repeat here; but I may remark his natural astonishment at the absence of gold currency in a country so rich in the precious ore as Brazil. At Barbacena he was shown, as a curiosity, the gold bar, "l'ingot d'or," formerly current in the country. In 1808 the circulation of gold-dust as a medium of commerce was prohibited, and from that time till 1864 paper money came gradually into use. At that date the Golden Age may be said to have ended, and gold coins are never seen except in the Museums. Silver even is rare, and cumbrous copper pieces, called "dumps" by the

English, and worth about a penny, are the only representatives of bullion in the empire. Larger sums circulate in paper, which has a forced circulation.

Good mules to speed the travellers on their way awaited them at Barbacena, through the kindness of a Superintendent of Mines, and they set forth rejoicing on beasts which could keep their legs instead of tumbling down every few yards. From Barbacena they struck off at a right angle to the west, making Barrosa their first halting-place. The bridle-path led them over hills and dales covered with thin grass and glowing with light in the quivering hot haze. Captain Burton quotes here the Paulistan proverb, which we may all make into portable property of our own: "Ride slowly up the hill for the sake of your beast; prick fast over the level for the journey's sake; and ride gently down hill for your own sake."

Nothing could be more picturesque and lovely than the situation of Barrosa, its white houses peeping out from thickets of roses, Poinsettias, orange and coffee trees; but when the travellers arose next morning and prepared to resume their journey, they found that all night long their unhappy mules had been victims to the attack of the huge vampire bats. The animals were weak and languid, and the blood-clotted bites on their neck and withers showed the favourite feeding-places of these horrible creatures. Naturalists differ as to whether the wound is inflicted by the vampire's pointed teeth or by the sharp-hooked nail of its thumb. It is described as a dreadful-looking animal with "deformed nose, satyr-like ears, and staring, fixed, saucer eyes, backed by a body measuring two feet from wing-end to wing-end."

São João ended the next day's journey, an important town in the Minas Geraes, or Mining Province.

From a hill near the town the travellers could look down on the ancient gold diggings, "the El Dorado of El Dorado," the focus of the auriferous foci, all gashed and pierced for gold, with pits, fodinas, and quarries long since abandoned. From this spot Captain Burton struck up the Valley of the Rio das Mortes Grande (or Great Death), through red land cut and hacked by the gold-washer, towards São José d'el Rei, where a halt for a few hours—made sleepless by discomfort—was called; and at 1 A.M. the next day (June 23) they reached the Alagõa Dourado, or Golden Lake, where a line of railroad was just commencing. The first chain of this, called the Dom Pedro Segundo Railway, was laid by the English travellers, though it was not then decided where it was to run, various termini being warmly advocated by the dwellers in three separate valleys.

Early next day they were up and off again, past "Ochos d'Agua," or Eyes of Water, so called from the lakelets by the road-side; but, in spite of luxuriant vegetation and lovely scenery, this part of the long journey was made utterly miserable by the attacks of a species of tick. Awful indeed is the account of this "acaride," a mere dot to the naked eye, but, when put under the microscope, a sort of hundred-bladed animal knife. Its head is then seen to be armed with a trident of teeth, its four pairs of legs, of unequal length, are each and all provided with sharp and strongly-hooked claws, and when once it takes up its abode in human flesh, dislodge it who can. Horses and cattle have been known to die from exhaustion, and a fever is not an uncommon consequence to the traveller passing through a country where every blade of grass is covered with these tiny torments. If it were not for the kind offices of the

Caracára buzzard, a tick-eating bird, I do not know what would become of man or beast in the cool damp spots along the banks of the São Francisco River.

From São João d'el Rei the route lay north, slightly trending east, ascending the Serra de Santa Antonio, fording the two forks which form the Silver River, past the Itabira Peak, and so on to Casa Branca, the site of the mines and village of the same name. The mining estate lies 4,350 feet above the sea level, and contains quartz with visible gold. Rich and productive as this mine was, it has "knocked" or fallen in, from causes which I cannot stop here to explain, for we must hurry on to the last march to Morro Velho, which Captain Burton calls the Queen of the Minas Geraes Mines, where they lingered for a week and more. Most graphic is the account of the descent into the Cachoeira Mine.

"And now looking west, the huge Palace of Darkness, dim in long perspective, wears a tremendous aspect; above us there seemed to be a sky without an atmosphere. The walls were either black as the grave, or broken into monstrous projections. Despite the lamps, the night pressed upon us, as it were, with a weight, and the only measure of distance was a spark here and there, glimmering like a single star. Everything, even the accents of a familiar voice, seemed changed; the ear was struck by the sharp click and dull thud of the hammer upon the boring iron, and this upon the stone; each blow struck so as to keep time with the wild chaunt of the borer. Through this cavern of thick-ribbed gold, dark bodies, gleaming with beaded heat-drops, hung by chains in what seemed frightful positions; there they swung like Leotard from place to place; there they swarmed up loose ropes like monkeys; there they moved over

scaffolds which made one too dizzy to look at. It was a place

"'Where thoughts were many, and where words were few.'"

From Morro Velho a trip of eleven days was organized, the route of which lay first east, then by south and westwards again, describing a sort of circle by Ouro Preto, past Casa Branca once more to Morro Velho. The object of this excursion was to examine a seam of combustible matter of disputed substance, which, when duly reached, turned out to be transition lignite, or brown coal.

Ouro Preto, the Golden City, ill deserves its name, for it is nothing but a great village, romantic and picturesque enough, but where all symmetry or beauty in architecture gives place to convenient arrangements for gold-washing. It is called by some writers the capital of the Minas Geraes, and, as usual, its history is full of revolutionary episodes; and Captain Burton collects and recapitulates some thrilling and touching stories of its political martyrs. Gonzaga, the popular Brazilian poet, flourished here, until he was exiled to Mozambique, where he died in 1807, and his memory is still cherished in this his native town.

This, and another interesting excursion from Sabara, which was reached from Morro Velho, brings us to the end of Captain Burton's first volume and of our chapter. His second volume is devoted to his raft voyage, and we will just dip into it.

CHAPTER XV.

ON THE RIVER.

THE trial trip of the brig *Eliza* was certainly not calculated to inspire confidence in her passengers. In the first place, she was not a brig at all, but a very crazy raft with a standing awning, and the first effect of her crew and passengers, fifteen souls in all, coming on board, was to sink the frail craft several inches beneath the surface of the water. However, Captain Burton cheerfully declared that the fact of such a vessel being afloat spoke favourably for the placid nature of the stream she was about to navigate.

The local name of these rafts is, the "ajôjo," or "balsa," and they are simply composed of three canoes—the longest placed in the centre—and lashed together by hide ropes, with a sort of platform made of boards running round the sides, on which the crew stand to work. A helm is not a necessary part of the equipment, and Captain Burton evidently considered himself fortunate in possessing one. There was also a stout boat-hook, and the unwonted luxury of an anchor. The paddles varied with the nature of the stream, sometimes resembling oars, and sometimes poles, and being generally placed in hands quite unaccustomed to use them, the progress was but

slow. The oarsmen were, or affected to feel, nervous at every obstacle; we confess their fears do not seem groundless to us; but the chief passenger was indignant at their indolent ways. They pulled hard for a few minutes, and that always at the most dangerous moments, when it would have been safer to steer carefully and float with the stream; then, when the current was slow, they lay upon their oars and let themselves drift lazily along, sucking sugar-cane, or occasionally blowing blasts upon a cow-horn.

The voyagers started from Sabara on August 7th, 1867, and we are not at all surprised to hear that during the first day's journey they were greeted by such cries, as "You'll never reach Trahiras." However, they crept on slowly but surely, landing at the nearest important villages.

The chief feature of these dwelling-places along the first dart of the river bank seems to have consisted of ruined churches and abandoned mines. Abandoned, not because of the failure of the metal, gold, iron, stone, or what not, but for want of mechanical knowledge and perseverance. The Brazilian miners appear willing enough to scratch on the surface for what they can easily find, but the moment the process involves a little trouble, that instant they give up the mine and wander off to look for easier work. The Minas Geraes deserves its name, for it literally teems with mineral and metallic wealth.

The first long halt was at Jaguára, some eighty miles down the river, which they reached at night-fall on the 10th; and here they rested five days, making excursions to the great grazing prairies in the neighbourhood, and examining the lakes or lakelets which water the Campos. Legends float over these pools, light and filmy as the evening vapour which hung

above their calm depths; there are tales of a silver cross held in a woman's hand, thrust up from the middle of the waters of the "Holy Lake," and other fables still more mythical.

Captain Burton confesses that it was with an effort of will he re-embarked on board the crazy *Eliza* on August 16th, but it was not long before he met with new friends as hospitable as the old. They showed him the sugar estates along the river-bank, explained their method of making sugar; dwelt much on the Arcadian delights of a planter's life, the very opposite to that led by the energetic traveller; and finally gave him a ball, which Captain Burton liked least of all the hospitality showered on him. More useful was a present of a quantity of sugar-bricks, placed, at the last moment, on board the brig *Eliza*.

About the 22nd of the month they attempted to shoot their first rapids, the "Maquiné Abaixo," and, to the astonishment of all, the *Eliza*, having been much lightened of stores and passengers, "slid safely down, in her usual playful elephantine way."

All through his book Captain Burton constantly predicts a brilliant future for his beloved Brazil. Writing of this São Francisco river, with its rapids, its uncertain shifting, shallow bed, he says:—

"And this desert stream will presently become a highway of nations, an artery supplying the life-blood of commerce to the world. The sand-bank upon which we lie may be the landing-place of some wealthy town. The "Ounce Rapid," and the "Fierce Sandbar," will be silenced for ever. And the busy hum of men will deaden the only sounds which now fall upon our ears, the baying of the Guára wolf, and the tiny bark of the little bush rabbit."

But I, and I think my readers too, must venture to

differ from Captain Burton, and to think rather, that the days of Brazilian glory are past and gone. When again will the people hand down to their descendants legends of lakes with golden sands, of cities paved with gold, of the Emperor of the Musus, the great Paititi or gilded king, who made his toilette by being smeared with oil in the morning when he got out of bed, and then covered with gold-dust, blown at him through long reed-tubes by his courtiers? All these mythical glories have departed, set with the setting sun, and as yet there is but the dawn on the horizon, the first faint streak of the light of Freedom and of Industry.

Captain Burton declares emphatically, that these New Worlds are the Lands of Promise, "scenes where the dead past shall be buried in the presence of that nobler state to which we must now look in the far future." I hope so.

The brig *Eliza* found the navigation of this part of the river difficult and perilous from the number of sand bars and rapids, but she reached in safety the Córrego do Bom Successo, a little way off the main stream, on the 26th of August. Here she was secured and made snug, and Captain Burton disembarked in order to make an excursion E.N.E. to Diamantina, the City of Diamonds. Three days' journey on mule- and horse-back, over the Serra do Bura, across the mouth of the Paraima River, up the steep range of the Contagem (or Diamond) tolls, brought them to the Cerro formation, the true Diamantine land.

Here the luxuriant vegetation, the tree-clothed clay hills, changed into rocky ribs and ridges, protruding from red and yellow ground, bearing mean, stunted shrubs and grass. The surface of the country is, as Captain Burton says, "confused and orderless, a

land of crisp Sierras stripped to the bones." And yet the people, who live in wretched dab and wattle huts, tell you that your feet cannot touch the earth without treading on precious stones. Just at the chief diamond quarry the cultivation is better, and the surrounding aspect less dreary.

Diamantina itself has a well-to-do and important look, having greatly changed since 1801, when it was known by the name of the Village of the Mud-hole. Now the wooden tenements have given way to cathedrals, and streets, called Rua da Gloria, and squares, markets, and what not.

Becky Sharp says, in Vanity Fair, that it would be quite easy even for her to be good and nice if she had 3,000*l.* a year, and it is in something of a similar spirit that Captain Burton, after dwelling on the beauty and amiability of the lovely ladies of this city with a name out of a fairy tale, adds, "Perhaps the wealth of the place has something to do with it." At all events, we may reasonably suppose that the trouvaille of diamonds did really influence the open-handed hospitality our travellers met with among the diggers for gold as well as gems.

In the account of a christening fête given at this city of precious stones, it seems only correct and proper that every lady present should have worn a necklace of diamonds; but ornaments of plain, unalloyed gold were also fashionable.

Even here, however, it is the old story,—the prosperity of Diamantina is on the wane. And why? For the last thirty years the surface quarries have been exhausted, and the capitalists who now work the mines find it difficult to procure workmen. The same soil yields gold richly, and Captain Burton looks forward confidently to the time when immi-

grants shall pour into this part of the great Mining Province by rail and steamer. He reminds us that the famous Braganza diamond, now among the crown jewels of Portugal, came from the mine of Caéthé Mirim in 1741, so did the Abaété Brilliant, and the Estrella do Sul, whose radiant name sets forth its claims to value. Yet Captain Burton assures us that the Diamantine formations of Brazil have been but barely scratched, and bids us think of "the next generation working with thousands of arms, directed by men whose experience in mechanics and hydraulics will enable them to economize labour." The glittering prospect fairly dazzles his readers, and it is with something of the feeling which lingers after a brilliant morning-dream that they wake up from visions of diamonds shining amid golden sands, and turn to the poor, old, shapeless brig *Eliza*.

The country must have looked very flat and uninteresting, and the brig more crazy than ever, as they pushed out of the creek "Bom Successo," and prepared to shoot the rapid of Capivara. Their resting-place for the night was called the "Port of the Little Donkeys," and altogether we feel it a sad come-down in every way.

There seems to be no doubt that, setting aside visions of flashing stones and glittering gold-dust, the Minas Geraes, or Mining Province of the Brazilian Empire, offers great attractions to our crowded Western peoples. Of this part of his journey Captain Burton says, "It is the land best fitted for immigrants. Hereabouts a proprietor is ready to part with four square miles, including a fine large córrego (or creek), for less than I paid for my raft. The views are beautiful, the climate is fine and dry, mild and genial; there is no need of the quinine bottle on the breakfast

table, as in parts of the Mississippi Valley. There are no noxious animals; and, except at certain seasons, few nuisances of mosquitoes and that unpleasant family. The river bottom is some four miles broad, and when the roots are grubbed up it will be easy to use the plough, whilst the yield of corn and cereals is at least from 50 to 100 per cent. There is every facility for breeding stock and poultry, besides washing for gold and diamonds; limestone and saltpetre abound, whilst iron is everywhere to be dug. Lastly, the people are hospitable and friendly to strangers; my companion, who had a smattering of engineering, could have commanded employment at any fazenda."

Between this point and Guaicuhy there was little difference in the daily routine of life on board the brig *Eliza*. Constant shooting of rapids furnished excitement, for each rapid was a peril to life and property. While the raft floated down a mile or two of calm water, the travellers fished, or strolled along the banks gun in hand. They lingered at Guaicuhy, a town on the junction of the two great rivers, Das Velhos and São Francisco, for three days, much tormented by chegoes, insects no larger than a flea, which burrowed in their feet, causing much suffering and lameness. Of these detestable creatures another very amusing traveller in chegoe-haunted regions relates the following experience. A Yankee companion said suddenly to him one day, "By the bye, have you had jiggers?"

"I'm happy to say I have not," was the reply.

"Well, I guess I have. One day I felt something itching like fits under my great toe, and I couldn't see what on earth was the matter; but I scratched away when I could get a chance. Next day it got a good deal worse, and I found that scratching did no

good; so I sent for the doctor. 'You've got jiggers,' said he, 'and bad ones too.' So he brought out his knife and whittled away at my toe till there was precious little left but the bone, I can tell you, sir, that's a fact."

Captain Burton appears, however, to have escaped better than this unfortunate man, for arnica was his most severe remedy; but it is not surprising that he was glad enough to embark once more on his raft-canoe on the 18th September, and start for a fresh conflict with shallows and rapids, sand-bars and sunken rocks. The heat was very great at this part of the voyage, and the swarming, buzzing insects, which clustered beneath the shade of the river-side trees, obliged the travellers to keep the brig *Eliza* out in the middle of the stream, beneath the full blaze and glare of the mid-day sun. The strong current of the river was more of a hindrance than a help to them, and necessitated constant poling; but Januaria was safely reached at last about the 23rd. It proved so attractive a resting-place to both captain and crew, and it was so difficult to escape from the hearty hospitality of all classes, both high and low, that it was the 26th before a fresh departure could be made in very bad weather.

They now encountered, for some days, constant showers, the monotony of which was broken by an occasional hurricane, and the river showed symptoms of flooding; but still they held bravely on their watery way, dropping down the fierce and treacherous stream, in the hopes of outstripping the bad weather. It was often difficult to escape swamping, but at last the Ilha da Carunhanha was reached. This is a tributary from the west which splits the São Francisco into two channels. It serves as a boundary between the

Minas Geraes and the province of Bahia and the town, São José da Carunhanha, where Captain Burton landed for a day during a tremendous thunderstorm.

On Michaelmas-day the raft pushed off again, and made the best of her way to the Serrote da Lapa, or cavern, a popular place of pilgrimage. Captain Burton found nothing to interest him in the cavern, though he penetrated to the fane, which impressed him very little except by its damp heat; and he records with wonder that it has a high local reputation, and four hundred pilgrims visit it on holy days.

Urubû de Cima, Town of Turkey-Buzzard, was the next halt, a nest of fever and ague, with no advantages to compensate for living in such a place; and Bom Jardim, a name of good omen, was steered for without delay. At this part of the voyage the scenery was relieved from monotony by the Serras on the western bank of the river, with their varied outlines and forest-covered slopes. Bom Jardim is at present only a hamlet with the usual ruined chapel, but Captain Burton predicts great things for it on account of its situation. Equally distant from the capital of Bahia, San Salvador on one side, and from Palma in the province of Goyaz on the other, with the São Francisco as a water-way, and a steam tramway for land travel in the far future, it is connected by land and water with the Brazilian Mediterranean, the river Amazon; but as yet it is all unconscious of its coming greatness, which seems to me somewhat shadowy and doubtful.

The Villa da Barra is a straggling dirty town, built where the Rio Grande pours its waters into the São Francisco; beyond it the river broadens, but navigation becomes more difficult on account of the

sudden squalls and the shallow water. Wind and rain added to the wretched *Eliza's* difficulties, and the crew and passengers were glad of any excuse to land and examine Chique-Chique, from whence they made a little excursion to see some diamond-washings, which had, however, produced but one good-sized diamond, and this gem had cost its finder his life. Captain Burton considers that Chique-Chique, or Cactus Town, has around it lands of immense fertility, salubrious mountains, which as yet have only been scratched and played with for diamonds and gold, and all the conditions requisite for a capital.

Navigation on the São Francisco became more difficult at every mile; islands and sand-banks barred the way. In some parts of the river-bed there was more land than water, and the dense overhanging branches forbade them to hug the shore. The weather continued furious, and the wind often blew dead ahead; indeed Captain Burton does not scruple to echo his pilot's opinion, that it was "damnado;" but still they held on, in spite of warnings and dismal prophecies. Our energetic traveller is obliged to acknowledge his surprise at the continued good health of crew and passengers. He never had an hours' sickness, and his companions improved in health.

Of Joazeiro, a ragged town built where four streams unite, it is predicted that it will be the future terminus where the great lines of Anglo-Brazilian rail will meet from Pernambuco and Bahia; but in spite of its excellent commercial position, Captain Burton thinks it will never attain any great importance, on account of its poor soil. This is the more remarkable, as after they left Joazeiro the country became most beautiful.

The sloping fields on either side of the great river were green with manioc, maize, beans, and wild grasses, and farms and fields abound. It is in fact the lower garden of the São Francisco, which here becomes deep and swift, rendering it pleasanter navigation, down to Boa Vista, where they anchored for a night on the 29th October.

Here they were obliged to change both crew and tackle, as the river is from this spot only navigable for canoes, and neither poles nor oars were of any use; paddles were substituted, and, under the guidance of an excellent pilot, they shot the good and easy rapids on the way to Cabrobó', and even the bad and difficult ones which lay between that Villa and among the Thousand Islands.

Here all the dangers and adventures of the route ended, the São Francisco became a calmly-flowing stream, whose blue and placid waters reflected the red glow of sunset, which ended a day of excitement and exertion. How welcome must have been the quiet of the night, with only the distant roar of the rapids to remind them of their past difficulties!

Only fifteen leagues separated them from Varzéa Redonda, but Captain Burton took three days on the way, as he explored the river-side thoroughly, especially the curious Written Rocks—great sandstone walls covered with characters. These are popularly supposed to be guides to buried treasure, but no man has yet discovered what the strange symbols mean. They refer to a pre-historic age of Brazil, and are supposed to have been cut with jade hatchets by the natives in bygone centuries. Captain Burton gives careful drawings of them, for which we must refer our readers to his delightful book.

At Varzéa Redonda, famous for its salubrity, the

poor old brig *Eliza*, no longer of any use, was broken up and given away, the anchor especially being a great prize. Two days of monotonous riding led to the Porto das Piranhas, and from this port Captain Burton embarked on his homeward voyage.

CHAPTER XVI.

IN AND ABOUT BUENOS AYRES.

THE voyage between beautiful Rio Janeiro, coasting down the eastern land-line of South America to Buenos Ayres, is one of the most dangerous in the world. It occupies only a week, but during those few days the unhappy passenger may confidently reckon on the wind going at least twice round the compass, and blowing hard from each quarter in turn. This is Mr. Hinchcliff's experience in his "South American Sketches," and he bewails himself pathetically on the subject, assuring us, that, of all the 'airts which blow" over the South Atlantic Ocean, El Pampero is the very worst. This hurricane wind of the coast rushes from the gorges of the Andes as out of a funnel, sweeps over a thousand level miles of Pampas, and bursts upon the parboiled inhabitants of the south-eastern portion of the great Continent as a cold south-wester.

The entrance to the Silver River, the Rio de la Plata, must be very beautiful; a "grand reality," Mr. Hinchcliff calls it. Imagine the head-lands of Monte Video and Point Piedras, sixty miles apart, and the river, which has been rushing through the sea for 120 miles from Buenos Ayres, still preserving its

waters pure and fresh on the southern side. It is indeed more of an estuary than a river at this place, and is shallower after it reaches the ocean than at any other part of its long and winding line. Many rivers are absorbed into the Rio de la Plata by the time it has reached the deep Atlantic stream. The mighty Uruguay, rising nearly a thousand miles off in Brazil, the Parana, with its great tributary the Paraguay, all fall into the huge river, whose mingled waters, alas! are here more yellow than white, more like Father Tiber than Sabrina, "goddess of the Silver Lake."

No traveller to Buenos Ayres would consider his descriptions complete without an account of the great slaughtering establishments in that city, where a thousand cattle at a time are killed chiefly for the sake of their hides and tallow. The flesh is converted into jerked beef; but Mr. Hinchcliff acknowledges that it is miserable stuff, and has hitherto been exported chiefly to the Slave States.

We will see the wholesale butchery with his eyes, and tell it almost in his words:—

"About 800 beasts had been driven in a *corral* or enclosure made of strong posts nearly a foot thick, which tapered off into a kind of funnel six feet wide, crossed by a strong bar with an iron pulley in it. This was approached by a small tramway, upon which travelled a truck large enough to carry two of the animals at the same time, and running parallel to the slaughtering platform, which was of great size, and gently inclined towards the gutter for carrying off the blood. Dark-visaged men and lads were chatting gaily as they sharpened their knives, and the chief executioner stood by his post, somewhat raised over the bar and pulley. The pulley was traversed by a rope

of raw hide, at one end of which was a lazo running on a ring of iron, and the other end was attached firmly to two horses standing saddled in the open yard. Two gaily-dressed peons, cigarette in mouth, jumped lightly into the saddles of the two horses, casting a glance behind to see if all was right; the infantry were ready, knife in hand, and the work of death began. The butcher gathered up his lazo, and with practised eye selected two beasts whose heads were sufficiently close together to be entangled in a single cast. He swung it two or three times round his head, and in a moment the four horns were firmly gripped with unerring accuracy. At a signal from him the horsemen spurred their steeds into a plunge forwards for about twenty yards with the other end of the rope, and thus dragged the poor brutes forwards till their heads were jammed hard against the bar. Then the executioner stooped, and with two quiet thrusts of his knife divided the spine a little behind the horns; he cast loose the noose from their heads, and two corpses fell heavily on the truck, which was rapidly wheeled to the platform, where the bodies are deposited and the truck sent back for more victims. In five minutes each animal is skinned and cut up, literally vanished, "gone to pieces," as Mr. Hinchcliff puts it, and he marvels much at the rapidity of the process.

It is salutary and refreshing to turn from these huge shambles, with their attendant hordes of scavengers, dogs, and sea-gulls, and get away with our pleasant companion to the sweet open campo or country, on a visit to an *estancia* twenty miles south of the city. The ride thither must have been delicious, cantering over the breezy Pampas covered with soft, springy turf; but we are amused to find how

unlike the South American horse is to his Australian brother. When Mr. Hinchcliff came to the first narrow streamlet or creek, resembling a ditch with high steep banks and a muddy bottom, he naturally expected his steed would jump the small *arroyo*. But no, nothing was further from its intention; it is the custom for all horses to wade or flounder through the thick clay which forms the bottom of these creeks, and many are lost in the attempt—as the clean picked carcases, with legs still sticking fast in the mud, attest. An Australian horse, if ever such a "screw," will always go over a tolerably wide creek "flying," if he be only permitted to choose his own ground from whence to take off. These arroyos are fed from a region of swamps where snipe and ducks, teal and widgeon, find, or rather found, till Mr. Hinchcliff went there, a marshy home.

The Pampas themselves are rendered somewhat dangerous riding by the *biscachos*, who burrow all over them. These animals resemble the prairie dogs of North America, but are larger; they sleep in their holes all day, the entrances to which are guarded by their faithful friends, the lovely little Pampas owls. When sunset comes the owls relieve guard, and go off to seek food for themselves all night, whilst the biscacho amuses himself by adding to the rubbish heaps at the mouth of his burrow. No magpie suffers more from kleptomania than he does, and a silver watch was once found amid the miscellaneous collection of a biscachos.

Life at Monte Grande must be delightful, especially to bold riders and thorough sportsmen; but we must not linger too long in that charming spot. Mr. Hinchcliff's next excursion from Buenos Ayres was a much longer one, extending to an *estancia* 300

miles away, in the Banda Oriental, on the bank of the Uruguay.

The journey was performed in a steamer up La Plata, and our traveller is much struck by the contrast of the scenery on each bank of the river. On the Buenos Ayrean side, boundless plains stretched away in an unbroken monotony; whilst the Banda Oriental was broken up into beautiful hills and dales, picturesque glimpses of wood and water, and all the details which go to make up a fair and lovely sylvan scene. Large islands intercepted the steamer's path, breaking up the Silver River into many channels, confusing enough to navigators. As at the mouth of the Hooghly, these jungle-covered, uninhabited places are the favourite home of the South American tiger, or jaguar; but Mr. Hinchcliff was disappointed in his hope of sport.

As they sped up the river, the country grew more and more beautiful, and all too soon they were landed at the nearest point to the *estancia*, amid a wealth of trees and blossom, parrots swinging on trailing creepers, turf mixed with patches of scarlet verbena, which fairly dazzles and delights us to read of. Fain would we linger with Mr. Hinchcliff in his new quarters, so rich in game and affording such splendid pasture for both sheep and cattle; but we must turn resolutely away from their fascinations, and return with him once more to Buenos Ayres, from which he made, later, an expedition to Parana. This city is four hundred miles higher up the river, and is the capital and seat of Government of the Argentine Confederation. Of course, it is also the scene of ceaseless changes of ministry; and revolutions are by no means unknown. There is not much to admire in the place itself; but the surrounding country is pretty,

and the open, breezy Pampas can be easily reached from the town. The most striking feature about Parana is the enormous quantity of fossil oyster-beds. In some places the earth is split into crevasse-like chasms, some thirty or forty feet deep, whose perpendicular sides are almost entirely composed of gigantic oyster-shells. The small river which runs near takes its name from these relics of former days, and is called Rio de las Conchitas.

Whilst he was at Parana, Mr. Hinchcliff had occasion to cross the interior of Entre Rios—that great tract of country lying between the Parana and the Uruguay. The journey had to be performed by *diligencia;* and he gives the following amusing account of his attempted start:—

"With some difficulty we found the place indicated, and entered a huge yard covered with rubbish. A fat and grimy man emerged from a shed; my companion asked him where the *diligencia* for Nogoyà was to be found.

"*Aqui Señor*" (here, sir), said the man, pointing out to us one of the most dilapidated wrecks in his establishment.

"That the *diligençia!*" we both exclaimed.

"*Si, Señor.*"

"Well, but we thought it was to start to-morrow, or the day after, and it is all in pieces."

"It will be ready, *Señor.*"

"But half one side is gone, and half the bottom; it has no seats, no windows, no coach-box; the lining is torn to atoms, and it has only one spring."

"All will be ready, Señor, *mañana.*"

They knew that mañana, though it literally means to-morrow, is a very indefinite word in a Spaniard's mouth, so they deferred paying for their places until

next day. When the morrow came, a second visit to the shed showed them their vehicle in exactly the same state as when they last saw it, except that an iron support had been added to the weakest side of the wreck.

Under these circumstances the travellers said vaguely that they would call again, and in the meantime set about the arrangements for an excursion to Santa Fé, a place a little way up the Salado River, bearing to the west of Paranà.

Although this stream is tolerable wide and deep where it debouches into the Parana at the town of that name, it narrows considerably as you ascend, which accounts for the extreme smallness of the river steamers.

Santa Fé itself is entirely a city of the past. Long, silent streets, empty of the bustle of human life, stretch away to the surrounding plains; the ancient fortresses, built by the Spanish founders to protect the city from Indian raids, are empty and ruinous. Even in the cathedral, with its lofty watch-tower, from whence a bird's-eye view of all the country round can be obtained, the dust of years lies thick and undisturbed. There was no sign of outer or inner life in all the sleepy dwellings. Tokens meet the eye at every step of former energy and expectation, but all was now marked with decay and disappointment. The old Spanish colonists built, in eager faith and hope, the walls of this city, which was at once to be a nucleus from which proselytizing rays would diverge, and a centre of attraction to all the fabled wealth of their new conquest, but their religious and secular visions of increase and aggrandisement were alike airy dreams, never to be realized by the sordid dreamers.

But so it has been; the El Dorado, which was to be won by blood, and fire, and sword, was never reached, and its very name has now passed into a proverb for a hopeless quest; yet all travellers think and proclaim that there is wealth greater than the greediest Spaniard ever dreamed of, waiting for men in those beautiful lands—wealth to be won by hard labour and honest industry, to be wrung from the willing soil, not from an oppressed people; golden captives to the axe and plough, not to the bow and spear.

The first thing which Mr. Hinchcliff and his companion did on their return in a day or two to Parana, was to visit the ruinous *diligencia.* Its repairs had not progressed one inch, but still the proprietor assured them that it would be ready immediately, and that they should have excellent accommodation.

At last, wearied out and disgusted, the Englishmen made fresh arrangements and set forth in another vehicle, scarcely less dilapidated, and drawn by two horses, with a third animal attached by a rope to the side, so that he need not draw unless his services were urgently required. This in a stage of a hundred miles, where there was no chance even of passing through a village between Parana and Nogoyà, for which place they were bound. No wonder it was late by the time they reached the principal inn at that remote town of the Argentine Republic. On their way they had seen plenty of deer and partridges, and a few of the South American ostrich, which is a smaller bird than its African brother. These graceful creatures are grey, and do not possess those beautiful side feathers, which are the glory of their namesakes, but they afford excellent sport.

Even out-of-the-way Nogoyà was in a ferment with

internecine wars and rumours of wars, and the National Guards were the heroes of the hour.

The next start was for the *estancia* de Las Cabezas, on the road to Gualeguay, which lies south-east of Parana towards Buenos Ayres. On this journey they met with one adventure which will serve as a specimen of the excitement attendant upon South American travel. At each posting-stage the mail coach (in which Mr. Hinchcliff travelled from Nogoyà) was re-horsed, by the primitive method of driving any *tropilla* or troop of horses which happened to be grazing in the neighbourhood, into a corral. Here six steeds were lassoed, and forced most unwillingly to act as a team for the said mail-coach. As might be expected, there was a good deal of plunging and kicking at each fresh start, but the boy-postilions, embryo Gauchos, stuck fast to their crazy saddles, and only laughed and shouted at each fresh complication. At length they reached a spot where the road was crossed by a dry river-bed, with banks some twenty-five or thirty feet high on either side. Down these crumbling precipices the coachman proposed to take the vehicle and six wild horses, describing a sharp angle at the bottom of the river, and trusting to the impetus of the descent to force him and his load up the other bank. He had the grace, however, to suggest that his passengers should get out, which they were only too glad to do; and from a place of safety they saw their conveyance prepare for a descent, steep as the wall of a house. The leaders with their ragged riders soon disappeared down the bank, and the heavily-laden coach looked to the spectators as if it *must* fall on, and crush, the wheelers; but, spite of all the known laws of gravitation, the cumbrous affair reached the rough clay bottom safely, turned the perilous corner, and attempted to

dash up the opposite side. In vain the horses struggled; and the driver shouted and flogged. After some heavy lurches, the coach capsized with a crash, and horses and boys rolled over and over back into the hoof-trodden clay of the old river-bed. In an instant, and long before those on foot could reach them, both horses and riders were on their legs, safe and unharmed; no one was hurt, except one man whose leg had been broken by a heavy box falling on it, and a few struggles set the coach upright again, and off they all started at full gallop, bearing the poor wounded man carefully inside, as far as Las Cabezas, seven miles from Gualeguay.

The estancia where our traveller halted was 40,000 English acres in extent, and carried 12,000 head of cattle, 40,000 sheep, and a large number of horses. Comparing the acreage of this estancia with that of an Australian or New Zealand sheeprun, I may confidently assert that the pasturage must be better in the Entre Rios than in any of our antipodean colonies, for the same number of acres there would only afford sufficient feeding-ground for either the cattle or the sheep in the numbers mentioned, certainly not for both on the same station.

On this estancia the increase of the sheep seems just in the same proportion as in Australia, namely, that the aggregate of the flock is doubled in three years, and the breed is improved from the same stock; the Negretti rams from Germany being the favourite importations, and often costing 200*l.* in the colony.

Land for grazing purposes is rapidly rising in value, and Mr. Hinchcliff thinks that sheep or cattle farming would be found a more profitable speculation in either Entre Rios or Buenos Ayres, or even in the Banda Oriental, than in Australia.

Mr. Hinchcliff describes with great spirit the details of a feast of *carne con cucro*, consisting of a large piece of beef, cut from the bullock's ribs and roasted with the hide on, which preserves the juice and essence of the meat in the highest perfection. To appreciate this costly dish at its full value, we must remember that the hide is the most valuable part of a bullock in the River Plate, and the Homeric feast can therefore be but rarely afforded. It makes a delicious meal, this square yard of beef, served up without any dish, and standing upon the rough table in its own hide.

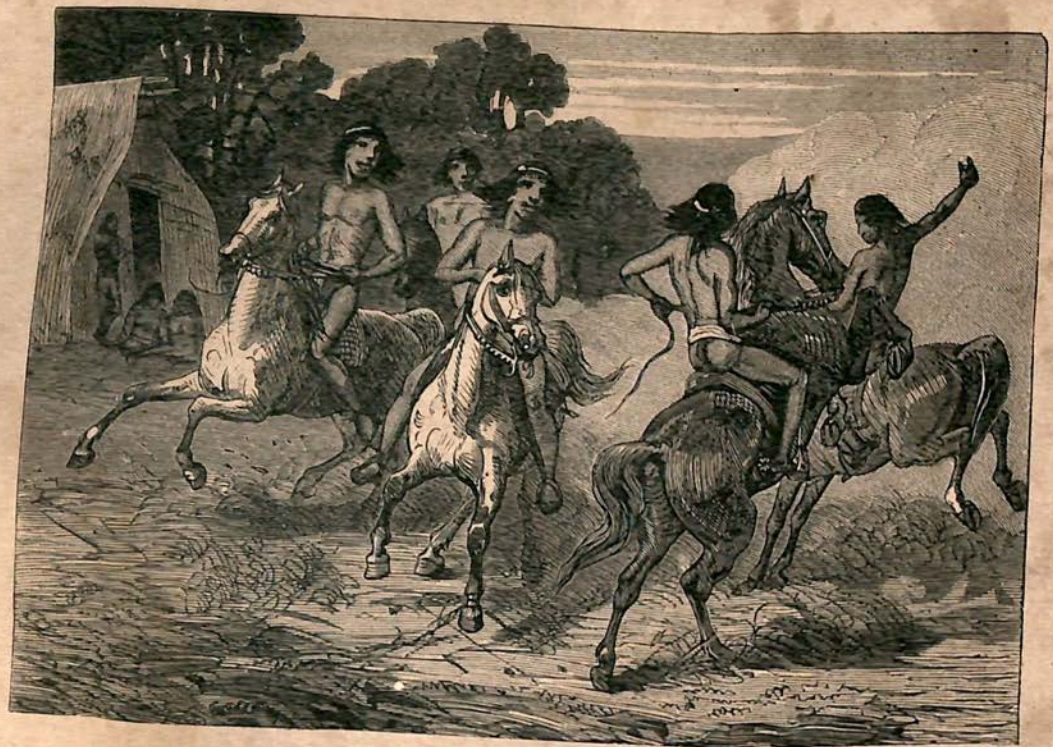
The account of the funeral of a dead Gaucho (or rough rider), who was taken at full gallop, dressed exactly as when alive, and fastened upright in his saddle, across the plains to the place of interment, concludes this interesting volume, and we must refer all who wish to know more of Mr. Hinchcliff's wanderings, to his own bright and clever pages.

CHAPTER XVII.

THE PAMPAS.

DOWN the western side of the great South American Continent, there extends, as we all know, one of the three loftiest mountain-ranges on the surface of the globe,—the Cordillera of the Andes. But it is not of those snow-topped peaks, nor of the beautiful vegetation which clothes its lower hills, that I propose to tell you in the next few pages. My subject will rather be an illustration of the extremes which Nature sometimes loves. At the foot of this gigantic pile, where every conceivable mountain shape and form are heaped together, where human eyes become utterly confused, and unable to judge whether a rock be forty or four hundred feet away from them, just beneath these ever-cloud-clad summits, she smooths the land lying south between the Cordillera and the Atlantic into one vast level plain.

For nine hundred miles in breadth these Pampas extend, right down to the mouth of the Rio de la Plata, where it runs into the ocean at Buenos Ayres, and the most beautiful mountain scenery in the world does not appear to exercise a greater fascination over those who live amid its various charms than does this great flat surface of land over its few and hardy inhabitants.



GAUCHAS. P. 181

Perhaps "inhabitant" is the most inappropriate word I could possibly have selected to apply to the Gaucho, who alone may be said to inhabit the Pampas, insomuch as he does not really dwell on the great plain, all ready though it be for his reception, with its fertile soil, its exquisite climate, and the many streams which flow down from the steep sides of the Andes.

How is it possible to use such a term, when speaking of a creature, or race of creatures, who almost resemble the Centaurs of old? Travellers say, that a Gaucho, on foot, is the most melancholy-looking object it is easy to conceive, helplessly straddling over the ground, which he never walks on if he can ride, or rather skim over it, instead. As great a difference is there between a Gaucho in the saddle and a Gaucho on Shanks' mare, as between a duck in the water and a duck on the land.

"What is a Gaucho?" do you ask. A Gaucho is simply one of a race of men who live on horseback out on the free open Pampas: men who have literally no wants, no desires, beyond the possession of a good saddle and bridle and a pair of sharp spurs: men who begin to ride at four years old, and ride all the days of their lives, and finally ride to their graves. You have been told, on the last page but one, how a Gaucho is taken to be buried, so it need not be repeated here; but it seems difficult to imagine that even his last tranquil home can afford rest to the wandering rider.

It is really impossible to tame these wild, roving Arabs of the south, and one cannot but admire, and indeed envy, the independence of their precarious existence. It is of no use trying to induce the Gaucho to build a house or live in a town. He sleeps out in the open air nearly all the year round,

(and so should we; perhaps, if our houses were as full of fleas and bugs as his are); he lives on beef and water, both of which he can find in any quantity on the Pampas, and he considers the skeleton of a horse's head to be the most comfortable chair in the world.

I am tempted to dwell a little on this peculiar tribe, because, beyond their bare name, they are not often mentioned by travellers. One meets with the word here and there, in the account of an excursion from Buenos Ayres or Mendoza, as applied to a dirty, disreputable sort of mounted guide, or escort; but these are the worst specimens of their fellows. The true Gaucho is a descendant of the early settlers, and traces his pedigree back to some of the best families in Spain. His noble air, the grace with which he wears his ragged poncho, his hospitality and good manners, all show the blueness of the blood in his veins and contrast favourably with the degeneracy of the mongrel race around him.

To our minds, the most interesting feature of Pampas travel must be these very light and irregular cavalry, skimming like swallows over plains bounded on one side by the Andes, and on the other by the Atlantic. Like gipsies, in their love of a free open-air life, and like children in their indifference to money, the Gauchos will always stand alone as a type of romantic people, with few of the faults and many of the excellencies which belong to the highest civilization.

No traveller has more thoroughly comprehended or more admirably described the Gauchos than Sir Francis Head, and no one who has read his "Ride across the Pampas" can avoid feeling how life-like and vivid are his word-sketches of the strange, uncouth dwellers on those vast plains. Of the Pampas themselves his accounts are most alluring. Who would not

wish to exchange rail and steam for swift gallops over springy turf, gallops which begin at early dawn and go on until 120 miles of country have been left behind, and the rider could eat his own horse, nay, his own saddle, for very hunger! Let us hope, however, he is not often driven to so indigestible a meal; nothing worse probably than beef awaits the ravenous horseman, beef to be washed down by a drink of pure water, and then six or eight hours' sleep on the ground outside a Gaucho hovel with his saddle as a pillow.

It is no wonder that Sir Francis Head found this life somewhat fatiguing at first, though he afterwards declares that he got into such splendid condition that he felt as if no exertion could kill him, and that he could tire ten or twelve horses in a day. He found when he began these long riding journeys, which, we must mention, were undertaken for business, not pleasure, that the constant galloping confused his head, and that at the end of a hard day's work he could scarcely speak or stand; but by degrees the rider became accustomed to the motion, and found it the most delightful in the whole world. The life too is so alluring, from Sir Francis's description, with its boundless variety; now sweeping over green level plains, where a sharp look-out must be kept for Indians or for bisacheros, now riding swiftly among the tall slim stems of a vast wood. There is none of the undergrowth or jungle in the region of trees which grow on the Pampas similar to that met with in other semi-tropical forests, for Sir Francis particularly remarks that the trees are not crowded, and that they never obstruct the traveller's rapid pace.

The only shadow on the sunny delightful picture is cast by the poor horses, and we cannot help shudder-

ing to read of the suffering endured by the wild, beautiful creatures. Taken from the plains over which they have hitherto roamed, hurriedly and cruelly taught what bit and bridle mean, they are spurred till they drop; their bleeding sides declare the sharpness of the Gaucho's long silver spurs; and though they do not go far, still they are witnesses to the truth of the sporting phrase, "It is the pace which kills." We read of horses who have been urged at this furious speed all day (for, even if not mounted, they gallop loose with the spare animals), and are put into a yard at night, gallop sixty miles next day, turned out to graze among stones and rocks for a few hours, brought at nightfall into a bare, dusty yard, ridden for sixty or seventy miles the third day, again put supperless into a corral, and not turned out on the plain until the following morning.

Sir Francis says:—

"In riding across the Pampas with a constant succession of Gauchos, I often observed that the children and the old men rode quicker than the young men. The children have no judgment, but they are so light, and always in such high spirits, that they skim over the ground very quickly. The old grey-headed Gaucho is an excellent horseman with great judgment; and although his pace is not so rapid as the children's, yet, from being constant and uniform, he arrives at his goal nearly in the same time. In riding with the young men I found that the pace was unavoidably influenced by the subject on which we happened to converse, and when we got to the post, I constantly observed that, somehow or other, time had been lost."

We will take one journey across the the Pampas as a specimen of Sir Francis Head's mode of travel, with

its independence and its hardships, its delights and its fatigues. The indefatigable horseman was on his way from Buenos Ayres *viâ* San Luis and Mendoza to some gold mines at the foot of the great Cordillera, near the town of La Carolina.

It took twelve days' hard riding to reach San Luis, and the programme of the journey was somewhat monotonous. At daylight, often an hour before, the traveller was awakened by his Gaucho guide for that part of the journey, who aroused him by saying impatiently, "Vámos, Señor" (Let us come, sir). It was no use offering up the sluggard's petition, for the Gaucho would surely be off in a few moments, and out of sight in a few more; so whilst the maté—a sort of decoction of tea—was being hastily prepared, the traveller washed his face and hands, saddled his horse, and was off and away long before the sun, which had set upon him, thirty miles away from his sleeping place, was up. All day the story is the same, "Galloped my horse till he came to a standstill, then got on a fresh one; in about another hour this horse quite done up, by constant spurring could just keep him in a canter; at last down he fell, and my foot hung in the stirrup."

Fresh horses were driven loose with the party, so a remount was always close at hand.

At night it was generally one of two things. A halt at a Gaucho hut, where the stiff and tired rider was offered the skeleton of a horse's head to sit upon, and beef and water for supper—with a choice of sleeping within the shelter of mud walls, among babies and old women, pigs and fowls, fleas, bugs, and creeping things innumerable; or out of doors in the fresh, frosty air, with his saddle for a pillow and a poncho for a coverlet. This was varied when a town was

reached, by a night's lodging in a café, where "No hay! Señor," was the unvarying answer to all demands for other eatables than beef.

At Mendoza, of earthquake celebrity, Sir Francis fared no better, though he was much amused by the primitive simplicity of the manners of its inhabitants. Men, women, and children bathed every evening in the Rio de Mendoza, a shallow stream which runs through the Alameda or principal promenade, where all the rank and fashion of the town congregate at sunset to eat ices and smoke cigars. I confess myself, that instead of being duly shocked at this Naiad-like behaviour, anything which gives me an idea of cleanliness is most welcome and refreshing after the details of personal filth and crawling vermin with which all books of South American travel are filled. It is a custom which sounds, at all events, cool and clean, and so long as the performers and spectators like it, we do not see what business it is of ours. We agree with Sir Francis in wishing that the Rio de Mendoza was a little deeper at the Alameda, as it seems unsatisfactory to read that the water does not reach the bather's knees: still, let the Mendozians bathe in peace, with the dark outline of the Cordilleras before them, and the paper lamps glimmering like glow-worms on the trees of the Alameda, and the music of the band heard tinkling and braying amid the laughter of the girls as they splash each other in the shallow stream.

Only one day's halt was called at Mendoza, and at daylight Sir Francis started again from the Fonda under the guidance of a young Gaucho, who galloped like the wind, singing as he went. That day, one-hundred and fifty-three miles were accomplished. It is no wonder, that as soon as the riders dismounted

they flung themselves on the ground and fell asleep, to be awakened in an hour or two by a welcome offering of some soup with the meat left in it. Up and on with the first ray of light, and in three or four days they arrived, in passing through the province of Santa Fé, at a place where a courier had been murdered by some Salteadores (robbers). The hut was in ruins, near which a few deer were feeding, but at sight of the horsemen the shy animals fled away. At the mean threshold lay a fine dog, with his throat cut; but Sir Francis says he never saw so much expression in the countenance of a dead animal: "his lip was curled up, and one could not but fancy that it expressed the feelings of rage and fidelity under which he had evidently fought to the last." Within the hut, loosely covered by a few fallen adobes, or mud-bricks from the wretched walls, they found the bodies of the courier and postilion, and the vermin-covered floor was strewn with the covers of letters destroyed in the search for gold-dust.

Our traveller was accompanied by an old man, the father of the murdered courier, who proceeded coolly to complete the interment of his son by pulling down the remainder of the tottering wall on his corpse, and thus hiding it from view; after which he murmured a prayer, crossed himself, lit a cigar, and remounted his horse to continue his interrupted gallop.

Darkness was but little hindrance to the constant rapid movement. When overtaken by nightfall before the post-hut could be reached, the only precaution taken was for the Gauchos to keep in a line, and when the leading horseman passed a biscachero, which was every two minutes, he gave a loud shrill whistle to warn the others of the danger. In spite of these slender precautions, the rider across the Pampas

has many and many a fall, caused by his horse's putting its leg into biscacho's hole. Even the Gauchos occasionally meet with severe accidents from the same reason, though Sir Francis notices that the wild horses accustomed to the Pampas generally take care of both their riders and themselves by smelling the holes and shrinking aside, even when at full gallop.

Very terrible are the stories of the Indians who then ravaged parts of the Pampas. In Santa Fé they were so bold and so numerous that there were no cattle left in the whole province, and people were afraid to live there. They used to burn the huts, kill the men and children, and carry off the young women and the animals. We should feel inclined to pity these modern Sabines if it were not for the testimony of a French officer, who, on his way through the territory of these Pampas Indians, met several of the young women who had been formerly carried off by the tribe. He offered to obtain permission for them to return to their own country and people, but they all declared that they were perfectly happy and comfortable, and that no earthly inducement would tempt them to leave their husbands and children.

Upon one occasion a little mud fort in one of the most lonely and desolate parts of the plain was defended for nearly an hour by eight brave Gauchos against nearly three hundred Indians.

The Gauchos fought as men fight for all they hold dear on earth. Behind them, within the rude shelter of the primitive fort, were huddled their wives and little children, and their beloved horses and cattle. The naked, screaming savages, led by their cacique, rushed at the low wall with brandished spears; but the musket, which was the only fire-arm possessed by the Gauchos, scared them when it went off at last, having

hung fire for a long time. The random discharge killed one of the Indians, and the rest wavered. They were gallantly led by their cacique, but he could not make them face a second shot from Brown Bess, and they galloped away, leaving some spears sticking in the ground. The Gauchos kept those as trophies, and Sir Francis acknowledges that he looked upon the rough weapons as among the proudest military trophies he had ever beheld.

These Indians are still better and more fearless riders than the Gauchos, who declare that they cannot keep up with them, and that in a fray they charge at full gallop, without either saddle or bridle, and sometimes crouching beneath their horses' bodies.

We will not follow Sir Francis across the Great Cordillera, as this chapter professes only to skim with him over the long level plains at its eastern base, but nothing can be more interesting than his account of the journey on mule-back, with its sharp contrasts to the speed of his daily gallops across the Pampas for so many succeeding weeks.

He was rejoiced to find himself once more at Mendoza on his return journey to Buenos Ayres, and the vast plains were full of fresh charms for him. The first thing he noticed was a dead horse—ridden to death, perhaps—with forty or fifty condors devouring it. Locusts were devouring the vegetation of one part of the Pampas, and the traveller nearly lost his straw hat by flinging it on the ground after he had alighted at a post-hut. These insects looked upon it as a delicacy, and set to work to devour it without loss of time.

The last day's stages covered 120 miles, and that brought Sir Francis Head safe and sound to Buenos Ayres, where we must leave him with as much regret as he felt in parting from his beloved Pampas.

CHAPTER XVIII.

PERU.

NOW we will take a glance at the western side of the South American Continent, and we cannot do better than select Peru for our chapter's travel—Peru, shut in between the sea and the Great Cordillera of the Andes—which mountains derive their name from the Indian gardens on the steep hill-sides of the Sierra, called *Andenes* by the early Spaniards, and traverse the whole of South America longitudinally from north to south—from the Bay of Panama in the extreme north-west of the continent, through New Granada, Ecuador, Peru, and Chili, down to the last low spurs running into Patagonia.

We have chosen Peru on account of its historical interest, with its legends of the Incas, its famous conquest, its exquisite beauty, and its terrible misfortunes. All these things are written in other and more learned books, but the object of these pages is to arouse that noble thirst for information which will not be quenched by the tantalizing sip which is all that can be offered out of so small a chalice, but will seek for more satisfying draughts drawn from deeper wells.

Lima, the capital of the Peruvian Republic, stands

seven miles inland from its seaport Callao, and although all travellers agree in praising its equable climate, free from extremes of heat or cold, still it is liable to a rough shake every now and then from an earthquake. But in the tables of mortality, neither these constant shocks, nor the equally constant political disturbances, are credited with the short precarious tenure of human life in Lima. Like the inhabitants of some other cities we know of, they are their own deliberate murderers. They persist in trying to breathe air tainted by foul smells and decay, and bad water, and the result of the experiment is not encouraging, for those who are strong enough to fight the battle for existence against the evil-smelling heats bred from miasma and filth, become poor weak degenerate creatures, whilst the more delicate individuals give up the struggle and die young.

The native dark races still linger round the ruined and overgrown temples and dwellings where their forefathers lived and worshipped, and the Tables of Returns for both Lima and Quito show a large proportion of Indian inhabitants. Hewers of wood and drawers of water have these people become to their conquerors, but they still cherish the early traditions of their race, and look forward to a millennium—a time when Manco Capac and Mama Oello, the son and daughter of the Sun, will return to restore the old Inca dynasty, which they founded four centuries before the Spanish invasion and conquest of Peru.

Some of the aborigines utterly refuse to adapt themselves to the strange faith and rule of the new comers, and prefer to wander, like gipsies, over the province, subsisting by selling balsams, herbs, and barks. There is one tribe in particular, called the Callavayas or Yungeñas, which may be said to have

monopolized this trade, and doubtless many of our most valuable medicines come to us from their hands. But now the Gentiles (as the Indians call the European settlers) have learned where and how the magic herbs grow, and go and find them for themselves; so the Callavayas have set up as wandering quack doctors. They are not content with furnishing the drug, but they prescribe how it is to be administered. Their practice cannot be very successful, for they are now chiefly known by the soubriquet of *Mata-sanos*, or killers of the healthy!

Still, to this day are to be found worthy scions of the royal lineage; it is not so long ago since a chieftain with a pure Inca pedigree found himself in the thick of a revolutionary fray. Not only was he valiant and strong, but he possessed the old instinct of coolness in danger, which is the highest courage, inasmuch as it is a mental more than a physical quality. He headed a wild rush upon the enemy's ranks at a critical moment of the battle, and then ordered his men to fall back and reform for another furious onslaught. The first to face the foe, Santa-Cruz—for that was the gallant cacique's name—was the last to retreat, and he was cut off and surrounded by a troop of light cavalry. One man couched his lance and rode straight at the cacique, calling to him to surrender.

"Alza esa lanza, y sigue me!" (raise that lance and follow me), shouted Santa-Cruz, in a tone of authority; and he rode back to his men, followed by the lancer who had obeyed on instinct. The story says that Santa-Cruz promoted the man to a place in his own body-guard when he became President of Bolivia.

Like the greater portion of the South American

continent, Peru is rich in mines,—coal, silver, quicksilver, gold, and other metals. In the town of Cerro Pasco, built on a lofty peak of the Lower Andes, 14,000 feet above the sea level, and near the mouth of the great mine "La Mina del Rey" (the king's mine), the very adobes, or unburnt bricks, of which the rude houses are formed, contain a considerable proportion of silver. The whole of this eyrie-like city is so burrowed under by the human moles following the shining lead of the rich silver veins, that it is quite possible it may tumble in altogether some fine day, especially as earthquakes are not entirely unknown. When a mine is in process of being made, the workmen leave enormous pillars at short intervals to support the roof of earth on which the town stands. But we learn that as the silver is exposed to view in these supports, and glistens temptingly amid its earthly home, the miners, especially the Indians, cannot resist chipping and picking the ore out of the pillar. The consequence of this system of pilfering is that the supports become gradually more and more ruinous, and in many instances crumble away entirely, leaving an increased weight to be borne by the few pillars in which the silver does not lie so evidently on the surface.

All the accounts of the mines in South America speak of the excavations as having been hitherto very shallow, mere scratchings in fact, and the deeper the soil is dug, the greater the wealth discovered; so if buried treasure was the only thing wanting to ensure the prosperity of the many races and mixed peoples who are scattered over the vast area, how brilliant might be the future of that continent! But we know that all the hidden silver in the world will not buy perseverance, or self-denial, or patriotism, or any of

the qualities by which men or nations raise themselves above the common herd who care for nothing except their own personal well-being. In many volumes of South American travel, I find everywhere the same report. Travellers of every age and clime tell the same story: a country rich and productive in every source of wealth, above and below its surface, well watered, well wooded, with scenery fair as any poet's dream, inhabited throughout its length and breadth by a feeble, inert, mixed race. With perpetual puerile strife seething and bubbling on its surface; with no care for the morrow, no great aspirations or noble ambitions, what is the practical use of all the splendid materials so lavishly scattered throughout the land? Both the conquering and the conquered race have degenerated. The first have outgrown their power and capability of ruling; whilst their former subjects are too demoralized to try to grasp the wrested sceptre of the Incas. The old traditions say that nearly all the free-men perished in the days of Balboa and Pizarro, preferring death to subjection; and that these patient yoke-wearers are only the descendants of slaves, who have never really loved or possessed the soil.

We cannot do better than give some account of two excursions made by Dr. A. Smith, from Lima to Tarma—a pretty Sierra town—in the first instance, and from Lima to Pasco, by way of Junin, Pomacancha, &c. in the second.

Although they were undertaken some thirty years ago, we cannot find much difference or improvement in the accounts of more modern travellers. They may speak, indeed, of better shops for luxuries at Lima or Quito, greater facilities for ensuring the personal comfort of the traveller, but there is no distinct record of

any noticeable improvement in the political or social condition of Peru and Chili.

Tarma, which was the point of Dr. Smith's excursion from Lima, is situated E.N.E. from that city, in the centre of the Andes, and is the favourite resort of sickly persons from Lima, and rheumatic miners from Yauli. It must be a lovely spot, nestled among the giant mountains, but blooming and fertile as any southern valley. Near to the town there is a beautiful cascade, and the winding lanes enclose orchards of peaches and apples, besides fields of wheat and barley. Not far off are the ruins of the ancient city of Leon de Guanuco, reckoned by the natives as only second in importance to the capital of the whole empire of the Incas, Cuzco. Many of the outer shells of these Indian dwellings are still standing, though the city is silent and deserted; and Dr. Smith was struck by the exact perpendicular of the lines of the mud and stone walls that have so long outlasted the dusky race which reared them.

On the heights above the town are to be seen the ruins of some Indian moats and fortifications, and it is difficult to conceive any spot more romantic or more beautiful than the cliffs on which stand the silent streets of Leon de Guanuco. Dr. Smith says of it:—

"Its lakes of *Rumichaca*, so named because their waters escape under a natural bridge of rock; its woods of alder and perejil; its bamboo thickets; numerous dingles and silvery waterfalls; its rapacious puma; its herds of deer; its narrow pathways and slippery pastures, from whence the grazing ox so often rolls into the fathomless ravine, are still present to our mind in one group, with the lovely conjunction of the cultivated vales of Huacar and Huaylas, and the

watery cross formed by the confluence of their respective streams."

Peru is famous for the light aërial bridges which span its rivers ; and as all travellers mention them, we ought to do so. The centre land of Peru abounds in streams and mountain torrents, which are subject to sudden, tumultuous, freshes from the bursting of heavy thunder-clouds, continued pouring rain, or snow-falls at night, which the first hour or two of sunshine melts. It follows, therefore, that the more solid structures of masonry adopted in other countries would be liable to be swept away, and the stonework bridges with which the Spaniards tried to replace those used by the natives often met with that fate.

The Indian engineers invented a soga or swing-bridge, to meet the difficulties which attended crossing their mountain ravines and torrents, and in many places this primitive contrivance is used to this day. The soga bridge of modern Huanuco is made of ropes twined from twigs of willow, or any other flexible branches, which are securely fastened at the ends on the opposite banks of the water; on these bundles of broom, or some long-branched shrubs, are placed crosswise, the whole being closely and firmly bound together by slips of the magueyleaf. The bridge is wide enough to admit of a foot-passenger, and a hand-rope runs along each side of it, by which the traveller can steady himself as he walks across on the frail structure.

In another place, over the river Jauja, there is a bridge of this sort which is actually strong enough for cargo-mules to pass over. In this instance the first ropes of the slender foundation are made of bullocks' hide, and the twigs of broom are replaced

by cross-pieces of wood placed close together, which are secured in their proper positions by thongs. This offers a foot-hold for the animals, who pass over it, we are told, with perfect confidence. If the chasm or torrent be a narrow one, the more simple expedient of a felled tree is adopted, which gives a slippery passage to the other side. Sometimes the tree is fixed in a sort of piled-up stone buttress projecting on each side of the river.

There is also a curious portable bridge used by the Indian tribes who dwell in the Lower Andes, and which seems very like the sort mentioned by travellers as being in vogue among the natives of the Himalaya Mountains. It consists of a leathern bucket or bag, which is suspended on a lasso cast from one side of the ravine to the other, and slipped along by the passenger himself, something after the fashion of an aërial ferry. It is said that these bridges were found extremely useful to the Montonera or irregular patriot troops, during the late war that ended in the separation of Peru from Spain.

If the space between the banks be too wide to admit of any of these simple contrivances, then the Indian passes in the balsa, a very small canoe or raft made of rushes. When the paddler and his passenger seat themselves on its level platform, the basket craft is pressed down to the water within an inch or two of its surface; and, for my own part, I think that the famous vessel of the three Wise Men of Gotham must have been a safer conveyance than a rush-built canoe.

Scattered here and there over these great lonely mountain-sides are ruins of guacas, or tombs of the Sun-worshippers. "In some of these mouldering monuments," writes Dr. Smith, "are still to be found

internal chambers or sepulchral vaults, entered by very narrow openings ; and from these labyrinths mummies, cloths of different colours, various domestic utensils, sacred figures, and idols, have been frequently extracted."

A neat silver idol, supposed to be a likeness of an Inca, was taken out of one of these guacas, which are very numerous among the remains of four hundred temples in and around Cuzco.

At some of the stages in this mountain-journey the travellers had to sleep on the ground with their saddle-bags for pillows. Very different must have been their sensations from those described by Sir Francis Head, who tried the same bed and pillow so often during his rides across the Pampas. In his case the bed was *outside* the hut, and he used to lie down under the clear sky, in the fresh, sweet air, close his eyes, and then he

"Heard nothing more till again it was day."

Poor Dr. Smith gives a piteous account of his miserable nights passed on the floor of a dirty hovel, where it was impossible to stretch his legs out without roasting his toes in the midst of a wood fire which burned in the centre of the hut. Sleep was out of the question, either in or out of doors: outside, the air was too piercingly cold ; inside, the swarms of restless chirping guinea-pigs wandered over the weary travellers all night in search of crumbs of food. In a niche in the mud wall, originally intended for the patron saint of the owner, a strong-lunged cock roosted—keeping one eye open, however, in readiness to crow loudly at the first faint streak of daylight. It is no wonder that under these circumstances early rising was agreeable, and the morning start was always accomplished in excellent time.

As the traveller rides along the steep hill-paths of these mountains, he hears from time to time the warning whistle of the sentinel vicuña, who keeps watch just as the red deer does in Scotland whilst the rest of the flock is feeding. It was almost impossible to get even a sight of a herd of these fleet and wary creatures; the moment the shrill whistle sounds through the profound stillness of a valley in the Andes, that instant the whole herd of vicuñas bound away down wind to a still more sheltered feeding-ground, and only the sentinel is to be seen, faithful to his post until the last weak hind has disappeared, when he too sets off at his best pace, but in another direction.

Geese are to be met with on some of the inland lakes, and also whole flocks of flamingoes, besides the delicately plumaged diving duck, and numbers of cormorants and kites.

Pasco was the point to be reached on the second journey, and a reference to a large map will show that this town lies much further N.N.E. than Tarma. Beyond it again is Huanuco—by no means to be confounded with Leon de Guanuco, or De Huanuco, as it is pronounced. To reach this modern Huanuco, a descent has to be made of nearly 7,000 feet in a north-easterly direction from Cerro Pasco, and Dr. Smith describes this route as being one of the most beautiful over which he had occasion to travel. Owing to the inaccessible position of the town of Cerro Pasco, its nearest market-town is this same Huanuco, and it must be a somewhat stiff climb for the sellers of fruit and vegetables who have to drag their loads up the steep hill-path. Huanuco is in a fertile valley, whereas the bleak hill-tops around the Cerro are barren on their stony surface, and teeming with richest silver beneath the ugly ground.

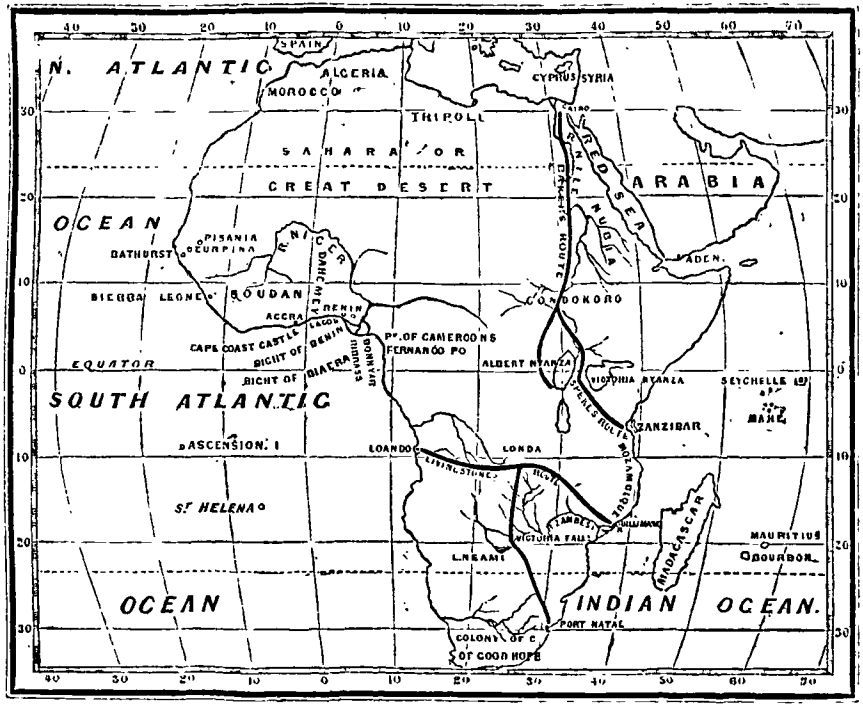
Not very far from Cerro Pasco is the great lake of Lauricocha, deep and silent birthplace of the River Amazon, which, for many and many a mile, is called the Marañon. In fact, it bears this name until it enters the Brazilian portion of Guiana, north-east of the empire. For more than a thousand leagues the Marañon, or Amazon, winds down towards the Atlantic Ocean, into which it rushes at last with such strength and volume that for two hundred miles and more its fresh pure waters are as free from brackish taint or taste as when they left Lake Lauricocha, thousands of miles away among the Lower Andes.

This chapter offers but a very superficial sketch of a country full of deep interest to all who look beneath the surface of a cruel past, through the clouds of revolutionary thunderstorms, on to the bright clear sky of the future, which we would fain hope will make up to this lovely Western land for all she has endured from the greed and oppression of her conquerors.

Peru is a Republic, free to develop her own resources, and to work out a place and a destiny for herself and the nations around her; and it will be her own fault if she does not rise to better things than mere silver-mining.

PART IV.

AFRICA.


N. ATLANTIC
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ALGERIA
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TRIPOLI
CYPRUS
SYRIA
SAHARA OR
GREAT DESERT
RED SEA
ARABIA
OCEAN
PISANIA
BATHURST
CURPINA
NIGER
BIGHT OF BENIN
SOUDAN
SIERRA LEONE
ACCRA
LAGOS
CAPE COAST CASTLE
BIGHT OF BIAFRA
BONNY
CAMEROONS
FERNANDO PO
ABYSSINIA
ADEN
MASSOWAH
GONDOKORO
EQUATOR
ALBERT NYANZA
VICTORIA NYANZA
SEYCHELLE I.S
MAHE
SOUTH ATLANTIC
ZANZIBAR
ASCENSION I
LOANDO
LONDA
ZAMBESI
VICTORIA FALLS
St HELENA
MADAGASCAR
MAURITIUS
DOURBON
LNSAMI
INDIAN OCEAN.
PORT NATAL
COLONY OF C. OF GOOD HOPE

AFRICA.

CHAPTER XIX.

ABEOKUTA.

THERE are many portions of this immense continent concerning which we know very little. But, perhaps, we know less of this part of its west coast than of any other territory on its whole seaboard. For this reason I will give it the place of honour, and recommence these imaginary travels at a place which would probably be the very last that would attract me, if the journey was to be made by any other means than those of pen and ink.

No really interesting account of travel on the Gold Coast of Africa has ever been published. The country is a very difficult one to travel in, and there is but little sport or scenery to reward the explorer for risking his life amid the swamps and miasma which render the mouth of the Niger so deadly to human life.

Blue Books, more than any man can number, have been written on our dealings with the savage tribes along the coast of Guinea; but they are not remarkable for vivid or picturesque reports of the country and people. Captain Burton, of exploring fame, has given us not only a very interesting work on his Political Mission to Dahomé, but also an account of

an Excursion—with a geographical aim and end—to Abeokuta and the Camaroons Mountains.

On both journeys the starting-place was the same, Fernando Po, an island in the Bight of Biafra; but as the trip to Abeokuta was the most characteristic, we will select that one to make in Captain Burton's company. It is necessary at the outset to refer to the map, in order to understand the bearings of the route followed by this cosmopolitan traveller and hi half-dozen adventurous companions.

To comprehend the importance which attaches itself to Captain Burton's explorations and discoveries among the Camaroons country, we must remember that he did not undertake the expedition entirely from love of travel or want of occupation, but chiefly in order to see if it were not possible to find some healthy hill-region within an accessible distance of the poisonous Gold Coast, where fever-stricken Europeans might go to recruit their shattered health. In this object he was successful, as our readers shall presently see for themselves.

The very earliest notice which Captain Burton could find of these mountains from the pen of European traveller was an account in Barbot journey made by M. J. Grazilhier in 1699, to was then called the Ambozes, or Camaroons Country. He gives a translation of the narrative in his Appendix, but we do not learn much from it, as Captain Burton supplements M. Grazilhier's statement with sundry notes and notices which correct and contradict the text. The names of the rivers, being mostly in Portuguese and not those by which they are now called, are very confusing. M. Grazilhier had no hesitation in saying that the three islands called the Ilhas Ambozes, and formed by three branches

of the Camaroons River running into the Great Æthiopic Ocean, harboured the very "worst blacks of all Guinea." He declared that these islanders subsisted entirely by making raids on their neighbours, and that they drove a flourishing trade in slaves and "accory," which perplexing article of traffic Captain Burton takes to mean Aggeri or Popo beads.

The next traveller's tale referred to by Captain Burton is written by a worthy Baptist Missionary, Meyrick by name. He took a journey up the Little Camaroons River, turning to the left on the mountain side, and he records his impressions of the "heathen" in very simple and touching language. The date of his visit was 1845, and he speaks of the country at the foot of the hills being well populated by a gentle, affectionate race, with a very different mien and bearing from those of the proud mountaineers. It was, however, a hard task to persuade the people of the spiritual object of the Missionary's journey. They preferred to tell him their traditions of a "great water," and of white men on the mountain—the highest of the Camaroon range; and of stories of gunpowder, salt, and dollars, besides many pieces of cloth, lying on the enchanted hill-sides awaiting a finder bold enough to seek them. Munggo was the name of this dreaded mountain in the Isubu tongue, and it was successfully scaled by the Mission party. The traveller enjoyed a lovely view from its summit of the grassy lowlands and the different rivers in the Bight of Biafra; but what made all the prospect seem specially lovely in the good Missionary's eyes was the knowledge of its containing very few slaves. He ends his journal with one very naïve and pleasing anecdote, which we will transcribe:—

"When the people were at one time very noisy at Manja's place, I requested John King, if possible, to command silence. His reply was, 'Oh, what a pity all the people in the bush are free! We cannot get them to be quiet when we like.' The information made my heart leap for joy, and rendered the noise far less disagreeable than I at first considered it."

We must now, however, make a fair start with Captain Burton on the 9th of October, 1861, from the island of Fernando Po. He had only returned a week before from a flying survey of the Oil Rivers in the lovely delta of the Niger, and was already wearied to death of enforced rest and a quiet life. He embarked on board H.M.S. *Arrogant*, and made a rapid passage to Lagos, reached on the 23d, but not without incident. Passing over lightly a sharp attack of fever, which laid him up for some days, Captain Burton gives a spirited description of a furious tornado, when the topmast was struck by lightning and the magazine had a narrow escape from explosion.

At Lagos a fortnight's heavy work was needed to arrange and prepare the necessaries for a West African journey. Captain Burton had determined to take the usual line from Lagos to Abeokuta, across the Ikoradu water, through the Agboi Creek, and thence up the Ogun River. Lagos was gladly left behind, for it is a pestilential place only a few feet above the sea level; a disorderly mass of huts and houses with mud walls and huge sloping roofs of dry palm-leaf. Just outside the low-lying, fever-stricken town is Fetish Point, a grove of gigantic Egbas-trees, where the ground is all holy, and none but fetish or reverend men are permitted to dwell. Here horrid rites are performed, and there was a custom of impaling alive a young

female, which sacrifice was supposed to breed plenty in the land. Captain Burton himself saw, a few months later, at Benin, a young woman lashed to a scaffolding upon the summit of a tall blasted tree, and being devoured by the turkey-buzzards. The people declared it to be a fetish charm for bringing rain. We have all heard of the famous Tree of Death at Badagry, and until quite lately there used to be a similar tree at Lagos, on whose great trunk and wide-spreading branches the heads and limbs of male-factors were nailed.

Nearly all the names of places in savage countries have some connection with their principal characteristics. Thus the Camaroons, a river which rises in the mountain-range of the same name, is an English attempt to pronounce the Portuguese word Camarões, shrimps or prawns, which swarm at the mouth of the stream. Again, some miserable little lumps of land opposite Lagos in the Bight of Benin, sand-drift covered with clumps of mangrove and bush, are called Sacrifice Islands. In the good old times all executions took place there, and the victims to Oro—one of the most cruel of African gods—there met a dreadful death by crucifixion or impalement.

But we will not linger a moment longer than is necessary among these ghastly horrors. A few hours rowing up Osa, or Victoria Water, brought the travellers to a great lagoon of considerable extent, which is supposed to connect the Benin with the Volta River. Every stroke of the oars sent them forward among a less dank and malarious undergowth, though animal life is still scarce, and but few birds or beasts are to be seen. Insects abound in the deep overhanging shade, and prove most unpleasant visitors. We have an account of a huge "mangrove fly," which the natives

suppose has eyes under its wings; but however that may be, it certainly possesses a sharp stilet which draws blood freely. Then there were black mangrove-ants, gad-flies like the English horse-fly, and everywhere swarms of vicious though tiny sand-flies.

A tornado only slightly checked their course next day, and towards evening they reached the banks of the Agboi's stream, where dwarf palms, bananas, and various wild fruits grew, being crowned besides in places with enormous trees. On the waters of the creek—emerald green from the reflection of the overhanging branches—floated a pure white lily, the Nymphæa, which ancient Egypt borrowed from the Hindu and then allowed to die out.

The next river into which the canoes drifted was the Ogun, at its confluence with the Agboi; and their first day's journey on its broad placid surface was twenty-six miles. As they held their way up this stream, they passed the mouth of the Akisa Creek, where they were much annoyed by numerous fishing ropes of calamus and reeds, which are secured to trees on the bank, and stayed with stout stakes about mid-stream. Captain Burton is very pathetic about the annoyance which these ropes caused him; and it is not surprising, for, with the water running like a mill-race, it is very difficult to shoot exactly under the highest part of the line. He says they are both tough and strong, with wicker canes, something like eel-baskets, attached to them as traps for fish.

The ascent of the Ogun River occupied them four days, and they only made sixty-four miles all that time. It was consequently the 1st November by the time they reached Aghameya, where they landed, and mounted wretched little ponies, for an eight or ten miles' ride to Abeokuta. I confess to great surprise

at reading how imposing is the appearance of this modern metropolis of Egba-land. The first bird's-eye view of the town must have been both picturesque and beautiful. An undulating plain, suddenly broken by fantastic masses of grey and red granite, sometimes 300 feet high; among these eccentric and huge boulders cluster groups of mud, palm-thatched hovels, and patches of native forest stand dotted about the town. A line of denser and more regular trees marks the course of the Ogun River, but the town stands principally on its left bank. The whole is surrounded by the famous defences of Abeokuta, which Captain Burton assures us played as important a part in Yoruba history as the Great Wall of China, or the lines of Torres Vedras. These said defences, however, only consist of a mud wall five or six feet high, pierced here and there with a loophole; but they have been found hitherto quite sufficient to puzzle an African Moltke or Von Roon.

There is a Mission Compound in the suburbs of Ake, and actually an English church with a mud steeple. In the centre of the town proper stand two brass six-pounders, sent by our Government to the Alake of Abeokuta; a useless present, as the natives say they cannot afford to keep weapons that "eat so much powder."

Within the Mission Compound is a printing-office, whence issues once a fortnight the local paper, published partly in English and partly in Egba; it is called the "Iwe Irohin" (The Book of News). Its editor was a distinguished Cambridge scholar, who has brought his intellect down to write leaders on the Use and Abuse of the Cowrie, Plough *versus* Hoe, and so on.

The few English settlers are attempting to teach the West Africans how to prepare cotton, but the

natives inquire, "Who would make his skin cold with labour when he can sit in the shade?" so the work of instruction does not progress satisfactorily. Fuel is also scarce and dear, in spite of the remnants of native forest, and consequently the steam machinery for rolling and pressing lies idle and rusty in a shed.

A day or two after the arrival of the travellers they were presented to the King Alake, who occupied during the ceremony of this court reception a large niche in the mud wall of his palace, a sort of loose-box, with an old brocade bed-hanging draped as a concealing curtain before the recess. Behind it squatted the Alake, who is never allowed to converse with strangers, except through his Ministers. He was a large, massive man, blind of one eye, and without any upper teeth. His dress was a toga of white watered silk, striped with crimson bands, and he wore a necklace and bracelets of beautiful red coral. Over his head dangled calabashes inscribed with fetish charms, to avert sickness or death; and a couple of swords rested on the wall behind. One was an old Turkish scimitar, and the other an antique Toledo, much worn down, but still bearing in distinct characters on its blade the noble Castilian motto, "No me trajas sin razon," (Do not unsheath me needlessly); and on the other side, "No me degaines sin honor," (Do not restore me to my scabbard without honour).

The "palaver" could not have been amusing, for etiquette demanded that the Alake should pretend to be very sleepy and go off into a doze, from which he was at last awakened by a sycophant singing a song with a chorus of Ai-ku, "Don't die." Then came a great deal of drinking, and a princely gift of a "dash" or present of a sheep, a goat, and cowries, to the value of eighteen shillings. The real business which was

the object of the visit to Abeokuta was of course shelved and postponed by the African diplomatists as long as possible.

Some of the customs at this place are so strange that I cannot refrain from noticing them. Captain Burton met a procession engaged in celebrating the noisy funeral obsequies of a high official. He was told that there existed strong suspicions that the dead man had been poisoned, but it was explained away by the statement that "he had gone to sleep." Further inquiry proved that just before his death he had received a message requesting him "to go to sleep." That is to say, a quarrel in which he was engaged prevented the transaction of public business; and as African quarrels are regular vendettas, there was no chance of the business routine going on properly until one of the disputants was "put to sleep," which had been accordingly done.

There are five great crafts in Abeokuta, the blacksmith, carpenter, weaver, dyer, and potter. The two last trades are carried on almost entirely by women, but, as may be imagined, the tools and implements are of the most primitive kind; thus a saw is unknown to the carpenter, a mordaunt to the dyer, or a wheel to the potter.

Before they left Abeokuta they paid another visit to the Alake, and were indulged with a private view of some industrial specimens collected for the Great Exhibition of 1862. There was palm-leaf fibre, and native silk, beans of many varieties, chalk, and cotton, the last being of course the most interesting exhibit, especially just then, when all the civilized world was suffering from the effects of cotton famine.

At last the conversation turned upon kidnapping and human sacrifice, and as it took a turn which the

King did not like, he insisted on making a speech himself. This was a gross breach of court usage; his chiefs and counsellors arose in great wrath and left the assembly, loudly declaring that as the King would speak, they washed their hands of the consequences. However, nothing would silence the angry old gentleman, and he made a long, fierce oration, which ended in a fine burst of language: "Never," he cried, "never will my word be for peace, so long as the Ibadan holds the graves of our fathers, our homes, and our ancestral farms." And he actually foamed at the mouth!

It is not surprising to hear that he required to be revived by peppermint-drops as soon as he sat down again amid much applause, and he then retired to put on fresh robes, and came back to shake hands with his English visitors.

On the 5th November, the Alake paid, as a rare honour, a return visit to Commander Bedingfield. Upon this occasion he wore a robe of scarlet velvet, with a blue bead fez, and looked what Captain Burton disrespectfully calls "an old guy." He was attended by a select circle of wives, who relieved each other in fanning the monarch with large fans made of cow-skin. The Alake responded to the welcome of the English naval officer by thrusting out his tongue, as a sign of good-humour and fellowship, and then the palaver began. Having once set etiquette at defiance by speaking to the strangers himself, the Alake seems to have liked the sound of his own voice so well that he determined to make speeches in future, and upon this occasion he aired his sentiments with regard to the three classes of white men with whom he was best acquainted—Missionaries, Soldiers, and Merchants. He considered the first-named to be

good people who "teach book," and exhort their neighbours to live in peace with each other. Warmen, according to him, were also good men: "their trade is to fight, and yet they fight for order; they are heroes, they are giants. As for merchants, they come to get what they can; they care for nothing but cowries; they trade with a man, and then with his enemy." "In fact," said the Alake, raising his voice, "they are all liars and rascals." This was hardly a judicious remark, as several members of that maligned body were present, and did not like hearing themselves abused.

However, the palaver went off successfully, and the great monarch returned in state, carried on a sort of bamboo platform, with a brand-new pink silk umbrella, bordered by a red fringe, held over his kingly form. There was a great deal of signing of treaties afterwards; but it is somewhat discouraging to hear that there is nothing the West African enjoys more thoroughly than signing a document pledging himself to all sorts of good deeds; and that he never dreams of keeping any treaty for more than five minutes after it is made.

The volume concludes with elaborate statistics respecting the culture of cotton, but as these would hardly interest my young readers, I will pass on in the next chapter to the Expedition to the Camaroons Mountains, still in Captain Burton's good company.

According to the old saying enjoining us to be "off with the old love before we are on with the new," we must add that on the 8th November the flying visit to Abeokuta was brought to a close, and the whole party re-embarked on the Ogun in their river-boats, and returned to Lagos after a twelve days' absence.

CHAPTER XX.

THE CAMAROONS MOUNTAINS.

A GLANCE at the outline map of Africa will show that Abeokuta lies due north of Lagos, but it can only be reached by two days of canoe voyaging, exposing the traveller to all the sudden changes of a West African climate. For this reason, Captain Burton, still bent on finding a Sanatorium easily accessible to the whites who are compelled to live at Lagos, determined to seek a refuge from fever which might be reached with greater facility. In a country where roads are not, and where the jungle growth soon recaptures any path which has been stolen from it in the native forests, it is easier to go by sea, and a steamer is at once the least fatiguing and most comfortable conveyance for invalids.

It was indeed time to find a place where English sailors could go to recruit their health, for Captain Burton tells us that in the fall of that year, the third since H.M.S. *Prometheus* had been stationed at Lagos, a green slimy drift came up with the autumn tides and was deposited on the beach; a tropical sun beat down on this messenger of fever, and in a few days the whole of the crew were attacked. During the preceding twenty-three months only two cases of

fever had broken out on board among ninety-eight men; but no sooner had this fatal deposit begun to taint the air with its offensive odour, than first one man and then another became ill. Before a month was over, 107 cases of fever, intermittent and remittent, were reported, and at last all the Prometheans were down, except one tough old quartermaster. The crew had to be hastily taken to Ascension Island some half-hundred at a time, and most of their lives thus saved.

It was with this terrible lesson before him that the energetic Captain Burton determined to find some place on the coast, within a couple of days' steam, out of fever range. He had often admired from the deck of his vessel the splendid outlines of a mountain range 13,760 feet high, whose spurs ran quite close down to the shore almost opposite the island of Fernando Po, whose highest peak was supposed to be volcanic, and is called by the natives "Theon Ochema," or Mount of Heaven.

On this errand of mercy and healing Captain Burton left pestilential Lagos on the 11th December, 1861, in H.M.S. *Bloodhound*, and held a due easterly course, just touching at the mouths of the dull and deadly Brass and Bonny rivers; and on the 18th they cast anchor in Ambas Bay—Ambas being the last corruption of Ambozes, the duplicate name for the Camaroons.

Early the next day the little party set forth. It numbered what Captain Burton calls four heads and eighteen tails; the former comprising, besides the leader Judge Calvo, Mr. Saker, a missionary, and Mr. Mann, an ardent botanist and explorer. Their road lay at first among magnificent intertropical forest-trees, through whose giant branches the newly risen

sun's rays filtered, in a cooled and modified fashion, upon the travellers. They were of course on foot, and carried alpenstocks, which the slippery and clayey nature of the soil rendered necessary. Around them fluttered palm-birds, the widow-bird, and the touraco, with its strange note exactly like a dog's bark. At their feet the ants swarmed in such myriads, that, instead of admiring the beauties of the wealth of foliage above their heads and the distant hill glimpses, they were obliged to take heed where they trod, lest they should mistake a thriving ant-hill for a lump of clay. The consequences of such an error would have been frightful to the legs of the wayfarers, and it often happened that the unwary traveller had to make with all speed for the nearest rivulet and plunge into it, to rid himself of his fierce little foes.

The first three miles were indeed hard work to overpass, and many times during the walk did the eighteen krumen who carried the luggage "tie a face" of fatigue and exhaustion; but at last a hut was reached and a halt called. Here they were received and hospitably entertained by one Botani, its owner, a chief of high degree. This individual's complexion was wonderfully fair, being of a sallow yellow instead of a bronze tint. His brown eyes were bare of lash and brow, his long fat upper lip was clean shaven, and he had a regulation whisker tatooed in bright blue. He was clad in a scanty breech-cloth of chequed cotton, the red and yellow coatee of the old Royal Marines, and a very tall black beaver hat. He had a long tale of grievances against his neighbours to tell, which we need not repeat, but will push on to the next halting-place, where they found that, although only 7½ miles from the sea, the altitude reached was 2,650 feet.

At this stage of the journey difficulties arose as to

its continuance. Botani and his people demanded 500*l.* as the price of permitting Captain Burton and his party to ascend the mountain; but these indignantly refused to pay the natives a cowrie beyond what was a fair return for their services, or for food. In spite of threatening looks and savage shouts, the explorers calmly proceeded to load the krumen and set forth up the "Hill of Difficulty." They rightly trusted to the childish nature of the West African, who screams and roars for what he wants, but gives in after a time, when he finds he can't get it. Captain Burton seems to have thoroughly understood the mingled kindness and firmness by which such natures are to be governed, and he always got his own way at last.

The second day's journey from this spot saw them clear of bush and forest, and emerging on a broad field of lovely green, tinted thus by a dense mass of a small moss, and thick fern of a single species. A hunter's path was easily found, and they pursued their way among blackberries and heath, with swarms of bees buzzing around them. The air was intensely rarified, and one or two of the party complained of temporary deafness. Presently they neared a wood, from whence so loud a clamour proceeded, that Captain Burton, expecting an attack from the natives, made a warlike disposition of his forces, to be met by an army of chattering monkeys, who soon beat a rapid retreat to the tallest tree-tops. The next day's progress was a sharp contrast to the green turf and waving branches. They emerged upon the lava region; the march became, in the glaring, scorching solar rays, a mere stumbling; all around them arose a tumbled sea of lava, like mountain waves. Before their faces stood a mural precipice, and each step

nearer to the mouth of the exhausted crater, at the peak of the highest cone, was more painful and more difficult than the preceding one. However, beyond the last horrid lava-ridge of broken rocks, the aspect of the country suddenly changed once more, and the smooth surface of the scoriæ became overgrown by moss and a dwarf grass. That night their camp was at a truncated cone, named by them "Black Crater," 7,000 feet above the sea level; and the cold was so hard, dry, and piercing, that it seemed to mock at clothing. The air was pure (as might be expected at such an elevation), but the night was a wretched one nevertheless. Morning dawned upon weary, jaded men, who had been unable to sleep from cold and dew; but, fortunately, the first rays of the sun restored circulation and warmth to their cramped, aching limbs. Glorious, indeed, must have been the view which lay before them at day-dawn; the grassy platforms, the belts of forest, and the swelling sea of hills around, out of the midst of which rose in solitary majesty the peak of Little Camaroons.

Here was the spot where Captain Burton would fain have established the future Sanatorium. Here were wood and water, shelter from the high winds, and abundance of fuel. A few hill-paths, similar to those in the Neilgherries, would have made riding easy, and the free-growing clover would afford splendid pasturage for sheep and cattle. The land seemed rich from its annual dressing of fallen leaves and decayed grass, and soil only a foot deep was fertile beyond description. Butterflies flitted about; but the kite was the only bird seen.

The next night's resting-place, christened "Earthwork Camp" was still higher, the barometer showing an altitude of 7,300 feet; but out of the region

of dew, as a newspaper left out all night was perfectly dry in the morning. Early the next day they began the ascent of the highest cone of the Camaroons, called Pico Grande. Traces of huntsmen appeared oftener, for a species of antelope lives among these hills, whilst violets and myosotis bloomed among the turf. A furious north-easter made climbing a difficult task, but the magnificent scenery around forced the travellers to forget fatigue or discomfort. They could now perceive that the cone had, like Etna, two distinct summits, which were named by acclamation, respectively, the Victoria and the Albert Mountains. Captain Burton pauses here, to note how strange was the coincidence that, only two days before, the Great and Good Prince had been taken Home,—Home beyond the highest mountain on the surface of the earth; Home to that glorious land of which all earth-beauty is but a faint type.

They could only feast their eyes at a distance on the stately Presence of the Peak, for they were obliged to return to Earthwork Camp for Christmas Day: and before they set forth again, they had made their encampment comfortable by embankments, and a rude hut for shelter, platforms for drying botanical specimens, &c.; all extemporised out of Nature's materials around. Captain Burton says that, though all was rural in the extreme, the general appearance was decidedly cosy. A whipping-post for refractory krumen, just outside the porch, completed the arrangements; and here they paused for two days to rest and refresh themselves before undertaking a reconnaissance of Pico Grande, preparatory to the general expedition to its summit.

All was ready by the 27th December, and a small detachment of the party started at day-dawn. So

difficult and steep was the path, that it took two hours to accomplish a mile and a quarter. After a short rest they set out again, winding over the undulating hills, with their stunted herbage. Signs of deer were numerous, but not a quadruped, large or small, did they see. By ten o'clock they had only accomplished two and a half miles from camp, and were so done up that they had to camp and breakfast. But the true mountain-fever was on the climbers. Beyond the base of the hill where they rested, the ground swelled gently upwards to the foot of the king of all Cones, and Captain Burton's experienced eye soon selected their path—a broad meandering lava-bed, which had been confined to certain limits by dwarf spiracles dotted on both sides. It was an enticing sight for a lover of mountains; that peak, with its vivid and pure lights, and its dark transparent shadows.

Who could linger over food, with Pico Grande unscaled before them? Captain Burton confesses that his breakfast stuck in his throat, and he gave his companion, Judge Calvo, no peace until they were once more under weigh. An hour's walking sensibly lessened the distance between them and the great peak, but, owing to an error easily made among so many perplexing undulations, they took the wrong course towards it, and found themselves, after much hard climbing, at the summit of a lesser cone, with the double-tipped Victoria and Albert Mountains still ahead. In spite of this provoking waste of time and strength, they pressed onwards and upwards, until, by 1.30, Captain Burton stood alone on the summit of Victoria Mountain. From it he could look across a bowl 250 feet deep, the mouth in fact of the crater, to the Albert Mountain, about 1,000 feet away. He

says, "Victoria Mountain proved to be the shell of a huge double crater, opening to the south-eastward, where a tremendous torrent of fire had broken down the weaker wall. The whole interior lay before me, plunging sheer in vertical cliff. Not a blade of grass, not a thread of moss, breaks the gloom of the Plutonic pit."

To record his claim, Captain Burton heaped up a small cairn of stones, and within its shelter placed a fragment of an old *Punch;* but the furious N.E. gale prevented him from lingering on the spot he had been so keen to reach, and after half an hour he was obliged to commence an undignified descent,—undignified, insomuch as he slid and rolled down the crumbling lava sides of the Great Peak with his feet as often as his head uppermost. Thirty minutes of this sort of "slithering" brought him in a very ragged and bruised condition to the foot of the cone, where he collected the rest of the small party, promised his laggard krumen a sound thrashing, and hastened home. It had taken them twelve hours to get over ten miles, and it was dark, and cold, and dangerous travelling, by the time they reached camp again.

So great had been the strain on the muscles, that they were all kept awake by cramp and spasmodic contractions of the feet and legs. The next day Captain Burton admits that the whole party hobbled about like cheap screws after a long hunting-day, and his own feet were so terribly flayed and blistered by his boots that it was more than a month before he could use them again.

The next week was a quiet one; not a soul approached the camp: the natives dreaded a rough reception from the white men, who were doubtless collecting the vast stores of cloth with which the

mountains are supposed to be covered; for to the West African, cotton cloth and copper rods hold the same place in their imagination and day-dreams, as gold and jewels do in Eastern fairy tales.

During this short time of needful rest the explorers saw sometimes, in the quiet early morning, a distant antelope, or heard at night the howl of a hyæna; but all animals were shy of approaching them, having been thoroughly scared by the native hunters. The days were those of the Tuscan Apennine in spring or autumn, the mornings still and clear, and they could hear the distant murmurs of the sea waves. During the daylight clouds hung about them, and sometimes dissolved in short sharp showers. At night the thunder grumbling beneath their feet was the only audible sound. The mercury stood at 50°, and the nights were cool, comfortable and mosquitoless.

Early in January a second expedition to the summits of Pico Grande was undertaken by most of the explorers; but Captain Burton was still unable to walk, and it was not until the 27th of January that the whole party set out in force for the final ascent, and to take possession of the highest peak of the Camaroons in the name of its god-mother, Her Britannic Majesty. They made two days' march of it; but still Captain Burton was the first to scale the Victoria Peak. When the others had reached the goal the union jack was hoisted on the very edge of the volcanic lip, and a bottle of champagne was drunk, all standing bareheaded, to the health of the new and illustrious owner of "Monga ma Loba, Theon Ochema." Then a slip of sheet-lead, with names and dates duly inscribed on it, and a couple of silver coins, were enclosed in an empty bottle, and the ceremony was pronounced complete. Scientific observations

showed the altitude of Victoria Mountain to be 12,700 feet above the sea level.

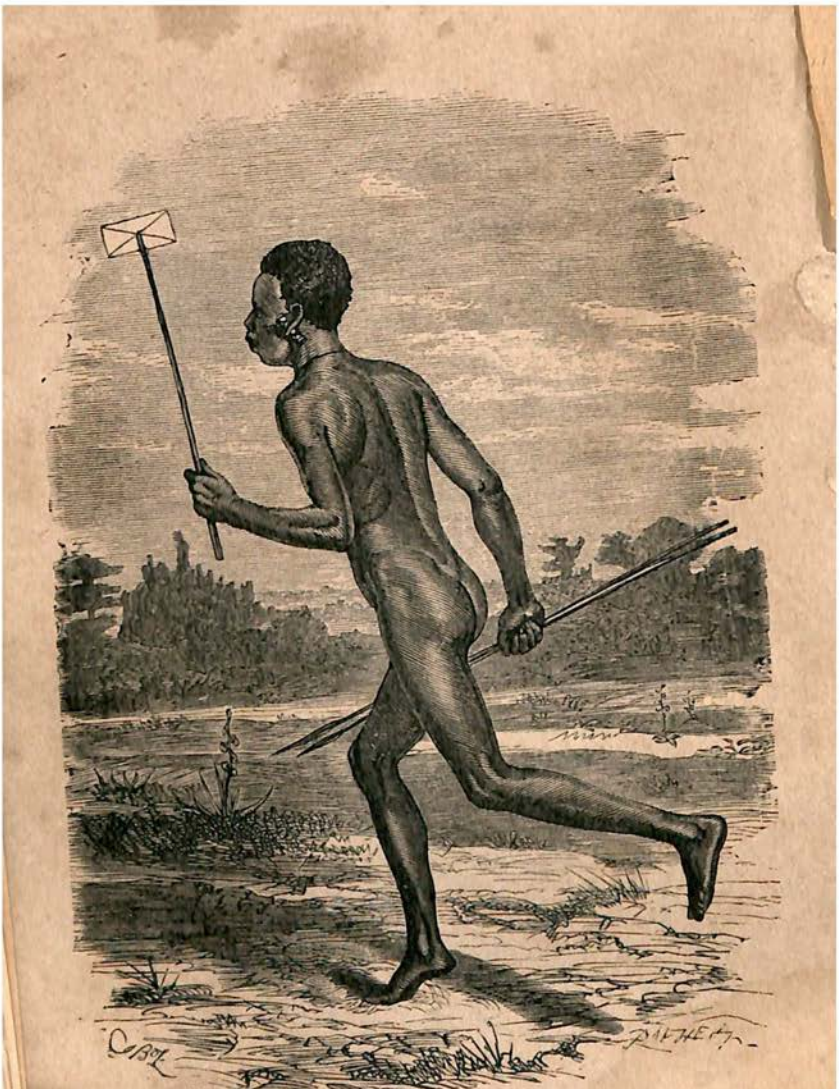
The rest of the little band were satisfied; and more than satisfied, with climbing the Victoria Peak. Not so Captain Burton: he could not know a happy moment until he stood on the summit of the Albert Mountain; so he set off at once to scale the V-shaped dyke which forms its background. He was rewarded for his pains not only by a magnificent panoramic view of the other side of the country around the Camaroons, but he discovered a lower *soufrière* in subdued volcanic action. "The flues smelled strongly of sulphur, and, when there is much moisture in the atmosphere, the vapour must raise its fitful breaths in considerable volumes, and perhaps exhibit at night flashes of lambent flame."

Captain Burton considered rightly that the discovery of this Burning Field, its soft yielding surface streaked with bands of a soft green moss, over which small birds were hopping, and its occasional puffs of volcanic breath, explains some doubtful points. The natives had many traditions of a "God-made" fire on the ground, which they declared to be totally different from that sometimes lighted by the mountain huntsmen; captains of vessels had also reported similar phenomena.

We should scarcely imagine the excursions recorded in this and the preceding chapters in the light of holiday tours, but we find Captain Burton, a little further on, pathetically lamenting that, his Christmas holidays being now over, he was obliged to return to his consular home at what the natives always call "Nanny Po." Accordingly, on the last day of January, 1862, the camp which had afforded them shelter, and, as Captain Burton affectionately declares, comfort, for

thirty-nine days, was broken up, and after a parting climb to the summit of Black Crater,—the nearest peak to the camp,—they turned their faces down-hill. Joyful were the krumen: loitering was over, it became difficult to keep pace with them, and two days' quick, descending marches brought them to Victoria. A couple more days found Captain Burton sailing out of the Camaroons River, leaving Victoria with a sigh, and thus tenderly apostrophising its receding shores:—

"Farewell, Camaroons! farewell, beautiful heights! where so many calm and quiet days have sped without sand-flies, or mosquitoes, or prickly heat. Adieu! happy rustic wilds, where I have spent so many pleasant weeks even in West Africa. Adieu! and may adieu in this case bear all the significance of *au revoir!*



AFRICAN POSTMAN.

CHAPTER XXI.

THE GREAT DESERT.

FEW books are better worth reading than Dr. Livingstone's "Missionary Travels in South Africa." But the great size of the book, which extends to nearly 700 pages, has not improbably acted as a drawback to many young people, who are easily daunted by so ponderous a tome. Let me hasten to assure them that it is not in the least dull, and that any one who likes to read of travel and adventure will find enough and to spare of the most exciting incidents. I can only travel in very butterfly fashion with the learned Doctor; but if I succeed in arousing in our young readers a spirit of appreciation and emulation of such a noble ambition as that which has always actuated David Livingstone, I shall feel that I have not wasted my time and theirs over these pages.

Although Missionary work does not come within the ideal limits of our little field, still, in reading such a book as the one before us, we must always bear in mind how earnest and devoted a servant of his great Master Dr. Livingstone has shown himself. This dedication of the energy and perseverance which form his chief characteristics, dates from his early youth, and

we find him thus writing of himself at the threshold of his great career:—

"In the glow of love which Christianity inspires, I soon resolved to devote my life to the alleviation of human misery. Turning this idea over in my mind, I felt that to be a pioneer of Christianity in China might lead to the material benefit of some portions of that immense Empire."

The outbreak of the opium war prevented the young Scotchman's plan being carried out, and led to his turning his thoughts and steps towards the Continent which will always be associated with his name.

In his introductory chapter, Dr. Livingstone confesses quite simply how hard he finds it to give us the record of his doings. He has none of the literary aspirations which are so often united to a love of locomotion; he says, "I think I would rather cross the African Continent again than undertake to write another book; it is far easier to travel than to write about it." Would that other travellers recognized this truth!

This volume gives an account of sixteen uninterrupted years of missionary and medical work, carried on without cost to the inhabitants of the country. Its story extends from the year 1840 to 1856, and we will start northwards with the writer, from Kuruman, the furthest inland Missionary Station from the Cape. He had landed at the Cape earlier in the year, proceeded at once from thence by sea to Algoa Bay, where he picked up cattle, &c. for the journey; and, for the last six months, had lingered in the neighbourhood of Kuruman, studying not only the language, but the habits, ways of thinking, and laws of the people amongst whom he proposed to travel. At the outset of his wanderings, before those who crossed his path

had learned to look upon him as one who never turned or even looked back from the plough to which he had so early set his hand, very disparaging remarks used often to be made concerning his appearance and powers. Once he overheard some lazy companions say, "He is not strong; he is quite slim, and only appears stout because he puts himself into those bags (trousers); he will soon knock up." The youthful explorer used to revenge himself by keeping them all at the top of their speed for three or four days, till they were fain to cry for mercy.

One of the first adventures recorded by our author is sufficiently horrible to satisfy the most inordinate appetite for the ghastly. It occurred two or three years after his arrival in Africa, and when he was comparatively settled at a Missionary Station which he had established at some distance from Kurumán, in a N.E. direction. The name of the beautiful valley was Mabotsa, and it had long been ravaged by lions. So fierce and daring were these beasts, that the simple natives declared they were not ordinary lions, but enchanted monsters, sent against them through the witchcraft of a neighbouring tribe. Partly to dissipate this idea, and partly to free the people from the constant tax on their animals levied by the King of the Cat tribe, Dr. Livingstone organized a grand hunting expedition, trusting to scare the wild beasts away, even if they should not be fortunate enough to kill them. The head of the hunters was a native, one Mebàlwe, of whom the Doctor records that he was an excellent man. This I do not gainsay, but take leave to doubt his being as good a sportsman, for not only did he miss his shot at the dangerous game, but allowed the lion to break through the circle and escape. The next shot belonged to the

young Missionary; he sent the contents of both his barrels successfully into another lion's body (for there were three animals in the cover). Just as he was reloading, he heard a warning shout; but it was too late. The first lion was upon him from behind, and seized his shoulder, growling close to his ear, and shaking him as a terrier would a rat. This last process was pleasanter than it sounds, for it utterly annihilated both fear and pain, producing a sort of dreamy calm and self-possession. It sounds incredible to read of a man in a lion's jaws being in a state to notice everything; but the Doctor was able to observe the lion's eyes fixed upon the excellent Mebàlwe, who was only ten yards off, and had his gun pointed straight at the beast. Both barrels missed fire, probably from the way the schoolmaster's hand was shaking, and the lion, feeling himself insulted, let go his grasp of Dr. Livingstone, and attacked Mebàlwe; but on another native interfering with a spear, the enraged beast transferred his attentions to him. A couple of bullets now took effect, however, and he rolled over, dead, leaving Dr. Livingstone with eleven teeth wounds on the upper part of his arm, the bone of which was also crunched into splinters. He congratulates himself on escaping with "only the inconvenience of a false joint in my arm;" and on his flesh-wounds healing rapidly. He attributes this to his tartan jacket having wiped off the virus from the lion's teeth as they pierced his flesh, whereas the native, whose naked shoulder was seized, suffered great pain, besides sloughing and discharge from the wound for more than a year.

Like the North American Indians, the Negro tribes are named after certain animals, and the Doctor considers that this shows they were addicted to

animal worship in ancient times. One tribe bears a name, of which the translation is, "they of the monkey;" another, "they of the fish," and so on. The people never eat the animal after which they are called, and profess a great dread and terror of it.

Dr. Livingstone writes in a kindly spirit of the natives among whom he had cast in his lot; and through his pages we learn to hold a very different opinion of the South African to that which we must entertain of his West Coast brother. There is the same rude system of chieftain and clansmen, but in the south there seems to prevail a much more elevated idea of the duties and responsibilities of the former. One Sechele, the chief of the Bakuena, or "they of the alligator," says, "If a chief is fond of hunting, all his people get dogs, and become fond of hunting too; if he loves beer, they all rejoice in strong drink." But he goes on to say that he does not find his people so ready and eager to imitate him when he turns to a religion which teaches him to lead a nobler life. Perhaps poor Sechele's experience of a host of imitators, following only frivolous or evil exemplars, is more common than he thought for.

The Mission at Mabotsa was often annoyed by its unpleasant neighbours, the Boers or farmers of the Cashan Mountains, who made raids upon the natives and carried off as many as they could to labour on their farms, without any pay, saying coolly, "We make the people work for us in consideration of allowing them to live in *our* (!) country." The only wonder is, that as the Bakuenas are greatly superior in number to their tyrants, they did not rise and annihilate them; but we must remember that the people were entirely unarmed, whilst the Boers possessed muskets. As soon as the Caffres (quite a distinct race from the Bakuenas)

obtained fire-arms, the Boers near their country left them entirely unmolested. During an affray which occurred between the Boers and the Bakuenas, the Missionary Settlement suffered severely, onthe pretext that its owners had instructed the people how to kill Boers. Not only was the house and garden demolished, but Dr. Livingstone's furniture, medicines, and clothing were sold at public auction to pay the expenses of the foray. Indeed, all through his long campaign against ignorance and darkness of both mind and spirit, Dr. Livingstone found the Boers his steady opponents. They were as eager to keep the country in its uncivilized state so long as they could draw their supplies of labourers from it, as he was to open it up to all the blessings of light and culture; and the good Doctor exclaims, with pardonable pride, "We shall see who have been most successful in resolution —they or I."

Dr. Livingstone's journeys have proved that the Great Desert, which South Africa was supposed to be, so far from being a useless tract of country, supports multitudes of both large and small animals, sends contributions to the markets of the world, and last, not least, affords a refuge to many a hunted fugitive tribe.

It was on 1st June, 1849, that Dr. Livingstone and his family prepared to cross this unknown Sahara, bounded on each side by an ocean, and with the Equator dividing it. Their only serious apprehension was the failure of the water supply. Food they knew they should find, for they were prepared to fall back upon caterpillars, mice, and frogs, when meat ran short. The Hottentots have no larger water-vessel than an ostrich egg, and this they carry, a dozen at a time, in a large net slung over the shoulders.

At the beginning of their journey their path lay—

north from the first—through tree-covered hills, and past wells filled with water; but they always found the soft white sand very trying to the strength of the oxen, as the wheels sank into it over the felloes, and made the draught of the waggons very heavy. They came across elands, stein bucks, harte-beestes, zebras, rhinoceros, buffalos, and ostriches, besides many other smaller animals. The beasts of prey were easily scared. The hyæna will only bite if an animal runs away; if it stands still, so does he.

As they struck more out into the open desert, the country became quite flat, with a peculiar glare of bright sunlight over the whole scene. One clump of trees and bushes looked so exactly like another that if the traveller left the precious wells, and walked a quarter of a mile in any direction, he often found it difficult to return, and even the sons of the desert occasionally lose their way. Naturally, their progress proved but slow, and it was not until the 1st of August, after two months of this monotonous travelling, that they reached the shore of Lake Ngami, and stood by its vast expanse. Of its great size we may form some idea, by reading that on its SS.W side no horizon was visible, yet it is very shallow in the dry season. The water is fresh when the lake is full, but brackish when low; and is principally fed by the rivers Zouga and Teoughe. The banks of the former are very beautiful, closely resembling parts of the Clyde; and the trees which fringe the steep slopes bordering the Zouga are especially fine. On its southern side the travellers found immense numbers of elephants, though of a somewhat smaller size than usual, averaging only eleven feet in height.

Dr. Livingstone was accompanied on this expedi-

tion by his brave wife and their three little children, who may claim to be the youngest explorers ever heard of. The whole party were obliged to return to Kolobeng, a station on the very edge of the desert, where they remained until April of the following year, when they made a fresh start across the great sandy plain, intending to re-cross their old friend, the Zouga, at its lower end, work their way up its northern bank, till they could join the Tamuna le River, and ascend it to visit a great chief, Sebituane, in the north. Fever broke out among the little party so soon as they exchanged the pure air of the desert for the shade and shelter of the trees by the river bank, and they were obliged to return to Kolobeng to recover and recruit. They soon set forth again, bearing rather more to the eastward, and were met, a hundred miles from the journey's end, by the chief Sebituane, whom they were going to see. The greeting was a cordial one on both sides, and the chief was most liberal in gifts, not only of live oxen, but of their prepared skins, rendered beautifully soft by tanning, as coverings from the cold of a desert night. Sebituane was a great warrior, and ruled his people well and wisely. Dr. Livingstone listened with great interest to the story of his life, and thought the narrative not unlike the "Commentaries of Cæsar," or "the History of the British in India." He had conquered all the black tribes, and made himself dreaded by even the terrible and rival chief, Mosilikatse. "He has a heart, he is wise," were the expressions used by all, in speaking of Sebituane.

Poor, fine fellow! Soon after this meeting, which he had so courteously come to seek, an old wound near the lungs broke out afresh and brought on a fatal illness. Dr. Livingstone visited him con-

stantly, and talked to him of the Christian's hope and of a future life. He listened gratefully, and his last words were to bid one of his attendants fetch a drink of milk for the little boy, Robert Livingstone, who had come with his father to visit him.

Sebituane was succeeded by his daughter, who lived further to the north; and the exploring party were obliged to wait on the River Chobé, where Sebituane had met them, until they could receive her permission to go on with their journeys. There was no difficulty in obtaining this, and they set out in a north-easterly direction for one hundred and thirty miles to Sesheke. It was not until the end of June 1851 that they were rewarded for all their toil and hardships by the discovery of the Zambesi, which was not supposed to traverse that part of Africa. The few old Portuguese maps placed it much further to the east; and the most careful inquiries failed to elicit any previous knowledge of the noble stream from the natives further south.

Dr. Livingstone found the Slave-trade had just commenced in these districts, Sebituane having only permitted it in his territory the preceding year. There was nothing to be done, however, except to show the people by means of legitimate commerce, how short-sighted was their waste of the human material; and this could only be accomplished by establishing a highway from the coast into the centre of the country. Dr. Livingstone therefore determined to return to Capetown; and set out thither at once, arrived some months later, and immediately sent his wife and children home to England. He then started by himself, with only native servants, on another journey, which will form the subject of the next chapter.

CHAPTER XXII.

TO LOANDA.

JUST a year after the discovery that the Zambesi flowed across the country between the latitudes 12° and 18°, where it had never been traced before, Dr. Livingstone started, in the beginning of June, 1852, on his second journey from Capetown. This expedition extended to Loanda on the west coast, and thence across South Central Africa to Quilimane on the eastern coast. It was made in the usual conveyance of the country, a heavy Cape waggon drawn by ten oxen, and this mode of travelling is described as resembling "a prolonged system of picnicking, excellent for the health, and agreeable to those who re not over-fastidious about trifles, and who delight in being in the open air."

The first portion of the route was the same which had been previously followed as far as Kolobeng. After that they struck straight for the north, having previously passed through land admirably adapted for sheep-farming, and successfully used for that purpose by Dutch and French refugees, who are indiscriminately known as Boers, or farmers. Most of the former inhabitants of these fertile plains had

gradually been driven back hundreds of miles into the interior. The Bushmen are rarely met with; the sagacious elephant has retreated before the sound of fire-arms; only the stupid ostrich, a few antelopes and gnus remain.

In some parts the small fly, known as the tsetse, proves a more insurmountable barrier than mountain ranges to the progress of cattle and other animals. The bite of this little poisonous insect is certain death to the ox, horse, and dog, and yet it is perfectly harmless to man and wild animals, or even to calves whilst sucking. It is sometimes many months before the bitten beast dies, but no care or remedy can save it. Further on, between lat. 20° and 27° S. is an invisible foe to animal life, which is even more dangerous than the bite of the tsetse. The disease known as horse-sickness (*peripneumonia*) is not only specially fatal to horses, but also attacks cattle and wild animals. The winter months of the year, beginning with April, are the only ones in which Englishmen can hunt on horseback, and even then the chance is that their stud will be decimated before December. The better condition the poor animals are in, the more liable they are to this disease.

Up to the latitude of Lake Ngami the whole of the country bordering on the desert is remarkable for its salubrity. Europeans whose constitutions have been injured in India find it both healthy and restorative, and many instances are known of consumptive cases having been perfectly cured by the influence of the climate alone. The winter is perfectly dry, as not a drop of rain falls between early in May and late in August; and however warm it may be in the day during summer, the evenings are deliciously cool, and a pleasant refreshing night

follows the hottest day. Indeed, nothing can be more delicious than the balmy feeling of both morning and evening all through the year.

On his way through the Kalahari Desert, Dr. Livingstone fell in with many lions, and with a still greater number of stories about lions. As some of these are opposed to the usually accepted idea of the King of the Forest, we will give them to our readers. In the first place, so far from the "man-eater" being the most ferocious and powerful of his tribe, he is invariably an old lion, who finds unarmed human beings a far easier prey than wild animals. For this reason, when a lion begins to descend into the vale of years and takes to replenishing his larder with goats, the natives become nervous, and say "His teeth are worn, he will soon kill men." They generally, however, take no steps until he has carried off a woman or a child, and then they think it high time to organize a hunting-party and go out to kill him. But in spite of an old lion's taste for human flesh, he always retains a wholesome dread and fear of his lord and master, and if encountered in the daytime will often slink away.

Dr. Livingstone declares that most of the self-appointed portrait-painters to His Leonine Majesty have fallen into serious errors, and are chiefly content to make their lions' faces like old women in night-caps. He considers that the countenance is more like a dog than a cat, especially in the prolonged nose, but it possesses none of the nobility of the St. Bernard or Newfoundland dogs. There are not two opinions respecting its great strength, and the mass of muscle around its jaws, shoulders, and fore-arms is immense.

A story is told of a man who was stealthily crawl-

ing towards a rhinoceros; he happened to glance behind him, and saw to his horror that a lion was stalking *him!* He only escaped by springing up a tree like a cat. Another report from the pen of the famous hunter-traveller, Major Vardon, gives a spirited sketch of three lions simultaneously attacking a buffalo. They soon pulled the poor brute down, but two were shot while tearing away with teeth and claws; the third lion made off.

We are quite surprised to learn that only a practised ear can detect any difference between the roar of a lion and that of an ostrich—the most harmless and silly of birds. Dr. Livingstone admits that this statement does not apply to the deep gruff growl which the quadruped gives when hungry, but rather to his usual voice, which makes a singing noise. He says that to this day he can only distinguish between the roar of the lion and that of the ostrich with any certainty by knowing that the one roars by night and the other by day. Near the Lake Country they hardly ever make any sound at all.

So slow was the rate of travelling on this journey that by January 1853 they had only arrived at Letloche, many miles short of the Lake Ngami. This was Mr. Gordon Cumming's farthest station north, and Dr. Livingstone bears willing testimony, from his own observation of the extraordinary quantity of game he saw, to the truthfulness of Mr. Cumming's interesting book. Ostriches are particularly abundant in this neighbourhood; when caught young they are easily tamed, but they appear to be useless in a domesticated state. They bear the character of being extremely foolish, and from their inability to swerve from a straight line when going at full speed—twenty-six miles an hour—are often shot by the horseman manag-

ing to cut across their path. It is not uncommon to find forty-five eggs together in one nest, several ostrich mothers having thus set up a regular *crêche* or nursery, in the desert. Not only is this arrangement a great saving of time and trouble in the formation of several separate nests, but the newly-hatched birds are all put under the care of one old cock, who solemnly leads them about in search of food. Until they are able to travel on their own account, the natives say that the young birds subsist on the outer row of eggs, which are not so deeply buried in the sand as the others, but this seems somewhat hard upon these younger brothers and sisters of the joint-stock family. The poor birds are hunted to death by the Bushmen chiefly for the sake of a few feathers in their wings and tails, for the flesh is very coarse, and at its best resembles that of a very tough old turkey.

The account which Dr. Livingstone gives of the capacity for religious instruction shown by the Bushmen is not very encouraging. They show little reverence for or desire to know anything of a future state. Upon one occasion an old Bushman was induced to relate the story of his past life to the Missionary. One episode was the murder of five of his fellow-tribesmen in cold blood. The hearer was provoked to say, "What a villain you are to boast of killing women and children of your own nation! What will God say when you appear before him?" "He will say," replied he, "that I was a very clever fellow." This is, however, rather explained away by the impossibility of convincing the hoary sinner that the Deity could be anything else but the chief of another and more powerful tribe. They are not an untruthful people, and in one respect we might perhaps copy with advantage the usual formula addressed

to a new comer at a Bakwain village. After inquiries as to where the rain is—the most important topic—the next demand is usually, "What news?" To this the stereotyped answer runs: "There is no news; I heard some lies only."

From Kolobeng, as we stated before, the route had been due north, leaving Lake Ngami on the west, and by the 1st March they reached Kamakama, where no stay was made, as the pools along the route were drying up, and whence the road trended westwards. Ten days later the miasma from these stagnant, rapidly-absorbed pools of rain-water caused fever to appear in the camp, and delayed them for more than a week. As soon as the sick had sufficiently recovered to be placed in the waggons, the expedition continued its course without halting, until the little hill N'gwa was reached. It is only 300 or 400 feet high, but appeared a lofty mountain to eyes accustomed for so long to a level plain.

From this point the country became very beautiful, well-wooded and grassed, traversed by water-courses almost big enough to be called rivers. At last the Sanshureh River was reached and crossed—where the Chobé runs into it—with some difficulty, on a pontoon, the waggons being taken to pieces and carried over on canoes lashed together.

In order to avoid the flooded lands to the north of the Chobé, they now turned sharp to the west, and on the 23rd May reached Linyanti, the capital town of the Makololo, and only a short distance from their camp of 1851. Here the good Missionary halted, and attempted to teach and tame the wild people about him. Their progress was but slow, the alphabet proving a formidable asses-bridge to the dusky scholars. By the end of the month the indefati-

gable teacher was laid up with a violent fever, which detained him for four weeks; but early in July the travellers set off again, intending to ascend the river from Shesheke.

For this purpose they procured from the friendly natives thirty-three canoes, of which the largest was thirty-four feet long by twenty inches wide; all were flat-bottomed. The crew consisted of 160 men, and it must have been a pretty sight to see the little fleet skimming over the water, the paddles keeping perfect time. Unfortunately a fresh wind soon sprung up, raising large waves on the river, which is here called the Leeambye, and, one of the canoes oversetting, the old doctor of the Makololo tribe was drowned. The river is more than a mile broad here, with beautiful islands and well-wooded banks. A great many villages are scattered along its course, through a fertile valley, where, as the inhabitants say, "hunger is not known."

September, 1853, found Dr. Livingstone back again at Linyanti after a nine weeks' tour, in which he had been accompanied by the chief of the Makololo tribe. He was still weak from fever, and his new friends gravely debated whether, in his weak state, he ought not to be forcibly detained amongst them until he was better fitted to continue his arduous journey. They asked him if they would not incur blame by allowing him to depart; and insisted on his writing a *book* (*i.e.* a letter) to Mr. Moffat to say that he insisted on setting out. They managed to keep him with them until 11th November, when he left, amid many lamentations, crossed the Chobé once more, and on the 30th reached Gonye Falls. The heat, and consequent lassitude, of this part of the journey, must have indeed been trying to a sick man, but the exquisite beauty of the surrounding

country prevented Dr. Livingstone from regretting that he had started before he was half recovered.

On their way to Libonta, the last town of Makololo, they came across a good many war-paths, and rumours of forays were rife. Our traveller did all he could to adjust the difficulties and settle the local grievances, with more or less success. He only remained a few days at Libonta, and then struck out into an uninhabited border country, which lasted till Londa was reached. All this time, since their last departure from Linyanti, their course had been NN.W. The confluence of the Leeba and Leeambye was reached on the 27th December, and the scenery became still more charming after a heavy rainfall. At this point the last-named river turns eastward, it therefore became necessary for Dr. Livingstone to pursue his way towards Loanda in Angola, and he transferred the canoes to the waters of the Leeba, and began to ascend it.

By January 1854 they were passing, amid much heavy rain, through a fine country, where the women may indeed be said to have their rights, for all the chiefs are ladies! We regret to learn that the doctor of the tribe is the real ruler however, as he invariably governs the chieftainess through her superstitions. Here the deep gloom of the endless forests, contrasted with the recollection of the shadeless glare of the healthier Kalahari Desert. The end of the month saw them at Shinte, and they made their way to Katema from thence. This town was called after the powerful chief of that name, and was the scene of a formal reception and many festivities; but alas fever broke out again, and there was nothing for it but a speedy change of air. They pushed on as well as they could, suffering many privations from want of

proper food and from constant exposure to the incessant rain, until Katende, a Njambi village, was passed. Most of this part of the journey was performed on ox-back, and a tolerably fat animal made a great difference in the rider's comfort and well-being.

The Longe was crossed early in March, but the expedition was brought to another standstill by the increasing severity of Dr. Livingstone's fever, at Loajima, a tributary of the Kasai. He was reduced almost to a skeleton, and often fell from his ox through sheer weakness and inability to guide the hard-mouthed brute.

At the river Chikápa the Portuguese territory was entered, and the course held was W.N.W., which soon brought them into the Slave-market country. They passed through many villages, and by the 2nd of April had reached Bashinjé on the banks of the Quango. Here they were detained by rains, and the village of Cassanjé was not reached until the 13th. In this village live many Portuguese traders in wax and ivory, though even now our travellers were 300 miles from the coast.

Mountainous country was entered by the middle of May, and the purer air did wonders for the fever-stricken traveller. Owing to the change from oxen to horses, and better means of progression, the intervening miles to Loanda seem to have been quickly passed, for it was only the 31st of May when Dr. Livingstone, then suffering from chronic dysentery, and in the last state of exhaustion, was laid in Mr. Gabriel's own bed at Loanda.

This good Samaritan seems to have been the only Englishman in a population of 12,000 souls, and acted as our Commissioner for the suppression of

the Slave-trade. Even his generous hospitality and brotherly care towards the great African explorer could not undo the effects of two years of disease, and it was a long time before Dr. Livingstone recovered the smallest measure of health or strength.

CHAPTER XXIII.

FROM LOANDA TO KILIMANE.

LOANDA is regarded by the Portuguese somewhat as a penal settlement, all the European soldiers sent out being convicts; but it is a quiet place enough, in spite of all the arms in the city being placed every night under the charge of men who have been transported for various offences. It was once a considerable city, and though now falling rapidly into decay, still boasts of a cathedral and other public buildings. The population, 12,000 souls, is nearly made up of people of colour; at the date of Dr. Livingstone's visit there were but two American merchants, and one Englishman. The Portuguese home government has not received much credit for sincerity, in declaring that all its best efforts are directed to the suppression of the slave-trade, and when we read of thirty-seven slavers lying in the harbour under the protection of the guns of the fort, we confess that it seems hard to believe they are in earnest.

Dr. Livingstone gives us a very amusing account of the astonishment of the natives belonging to the Makololo tribe, who had accompanied him, at the ships and houses at Loanda. Of the ships they

asserted that they were not canoes at all, but towns, adding, "And what sort of a town is it that you must climb up into with a rope?" A house of two storys was a triumph of architecture in their simple eyes. "How *could* one hut be built on the top of another?" they demanded. "Were the people in the upper hut obliged to walk about on the pointed roof of the lower one? and into what were the poles of the topmost hut driven?" It was marvellous! but at last the point was settled by the brilliant suggestion that these dwellings were not huts at all, but detached mountains with caves in them. The caves were the rooms! So far, however, from these Makololo being fools they were uncommonly shrewd practical men. Dr. Livingstone fell dangerously ill again in August, and whilst he was laid up, his dusky companions drove a thriving trade in fire-wood, and also earned a good deal by helping to unload at sixpence a day—a cargo of coal—"stones that burn," as they called the black diamonds. With the money so obtained they purchased clothing and beads to take back to their own country, and astonished the sellers of these commodities by their preference of good material to gay colour.

On the 20th September, 1854, Dr. Livingstone who had now recovered from his last severe attack of fever, made a fresh start with his Makololo companions and some twenty additional carriers. He purposed to go back as nearly as possible by the same route to the junction of the Leeambye with the Zambesi in the very heart of south Central Africa, and from that point to follow boldly the latter river to its mouth on the east coast, thus opening up the country to right and left. It was a difficult and hazardous undertaking, but its aim was noble and unselfish; and, like the Israelites of old, he was safely led through deserts

and by highways and byways till he reached the haven "where he would be." May the same good fortune attend him in all his future journeys!

The travellers made their first stage by sea to the mouth of the Bengo, on which river they embarked in canoes, and ascended it as far as Kalungwebmo, and from Massongano explored the branch river which led to various points of interest in Angola, Dr. Livingstone visiting *en route* the Portuguese sugar and cotton plantations. At Golunga Alto he was detained some time owing to a sort of jaundice breaking out among his men, and it was the middle of December before the party were sufficiently recovered to resume their journey to Ambaca, rather more to the south than the route by which they had come to Loanda. The Lucalla was soon crossed, and a détour made to visit the famous Rocks of Pungo Andongo. These consist of a group of curious column-like rocks upwards of three hundred feet high, with little streams running between them, and a village nestled under their lee. In former days this locality had a bad reputation for fever, but is now thought to be the healthiest spot in all Angola. Slavery still rules here, and the market-price of a good healthy lad is twelve shillings, or two pair of boots, or two pounds of ivory, according to the currency at the time of the purchase. In this charming spot, at the house of a wealthy and hospitable Portuguese merchant Dr. Livingstone lingered, partly to recruit his shattered health, and partly to rewrite, whilst the occurrences were fresh in his mind, some lost journals.

New Year's Day 1855, was chosen as auspicious for the commencement of a long journey, and the travellers started in the evening of that day for Candumba, along the right bank of the Coanza. On

reaching the confluence of the Lombe they struck off in a north-easterly direction through fine open country for Malange, where they fell into their old trail. This was faithfully followed to Cassange, which was left on the 20th February, but not before the strong westerly wind had brought a fresh access of fever on its pestilential wings. The moment the sick could move they crawled to Quango through daily rain, and made the best of their way to the old crossing place of the Loajima. This was reached on the 30th April. It appears to be chiefly remarkable for the eccentric head-dresses of its inhabitants; and in these days, when our thoughts appear to run in the same groove, a few hints on West African *coiffures* may not be useless.

Some ladies braid their thick and shaggy locks into innumerable small plaits, which are attached to an ornamented hoop encircling the head. The effect is very similar to the convential aureole around a Saint's head. Some again introduce a pair of buffalo-horns amid their woolly tresses and cover them with hair, so cleverly that it appears as if Nature and not Fashion had bestowed these excrescences on the people as well as the animals. Strips of hide are found very useful in supporting the hair in the shape of a tiara or helmet, and in arranging it into one large clump or horn sticking straight out from the forehead, not unlike a reversed chignon. When the countenance beneath this head-dress is tattoed in stars the effect is thought to be extremely fascinating.

The river Moamba was crossed in canoes early in May, and their road lay across level plateaux, for the most part treeless, but covered with grass. Very few animals were to be found here, but then, on the other hand, neither were the travellers troubled by flies or

mosquitoes. After halting a few days at Cabango they struck away to the south-east, arriving at the hippopotami-haunted river Loembwe about the 30th May. On the evening of June 2nd they reached the village of the chieftain Kawawa, rather an important personage in those parts. All along their route they were very civilly and kindly received by the natives. The only difficulty seems to have arisen from the impossibility of complying with the entreaties of the natives to "trade," cloth or calico being urgently needed for clothing. The poor women could only afford a very narrow strip of cotton print as a skirt, and the babies were quite naked. As the cold is severe at night during the winter, the villagers tried hard to induce Dr. Livingstone to part with his stores in exchange for food. The women's importunities were the most difficult to resist, as they held up their poor little shivering infants, entreating him to sell them only a rag to wrap them in, for "the fire was their only clothing." Feather garments are sometimes worn, but, as may be imagined, they are extremely troublesome to make.

After the Kasai had been left behind, the country through which the travellers passed became more full of animal life. Each step which brought them nearer to the Zambesi, the home of every species of waterfowl, and the way was made interesting by fresh discoveries of birds and insects. Larks of jet-black plumage, with yellow feathers on the shoulders, sang above their heads at day-dawn; swifts and swallows darted over the extensive plains; and here and there a vulture showed like a blot on the clear sky. Nothing could be more beautiful than these boundless tracts of country, rich in vegetation, gay with wild-flowers, and cheerful with birds: but alas for their unhealthiness!

It gave the good doctor his *twenty-seventh* attack of fever; and as there was no surface water to be found he suffered frightfully from thirst. This attack was succeeded by one of blood-spitting, and it is not surprising to learn, that "our progress had always been slow, and I found that our rate of travelling could only be five miles a day for five successive days." The wonder is that Dr. Livingstone could move at all, not that he moved slowly. On the sixth day both oxen and men showed serious symptoms of knocking up, and the five-mile-stage dwindled to bi-weekly moves of two or three.

Katema's township of straggling villages was reached by the 14th June, and all were very glad to see old familiar faces again. Their welcome was a cordial one, and the handsome presents brought by Dr. Livingstone were joyfully received. Perhaps our readers may like to know how best to win by gifts the heart of an African chief. Here is Dr. Livingstone's account of his present to Katema:—

"When he visited our encampment I presented him with a cloak of red baize ornamented with gold tinsel which cost thirty shillings; also a cotton robe, both large and small beads, an iron spoon, and a tin pannikin containing a quarter of a pound of powder. We were informed that the chief never used any part of a present before making an offer of it to his mother, or the departed spirit to whom he prayed. Katema asked if I could not make a dress for him like the one I wore, so that he might appear as a white man when any stranger visited him. One of the councillors, imagining that he ought to second this by begging, Katema checked him by saying 'Whatever strangers give, be it much or little, I always receive it with thankfulness, and never trouble them for more.' An

excellent rule which is not always observed even in civilized countries."

It was now the middle of the June winter, and although the sun was very hot in the day-time, when the thermometer stood at 88° or 90° in the coolest shade, the nights, when it sank to 47°, were bitterly cold. The travellers left Katema's town on the 19th, and, crossing the wide plain on the north bank of the Leeba, and the river itself, came to the village of another old acquaintance, Shinte by name.

Here a political complication had to be referred to the Missionary's decision. Shinte was in the habit of selling members of his tribe in exchange for pieces of cloth. The unfortunate people thus turned into slaves against their will, naturally objected to the trade, and Shinte decided in his own mind that the only serious objection they could have, and which he would entertain, arose from the small size of the bit of cloth which was paid for them. He therefore begged Dr. Livingstone to assure the people that in future he, Shinte, intended to demand many more yards of cloth for each slave, thus removing, as he hoped, all grounds of complaint. But, as may be imagined, the Missionary sympathized with the people, and explained to Shinte that if he continued his traffic he would very soon annihilate his tribe (which had already dwindled considerably), and find himself only lord of so many pieces of cloth, which could neither defend him from his enemies nor work for him. This was a new idea to Shinte, and he promised to reconsider the matter from this point of view.

The exploring party remained with Shinte until the 6th July, and parted from him on the best possible terms, descending the Leeba, whose wooded banks afford shelter to many herds of wild animals, very diffi-

cult of approach. On the 27th Libonta was reached, and the travellers were received with demonstrations of the utmost joy. Not only had the wanderers returned safe and sound, but they had brought presents and good news of the state of feeling in the chiefs' breasts all along the route. The Missionary took advantage of the rapturous welcome to hold a service in the open air, and speak to the happy people on the goodness of the God who had preserved them from all the dangers of strange tribes and disease, when their own most skilful diviners had pronounced that they had perished long before. Their progress all down the Baratse valley was one continued ovation. The people brought supplies daily; each village gave an ox, sometimes two; and when the Doctor lamented that he could make no return, the Libontese answered gracefully, "It does not matter, you have opened a path for us, and we shall have sleep."

This hospitable village was left on the 31st July, and after passing Naliele on the 13th August, the party fell in with a dangerous adventure. They were paddling quietly along the river in their canoe at midday, when a hippopotamus struck the frail boat with her forehead, lifting one half of it quite out of the water, and nearly overturning it. One of the crew was tilted into the river by the force of the blow, but the rest sprang to the shore, which fortunately was only ten feet off. There were eight men at the time in the canoe, and, as it floated away empty, the hippopotamus was observed to come to the surface of the water and look at it, as if she saw with satisfaction that her foes had disappeared. The poor beast made the attack in revenge for her young one having been speared by the travellers the day before, and it is so unusual for these animals to begin a quarrel, that the crew

exclaimed "Is the beast mad?" Doubtless she was mad, poor creature! as mad as we should be if our beloved little ones were cruelly murdered before our eyes.

Long before Sesheke, the Makololo capital, was reached, the winter had ended, and a halt was called at Linyanti, where Dr. Livingstone waited for the horses which had been left behind, and for the fierce summer heats to abate, employing his time in teaching and preaching, until the 3rd of November. The party had now swelled to a large one, for Sekeletu took charge of Dr. Livingstone, and brought a "tail" which would have been no discredit to a Highland chieftain. It numbered some 200 men, and Sekeletu proposed to feed them on the way eastwards, by the simple expedient of requisitioning an ox at every village, which idea was successfully carried out. As an instance of Dr. Livingstone's power of winning that heart-love which money cannot buy, I may notice a little story he tells of an incident that occurred during a violent thunder-storm soon after he set out. The rain was pelting down, and after a hot day the travellers soon felt miserably cold. "My clothing had gone on," writes the Doctor, "and I lay down on the wet ground, expecting to spend a miserable night, but Sekeletu kindly covered me with his own blanket, and lay uncovered himself."

They entered their canoes on the 13th November, and sailed down the river to the confluence of the Chobé. Our traveller was much struck by the legends which the boatman told him of hidden monsters lying in the water depths, who could catch the canoe, holding it fast and motionless in spite of the utmost exertion of the paddlers. He considers these to be vestiges of traditions about animals which no longer exist, and it is quite possible that an exami-

nation of the calcareous tufa of this region would reveal fossil bones of the ancient fauna.

We must bear in mind that the terms "Leeambye" and "Zambesi" mean the same word, "the River," and it is owing to this confusing difference of dialect that it is so difficult to gather from the natives of Central Africa accurate geographical information. Dr. Livingstone had been following the same stream all down the Barotse valley, but it was now called the Zambesi, and after Kalái had been passed, they came upon the splendid cataract now known as the Victoria Falls. At this spot the river is bounded on three sides by cliffs four hundred feet high, and a stream, one thousand yards wide takes a leap of a hundred feet, and then becomes suddenly compressed into a space of fifteen or twenty yards. In looking down, nothing but a dense, white, rainbow-spanned cloud is to be seen, from which rises, two hundred or three hundred feet into the air, a great jet of vapour. No wonder that the natives declare that this spot is the abode of the Deity. Dr. Livingstone devotes many pages to a minute and beautiful description of these magnificent Falls, pages which I regret I cannot transfer bodily to these. We must turn our backs on the lovely spot, and hasten on towards the mouth of the Great River. The Kalomo, one of the southern feeders of the Zambesi, was passed on the 30th November, and after that the path lay still to the east, slightly trending north, with high ridges in view on each side. The country was beautifully undulating, affording excellent pasture, up to the river of Dila, and the further the travellers advanced, the more densely populated it became. Great was the astonishment excited by the appearance of the first white man, and the

popular interest took the acceptable form of offerings of maize and masuka, a pleasant fruit.

Chiponga was reached after a month of somewhat monotonous travel, and the first days of January 1856 found the travellers still pushing on between the ranges of hills which flank the Zambesi. Game was abundant, and the inhabitants of the villages they passed not only received them with the greatest civility, but always furnished a couple of guides to the next little hamlet. The soil along the noble river is most fertile, and all the valleys were in full cultivation, bearing rich crops of maize. The horrid tsetse so fatal to cattle, caused them to hurry along with all speed until the confluence of the Loangwa with the Zambesi was reached.

On the 29th January Dr. Livingstone crossed to the south bank of the Great River, and, scarcely had he done so, when a fall of heavy rain set in and obliged him to camp for some time. Here he lost one of his men from a lingering sickness, and February had commenced before he could resume his march. By the middle of the month the Portuguese territory was reached, and, in a fortnight more, Tete, where the Portuguese commandant received the weary Englishman with the utmost kindness. Dr. Livingstone was so thoroughly worn out, that his generous host insisted on his remaining with him for at least a month, until the sickly season at Quilimane or Kilimane, should be over, and this he did. But the indefatigable explorer could not really rest whilst anything remained to be done, but waited with what patience he could, examining the country for seams of gold, and of coal, visiting the hot-springs, besides teaching as well as doctoring all who came to him.

April had come and nearly gone before the final

start for Kilimane was made, but as the path was smooth, and the dangers few from this point, we need not follow the great explorer any further—especially as Captain Hyde Parker had previously published an exhaustive report of the Quilimane and Zambesi Rivers, which he had thoroughly explored a year or two before. This document was furnished to Dr. Livingstone, and has been published by the Geographical Society. From it and other journals affixed, we learn that the Zambesi has five principal mouths, and is always deep enough at its entrance for commercial purposes. It is a magnificent river all through its long course, and is a mile and a half wide at Mazaro, not far from the sea.

Just as the long toilsome journey across the immense continent had been accomplished, the traveller broke down. Fever in its very worst form seized upon him at Mazaro, and he was more dead than alive by the time he was put on board H.M. brig *Frolic*, bound for the Mauritius. His faithful and devoted friend Sekwebu accompanied him to this place, which was reached on the 12th August; but here the poor native's mind gave way from grief at the prospect of parting with his beloved master, or dread of the great ocean and the long voyage, for Dr. Livingstone had offered to take him home to England, and to the beloved and revered "Ma-Robeït" (Mrs. Livingstone). Sekwebu became insane and leaped overboard, deliberately drowning himself by pulling himself down, hand under hand, by the chain-cable. His body was never even found.

The passage home to England was full of peril for the traveller, as he narrowly escaped shipwreck; but he was mercifully guided safely home to his native country, which he reached in December, 1856, after

thirteen years of absence. The closing words of his book are words of gratitude to the Hand which had preserved and led him through the African deserts, and of renewed self-dedication to the work which he took up at the threshold of his life. Of him it may truly be said, that, having once put his hand to the plough, he has never looked back.

CHAPTER XXIV.

FROM ZANZIBAR TO THE VICTORIA N'YANZA.

THE expedition treated of in Captain Speke's Journal of the Discovery of the Source of the Nile was the third which he had undertaken with the same object. On his previous journey he confidently believed that he had discovered the Great Lake from which the Nile rose, and which he re-christened by the name it will always henceforth bear,—the Victoria N'yanza.

Many ages, and many nations, have speculated where the wonderful Nile had its hidden source. Long ago, expeditions were fitted out to discover, among the "Mountains of the Moon" the secret springs; but the explorers always returned baffled and mystified, declaring that it was impossible to trace accurately the windings of the river, or to obtain reliable information from the inhabitants of Unyamuézi, the Land of the Moon. These poor people could not understand or believe that white men merely wished to find out where the Great River sprang from, but imagined that ivory must be their real object, and that meant oppression, and slavery, and misery in a hundred forms. It was no wonder, therefore, that they discouraged all explorers, and

told mystic and absurd tales of the river disappearing in a jungle, or sinking suddenly in the midst of a sandy plain. To the pioneers of geographical knowledge the subject was full of attraction and difficulty, but all the information previously collected seems to have been more of a hindrance than a help to Captains Speke and Grant when they started from Zanzibar on the 2nd of October, 1860, intending to reach the Victoria N'yanza by a different route from any yet attempted.

Sir Samuel Baker was travelling towards the same point from the opposite approach, and few stories are more dramatic than the account of the meeting of the explorers; but, before we come to the record of that, we must glance at Captain Speke's most interesting journal of the difficulties and dangers, and, more trying than all—the delays—which he and Captain Grant encountered.

Their course lay W.N.W. from the first, through a great tract of country known by the name of U-zà-Rāmo. It is of a singular conformation, there being no hills, but the land in the central line is formed like a ridge between the two rivers—the Kingani and the Lŭfigi — furrow fashion. It is well grassed and wooded, and inhabited by a noisy tribe of agriculturists. These people are expert slave-hunters, and drive such a roaring trade in human flesh that they are wealthy enough to clothe themselves comfortably, and are noticed by Captain Speke as the "best dressed" tribe on his line of march. They are insatiable thieves, though sometimes they try the more civilized method of annexation under the name of "hongo," or "rights." The village near one of our travellers' encampments was presided over by a certain chief known as "Monkey's Tail," who, aided

by his neighbour, "Lion's Claw," made most extortionate demands for double hongo of cloth and calico. This attempt to levy two sets of taxes within a five miles' march was unfortunately a fair specimen of what the explorers might expect. Indeed, long before we have reached the fiftieth page of this book, we have made up our minds that all the African tribes are sons and daughters of the horseleech, for they seem to know no other words than "give, give." Thanks are unheard of, and gratitude is a weakness quite unknown. The most lavish generosity falls far short of the expected "hongo," which is an elastic kind of tax capable of swallowing up all a traveller's possessions.

Besides the constant demands of the villagers for their "rights" or "dues," to be paid before the expedition could possibly be allowed to proceed, the porters, or pagazis, used constantly to strike for more beads or wires, declaring suddenly that they would not go a step further without ten extra necklaces or some coveted piece of cloth. Thrashing was absolutely useless, as it resulted in their running away; and there was nothing for it but to resist firmly and set out, when the porters generally got frightened at the idea of being left behind and followed as quickly as possible, until they saw another favourable opportunity of tormenting their unfortunate "father." Sometimes the porters ran away altogether, taking the small flock of goats with them, and many days had to be wasted in tracking the deserters. Part of the escort consisted of Hottentots furnished by the Sultan of Zanzibar. These men were so exceedingly diminutive that it was not unusual to see a powerful native step behind and lift up a "Tot" (the name they went by), package and all, and, holding out the

struggling little creature at arm's length, parade him about the camp. On the line of march antelopes were frequently met with, and now and then a wild pig, all of which afforded a welcome change from a diet of green pigeons and doves.

Fourteen days' march brought them to the Usagara (Usa meaning 'country of'); and here the plateau they had been travelling over rose gradually to some 500 feet above the sea-level, whilst the monotony of the landscape became varied by hills 5,000 or 6,000 feet high. The people of these uplands, however, contrasted unfavourably with the lowlanders on each side. They are wretchedly poor, and miserable in every respect; dingy in colour, and utterly without spirit or courage. It is no wonder that they fall an easy prey to their prosperous neighbours, who look upon these hills as a sort of preserve for slaves in which they may, and do, hunt at will.

The park-like country harboured magnificent game, and the porters and camp-followers were both surprised and delighted at Captain Speke's generosity in distributing the result of their morning's sport to the natives, instead of selling it to the poor half-starved wretches, and stopping a portion of their miserable weekly pittance as payment.

The expedition was delayed at the ford of Kirŭrŭ by increasing sickness among the fragile little Tots, and an attack of fever, which laid Captain Grant low. At every halting-place the indefatigable explorer did his best to obtain accurate information respecting the river-system from the natives, but they dread so much anything which would open up their country, and make it easier for the terrible ivory or slave merchants to penetrate inland, that it was very difficult to obtain any rational or coherent statement.

Zungoméro was reached on the 23rd, a lovely spot, fertile, and once populous, but the slave-trade has turned its flourishing gardens into jungles. It is a junction or terminus of two roads leading into the interior, of which the northern leads by the Mŭkondokŭa, and the other edges on the Rŭaha river. Both tracts unite again at Ugogi, and both were familiar to Captain Speke. But in African travel so much depends on the previous season, that former experience is valueless; for whereas water and provisions had then been plentiful along the line of march, it was now reported that the whole country ahead was oppressed by famine and drought.

After much deliberation, and having despatched a third set of specimens to the coast, they set forth, turning to the south, so as to penetrate the forests which stand between the greater range and the little outlying one.

The Tots, who seem to have been much more trouble than profit, were finally got rid of as the expedition entered the Mbŭiga country a few days later, where rich valleys, watered by little brooks, and beautiful well-wooded hills, made up a lovely landscape. The first and only giraffe killed on the journey here fell to Captain Grant's rifle, besides elands and an unnamed animal somewhat like the harte-beest of Southern Africa.

At Unyamuézi the party were greeted by a famous down-trader, known as the great "Mamba," or Crocodile. This mighty man wore a dirty Arab gown, with a coronet of lion's nails decorating a threadbare Cutch cap. He declared that his followers amounted to 2,000 in number, though not half of them were forthcoming, and confessed that he had found it very difficult to get through the country from Ugogo on

account of the famine, having been reduced to boil down the skin aprons of his porters for soup! As neither Captain Speke nor Captain Grant could quite make up their minds to face a district where there was no other alternative but this *potage* between them and starvation, they very reluctantly turned their steps northwards, so as to reach the track leading from Rùmùma to Ugogi.

All along this path the scenery boasted every variety of hill and dale beauty, woods and streams; but nothing of the people could be seen; like frightened rats, they rushed off into the jungle, carrying all their provision with them, as soon as ever the first faint sound of the caravan met their ears. It was impossible to procure food by fair means, and Captain Speke was loth to use force; his followers abused him for his squeamishness when they returned from their foraging parties with nothing to show but a few arrows sticking in them.

Inengi, at the foot of the western chain, was reached by the middle of November, but the party had been much thinned ere this by heat and thirst. The supplies diminished daily, and they were generally dependent on their guns for a meal.

By the first days of December a series of forced marches had carried them through the worst of the famine-country, but the adjoining districts still afforded but scant supplies. New Year's Day, 1861, was spent at the little mud village called Jiwa la Mkoa, or Round Rock, among some Wakimbŭ settlers, who were far more civilized and agreeable hosts than any natives previously encountered, and the marches were tolerably easy up to the end of the month, by which date the expedition entered the

large and fertile district of Unya-Mŭézi, or Country of the Moon. Before this kingdom was cut up into petty states it must have been one of the largest in Africa, exceeding England in size.

There are no historical traditions known to the people, and the first account we have of them is from the Hindus, who traded for slaves and ivory with the inhabitants of the east coast of Africa some time before the Christian era. According to Captain Speke, the Men of the Moon are hereditarily the greatest traders in Africa, and are the only people who for love of barter and change will leave their own country as porters and go to the coast. This they have done as far back as it is possible to trace, and they still do it with the greatest zest. They are much darker than their neighbours on either hand, and are desperate smokers and tipplers.

The camp was first pitched at Kazé, in the merchants' depôt, and, when fairly settled in position, the Sheikh and a whole conclave of Arab merchants lost no time in calling upon Captain Speke. The hosts and guests were at cross purposes. The old Sheikh wanted the Englishmen's advice and assistance in a guerilla warfare which he was waging against his neighbours, while the explorers made the most of their opportunities, and questioned the Arabs about the Nile. It was difficult to induce them to listen or answer, for the "beef feast of war" had been cooked, and all were eager to devour it and start upon the war-path. The Sheikh thought the N'yanza might be the source of the Jub, which is the largest river known to the Zanzibar Arabs, but could not grasp the idea of the Nile having its home there. But as soon as the warriors had been safely despatched, Captain Speke got hold of some quiet old stay-at-homes

and had a long geographical talk with them. This was the result:—

"I told Abdulla all I had written and lectured in England concerning his stories about navigators on the N'yanza, which I explained must be the Nile, and wished to know if I should alter it in any way; but he said, 'Do not, you may depend it will all turn out right;' to which Mŭsa added, all the people in the North told him that when the N'yanza rose, the stream rushed with such violence, it tore up islands and floated them away. I was puzzled at this announcement, not then knowing that both the Lake and the Nile, as well as all ponds, were called N'yanza; but we shall see afterwards that he was right; and it was in consequence of this confusion in the treatment of distinctly different geographical features under one common name by these people, that in my former journey I could not determine where the Lake ended and the Nile began."

The old chiefs further volunteered information respecting a wonderful mountain to the north of Karagué, so steep and so lofty that it had never been scaled, and that its head was always white. At the foot of this mountain they declared that a fierce tribe dwelt, against whose spears no man could stand. They wore no clothes and lived up trees, so the old Arabs asserted; and moreover, these Wakidi had small stools fixed on behind always ready for sitting, and only owned to one weakness in the world, a passion for beads and iron collars or bracelets, to possess which they would certainly not hesitate to murder white men. Alarming as these accounts were, Captain Speke seems to have received them with not merely one but several grains of salt, and only redoubled his inquiries as to the self-supporting nature of the

country which stretched out between him and this terrible mountain.

'Before, however, a first start could be made, early in February, wars and rumours of wars set the whole country in a blaze, and rendered any attempt to engage a new set of porters impossible. As usual, the terms of the proposed treaty were submitted to our travellers; but the negotiations failed at an early stage, owing to the treachery of the Arabs, who have been known to break their faith even after exchanging blood by cutting incisions in one another's legs—the most sacred bond or oath the natives know of.

During the delay attendant on these suspended negotiations, Captain Speke and his companions set off for a week's shooting, which resulted in bagging one black antelope, and hearing a good many lions roar at night. It was the middle of March before a sufficient number of porters could be coaxed or bribed to engage their services, and they generally deserted directly after receiving a piece of cloth as "bounty." However, on the 17th the camp broke ground, and got on pretty well until the 21st, when all the men mutinied for an extra necklace apiece. Captain Speke tried starvation very successfully, and soon reduced them to submission, resuming his march through beautiful valleys, until they entered the Usagari district, fording the Gombé Nullah for the second time.

A somewhat long halt was made at Mininga, which had been reached about the 24th March, owing to sickness in the camp and delay in bringing up the rear baggage, but the time was well employed by our indefatigable traveller in collecting, stuffing, and drawing. As April and May came and went without bringing any prospect of a move onwards, Captain Speke naturally got impatient, and on the 1st of June set out

with only a dozen men for Kazé again, determined to find out for himself what caused the delay. On his arrival he was beset by clamorous Arabs, who entreated him to help them, vowing they were ruined, dying of starvation, and that it was quite impossible to find porters to carry their ivory back to the coast, still less to bring his loads on to him in the interior. It took nearly a fortnight to settle all the negotiations and return again with fresh porters to Miniĭga, which brought the time to the middle of June; but finding Captain Grant's health much restored, no delay was made there, and the travellers started for Mbisŭ, two days' march ahead. The rate of travelling became very slow, and the delays endless. At each village a feast was held in honour of the white men's arrival, at which the chief and all the inhabitants, and the whole of the exploring expedition (always excepting the poor harassed Englishmen) made themselves so very drunk that it was many days before the journey could be resumed. Pombé, or native beer, was the beverage, and it was consumed in public out of plaited straw bowls. It was very difficult, after more than a week's stay, to get away from the hospitality of Mbisŭ, and Nŭnda held them convivial prisoners for two days longer, and it was the 3rd July before the camp was formed at Phŭnzé, where Grant and a few men were left whilst Captain Speke pushed on ahead, purposing to send relief back to his fellow-traveller as soon as possible.

The Unyamŭezi frontier was crossed on the 10th July, and the Uzinza district entered. This territory was ruled by two chieftains of foreign blood, descended from the Abyssinian stock, of which specimens were to be met with scattered up and down the country. The inhabitants resemble the Men of the Moon, but are rather more energetic and actively built. Their

country is well cultivated, especially the uplands, which slope towards the Mountain of the Moon, where they get frequent rainfalls. It was very difficult for Captain Speke to get on through this district, as more than the usual "hongo" difficulties attended each step of the way. After the cloth, and wire, and beads had been duly presented, and accepted with ill-concealed delight if not with gratitude, there seems to have been always a delay and nearly a quarrel before the "price of friendship" could be settled and the drum beaten. Makaka is handed down to posterity as a peculiarly rapacious chieftain. He seems to have resembled a naughty, spoiled child; and one longs to punish him as such imps are punished. Poor Captain Speke was powerless, and could only do his best to keep the savage in good temper, and prevail on him to let the people go. But his heart was quite as hard as Pharaoh's of old, and every excuse was seized upon as a reason for delay. Makaka delighted in paying Captain Speke visits of ceremony, not to do him honour, but for the pleasure of being received with a royal salute. The men could not, however, load the muskets fast enough to satisfy his impatience. The moment the first volley was fired, he said, "Now fire again, fire again; be quick, be quick! What's the use of those things? (meaning the guns). We could spear you all whilst you are loading; be quick, be quick, I tell you."

This chieftain wore a piece of sea-shell bound on his forehead, and whenever his highness sneezed, all his attendants snapped their fingers to keep off the evil eye. He considered himself very fine, arrayed in one of Captain Speke's pieces of cloth, which had been steeped in rancid butter to bring out the colour. After the first compliments had been passed Captain Speke

inquired what Makaka had seen when he went to the Masai country, and learned that "there were two lakes, and not one;" for on going from Usoga to the Masai country he crossed over a broad strait, which connected the big N'yanza with another one at its north-east corner. It was very difficult to get any information out of the impetuous chieftain, who grudged every moment wasted in such frivolous questions, when there were treasures of cloth and picture-books yet to be examined with childish delight.

It was more than a week before Captain Speke could make a move to rejoin Captain Grant, and this portion of the journey was performed exposed to the cold easterly winds which blow for half the year over the great African plateau, and which resemble the Harmattan. They gave the explorer a bad cough, which hung about him for a long time, causing him great suffering. But no personal inconvenience seems to have weighed for one moment with this ardent explorer. In spite of bad nights and fatiguing days he pushed on, sometimes too weak and ill to be conscious of his hardships. Sŭmérési's boma, or palace, afforded him shelter, welcome enough at first, but it became as intolerable as a prison on account of the delays attendant on a fresh start. Grant had been left behind in the jungles near M'yonga's, from whence he sent accounts to his sick, helpless fellow-traveller, of his having been robbed and well-nigh murdered. Captain Speke exerted his influence with Lŭmérési, to such good purpose that assistance was sent, and a junction effected between the two friends by the 26th September; and early in October a fresh start was made, which must form the subject of another chapter.

CHAPTER XXV.

THE MEETING AT GONDOKORO.

FOR a fortnight the march went on with tolerable steadiness. The country was fertile and beautiful, and the climate agreeable. Indeed, as poor worried Captain Speke remarks pathetically, they "ought all to have been happy together," but at every village they met with nothing but theft and desertion from within, and rapacity and deceit from without. At Usŭi, twelve days' march from Mŭamba, things were brought to a climax by a general mutiny, the porters laying down their loads and refusing to stir without an extra payment of four wires each. The travellers found themselves quite at the mercy of these wretches, and after trying arguments, threats, and reproaches, had nothing for it but to give in, four days having been wasted in settling their demands; the moment the required present was made, something else was asked for, and so on to the end of the journey, or the end of the unfortunate travellers' store. One village, Vikora's, is held up for our admiration as the site of the solitary encampment where "no one tried to pillage us."

King Mtésa, lord of the Uganda Country, seems to have been quite as great a robber as the rest of his

compatriots, and the first fifteen days of November were spent in camp at Uthungŭ trying to settle preliminary negotiations for continuing the march through his territory. A Colt's revolver at last softened the royal heart, which had been much touched by a previous gift of a sixpenny red cotton pocket-handkerchief, and the explorers were conducted through the kingdom, escorted by a guard of honour. These rapacious "protectors" departed at Vigŭra, leaving their *protégés* much pleased to get rid of them, especially as on leaving they imparted the cheering information that nothing need be dreaded worse than wild animals, between that spot and Karagŭé.

The further they penetrated into the country before them, the better they liked it, for the people became less turbulent, and the village chiefs more civil and obliging. On the 25th November the expedition arrived at a charming, home-like spot, Weranhanjé by native name, but re-christened Little Windemere by Captain Grant. Within shelter of a clump of splendid trees by the shore of a mountain lake 5,000 feet above the sea-level, stood the palace enclosure of Rŭmanika the king, and his brother Nnanaji, who was a great doctor, and especially clever in inventing "dream charms" and foretelling events. Both princes were fine-looking men, with a physiognomy which denoted the best blood in Abyssinia. The two brothers shook hands, English fashion, with the explorers, and inquired what they thought of their beautiful country. One question led to another, and Captain Speke found himself called upon to give a description of the whole wide world, its proportions of land and water, the power of ships, and many other general and comprehensive topics. The King was polite

and considerate, and inquired where the travellers would like their camp built; and as soon as a site was chosen, sheds and huts went up as rapidly as Aladdin's night-built fairy palace. The Wangŭana were all in the highest good-humour, and delighted with their visitors, whom they regarded as benevolent magicians. The explorers persuaded the King they had come on purpose to see him, and he in his turn did his best to display his possessions. Amongst other sights, the white men were taken by the King's brother to see the wives of the sovereign and princes of the blood royal. The peculiarity of these ladies consisted in their size. The Turkish standard of beauty was here carried to the utmost limit; and from her earliest infancy, a girl destined for the honour of a royal alliance is fattened by a diet of curdled milk, until she resembles a prize pig more than a human being. Captain Speke thus describes one of the principal wives :—"She could not rise; so large were her arms, that between the joints the flesh hung down like large, loose stuffed puddings." A sister-in-law of the King was unable to stand upright, and upon an attempt being made to raise her from the usual crouching position, she fainted, for the unusual exertion had driven the blood to her head. The fathers of the damsels who aspire to a place in the King's house superintended, rod in hand, the fattening process, and kept the wretched girls under their charge sucking milk through a straw all day long, from the time they were ten years old.

The noisy ceremonies attending the "New Moon Levee" in this kingdom were invented to discover how many loyal subjects the Sovereign possessed, and an oath of fealty was administered all round once a month. On Christmas Day the courteous Rŭmanika,

having heard that it was the English custom to celebrate that festival by a good feast of beef, sent the wayfarers an ox, and was made happy by a return present.

New Year's Day, 1862, was ushered in by the most exciting intelligence, which nearly drove the travellers wild with joy. They heard that Mr. Petherick, an English ivory-merchant, was on his road up the Nile, endeavouring to meet them, and they became all anxiety to effect a junction with him; but poor Captain Grant was unable to move from a bad leg, which caused him dreadful suffering. Under these circumstances it was decided to leave him behind with some of the most faithful servants, and for Captain Speke to set out with the remainder towards the Great Lake to the N.N.W. of the Uganda Country.

Accordingly, on the 10th January we find him pushing on, crossing back over the Weranhanjé spur, and reaching on the 16th the Kitangŭlé Kagéra, a river which falls into the Victoria N'yanza on the west side. He now prepared to descend the Mountain of the Moon, among whose valleys lie the Lakes from which arise, not only the Nile, but also the Congo, and the Shiré branch of the Zambesi. The country was rich and well cultivated, and the march free from its usual difficulties, till they reached the hill-spurs which form the frontier of Rŭmanika's kingdom. They next entered Mtésa's land, Uganda, and held steadily on until the end of the month, when a halt was called at a village from which a view of the Victoria N'yanza could be obtained. Captain Speke considers that the Lake has shrunk considerably in the course of centuries, and entertains no doubt that at one time it extended quite up to the foot of the mountain ranges amongst which it lies cradled.

All the flat country between the Mountains of the Moon and the N'yanza is fertile and beautiful, but covered with rush-drains, which are divided from one another by islands and miry bogs. The inhabitants declared that at certain times in the year no one could ford these drains, as they are all flooded; but strange to say, when most rain fell in Uganda they were lowest. In the dells grew magnificent trees, towering up like huge pillars, and spreading out their great branches canopy-wise over head. Buffaloes found excellent pasture among the rich grass of these hollows, and antelopes were often met with.

The King's palace or Kibŭga, in the province of Bandawaroga, was reached by the 19th February, and Captain Speke declares it to have been a magnificent sight; the whole hill covered with gigantic huts, such as he had never before seen in Africa. The halt here was a long one—from the middle of February to the 7th July; and the time passed principally in court ceremonials. The gait of King Mtésa is described by Captain Speke. It seems that the traditional walk of the royal race of Kibuga is modelled after the step of the lion, but the outward sweep of the legs intended to imitate the stride of the noble beast produces a most ludicrous waddle. Mtésa was always accompanied by a pet dog uncommonly like a street cur in appearance, but duly decorated with a collar formed by several rows of gay beads. The King was immensely delighted with his new visitor's presents, and especially longed to "annex" a rifle which he had seen kill four cows in quick succession. As soon as the weapon was presented to him he loaded it, and, handing it to a page, bade him "go and shoot a man in the outer court." The urchin departed in high glee, and soon returned to announce

that he had performed the royal command. "And did you do it well?" asked the King. "Oh yes, capitally," said the lad; but no one inquired who had been the victim of the experiment.

Captain Speke's medicine-chest had to submit to heavy demands, for the King and all his courtiers constantly applied for a remedy for a pain, the nature and locality of which remained unknown to the unwilling amateur doctor. In spite of the vague description of the ailment he was always assured that he had worked a complete cure, and the number of his self-elected patients increased like the sands on the sea-shore. A blister was so favourite a remedy that at last the King issued an order that they should all be kept for his benefit; and he was with difficulty prevailed upon to spare one of the delightful and fashionable plasters for his mother's cure. This severe treatment was followed up by a course of quinine; but all this time poor "Bana," for so Captain Speke was named by the Waganda, longed to leave the court, and get forwards to the Lake. He found he was making himself a great deal too agreeable and popular to be lightly parted with, and that if he wished to be "moved on," he must begin to be troublesome. Accordingly, he commenced sketching, a proceeding which filled the natives with terror, lest it should prove a form of witchcraft, and he no longer prevented his men from pillaging for food. Many shooting expeditions were organized, and the King insisted on trying a charm upon his beloved Whitworth's rifle, to ensure his killing a buffalo; but justice obliges us to state that, with or without the talisman, his dusky majesty seems to have been a first-rate shot.

Captain Speke endeavoured to persuade the King to send some messengers to Mr. Petherick, to beg

him to join the party; but this idea did not meet with any favour, though Mtésa pretended to make languid preparations for an embassy. Three men were at length sent forward, and Captain Speke was taken out hippopotamus-shooting, to keep him quiet and amused until their return. This excursion extended until the end of April, when they returned to the palace, and nearly a month later Captain Speke had the immense satisfaction of welcoming his friend and brother-explorer Captain Grant to Uganda. As the health of the latter was now restored, the re-united companions became exceedingly impatient to reach that end of the N'yanza where the Nile pours out; and besides this anxiety to attain the real aim and object of so many past difficulties and perils, they were often in danger of starvation, for the King, having got everything in the shape of "portable property" out of his unwilling guests, even to their little pocket-compass, took slight heed of their wants, and often allowed them to remain twenty-four hours without food. After a compulsory fast of this duration, Mtésa would inquire laughingly, "Bana, are you hungry?" Then, on hearing the state of the case, he would affect great wrath, and desire his courtiers to go and fetch unlimited quantities of plantains and pombé.

It was the 3rd of July when the "road was granted," or, in other words, permission obtained to resume the journey; but the final ceremonials of farewell did not take place until the evening of the 6th, and early on the 7th a start northwards was made. Five days' marching brought them to Kari, a sort of royal grazing farm, through thirty miles of a fine hilly country, with alternate strips of jungle and rich cultivation. Here they had to halt for some days to

collect the cows given by the King, and on the 20th, having reached Sŭajerri, the travellers separated, Captain Grant turning westwards to join the high-road to Kamrasi's, and Captain Speke pushing on for Urondogani, where on the 21st he had the happiness of standing on the brink of the Nile. Let the great explorer himself describe the view which rewarded him for so much toil and hardship :—

"Nothing could surpass it! It was the very perfection of the kind of effect aimed at in a highly-kept park; with a magnificent stream from 600 to 700 yards wide, dotted with islets and rocks, the former occupied by fishermen's huts, the latter by sterns and crocodiles basking in the sun—flowing between fine high grassy banks, with rich trees and plantains in the background, where herds of nsunnu and harte-beest could be seen grazing, while the hippopotami were snorting in the water, and florikan and guinea-fowl rising at our feet."

The small party moved as rapidly as possible up the left bank of the Nile, plodding through huge grasses and jungle, past the Isamba Rapids to the beautiful Ripon Falls. At this point the expedition may be said to have fulfilled its mission, for it had, without doubt, ascertained that the Nile rose in the Victoria N'yanza, and Captain Speke only regrets that he could not, owing to the delay he had met with, go and look at the north-east corner of the Lake, so as to see with his own eyes what connection there was by the strait so often spoken of, between it and the other lake, where the Waganda went to get their salt, and from which they said another river flowed to the north, making Usaga an island.

The information which he collected told him that there was quite as great a volume of water on the

eastern as on the western side of the Lake, and that the most remote water, or *top head of the Nile*, is the southern end of the Lake, situated close on 3° S. lat. Thus the Nile flows through thirty-four degrees of latitude, a length in direct measurement of more than 2,300 miles.

Captain Speke returned to Urondagni on the 3rd of August, and from that place fitted out an expedition to attempt to navigate the Nile from its parent lake until Mr. Petherick's relieving party should be met with. Five boats of five planks each constituted the frail flotilla, and a start was made on the 13th; N'yassi was reached the same night; but their progress was very slow, for the lazy crew either could not or would not use their paddles, and on the smallest excuse pulled to shore. The next day the voyage was stopped by a canoe full of armed men, who successfully opposed the passage of the river. The crew of the exploring boats would not strike a blow, but contented themselves with shouts of "Help! Bana, they are killing us! Mother, mother, help us!" However, they were forced to leave the river, and follow its course by the banks until a junction was effected with Grant on the 20th, and then the united camps marched back again to the north frontier station of Uganda, where they met with a hospitable reception, but whence they had eventually to set off for Kamrasi's palace beyond the Kafŭ River. Whilst they were delayed here, a good deal more information regarding Little Lŭta Nzigé was picked up. It seemed an established fact that this was the same piece of water which they had heard of in Karagué under the same name, as lying beyond Utŭmbi. Here the insatiable Kamrasi extracted from Captain Speke his gold chronometer worth 50*l.*, and it was about as useful to the savage monarch as it would

have been to a child of two years old. In the evening the watch was returned, broken, with a request for something else. A Bible was the next thing that attracted his attention, and he set to work diligently to count its pages, believing that each leaf represented a year since the creation.

On the 9th of October the two explorers with their followers escaped from the half friendly, half thieving clutches of Kamrasi, and dropped down the Kafu in a canoe, reaching Gŭéni on the 12th, and getting to Wiré, beyond the Karuma Falls, by the 19th. After they entered the Kidi Country, turning their backs on the N'yanza, they crossed swamp after swamp, toiling through terrible passes with such difficulty that ten miles constituted a hard day's journey. November found them still slowly struggling on, but on the 3rd of that month they came upon an outpost of Turks, whose commander, a tall black, in full Egyptian regimentals, essayed to hug and kiss Captain Speke, who managed to avoid the embrace, and inquired who was his master? "Petrick," was the reply, "and the colours are Debona's, and Debona is the same as Petrick." Not very correct or lucid intelligence this, but the travellers were forced to be content, and to wait for an immense time trying to persuade Mahomed to start. He delayed so long, however, that their patience came to an end, and they set out without his escort, marching along the Nile from village to village; but it was the 15th of February, 1863, before Gondokoro was reached; and not Mr. Petherick, but Mr., now Sir Samuel Baker, seized them by the hand. What a joyful meeting it must have been—so much to tell and so much to learn. The first home-letters were received here, and among them was Sir Roderick Murchison's announcement, on behalf of the Royal Geographical Society, of the

award of their "founder's medal" to Captain Speke for the discovery of the Victoria N'yanza in 1858.

At this point Sir Samuel Baker begged hard to have the honour and glory of completing the search for the Little Lùta Nzigé, and Captains Speke and Grant turned their steps homeward by way of Alexandria, not entirely because they were weary of their self-imposed task, or disappointed at the result of their investigations, but because, with a noble spirit of self-sacrifice, they were willing to share their laurel wreath with a fellow-labourer in the same wide field of geographical science, and were content to let him finish what they had so well begun. How well he finished it we shall soon see for ourselves.

CHAPTER XXVI.

THE ALBERT N'YANZA.

SIR SAMUEL BAKER records in generous and affectionate language the meeting with his brother-explorers, mentioned in our last chapter. He and his wife had reached Gondokoro by way of Khartoum, twelve days previously, and when they heard the noise caused by a fresh arrival in camp, had no other idea but that Andrea Debona's ivory porters had appeared at last.

"My men rushed madly to my boat, with the report that two white men were with Debona's party, who had come from the *sea!* Could they be Speke and Grant? Off I ran, and soon met them in reality; they had come from the Victoria N'yanza, from which the Nile springs. As a good ship arrives in harbour, battered and torn by a long and stormy voyage, yet sound in her frame and sea-worthy to the last, so both these gallant travellers arrived in Gondokoro. Speke appeared the more worn of the two; he was excessively lean, but in good tough condition; he had walked the whole way from Zanzibar, never having once ridden during that wearying march. Grant was in honourable rags. He was looking tired and feverish; but both

men had a fire in the eye that showed the spirit that had led them through."

At the first blush of meeting, Sir Samuel considered his expedition virtually ended by this rencontre, but when, with more admiration for what they had accomplished, than regret at his own disappointment, he congratulated the travellers on the honour so hardly earned, they, with characteristic candour and generosity, pointed out to their brother-explorer, that much yet remained to be done. It was true that the Nile had been tracked from the Victoria N'yanza, and crossed at Karuma Falls, in N. Lat. 2° 17′, but although the course of the great river was known to be northerly, it had suddenly turned west from the Falls, and the natives declared that it held this course for many days' journey, and at last fell into a large N'yanza, called the Lùta Nzigé, or "dead locust" lake. All three explorers saw at a glance how important it became to follow the Nile to this lake, and from thence back again to Gondokoro, but it had been impossible for Captains Speke and Grant to continue to track the river from Karuma, on account of the civil wars raging among the tribes. They were, however, persuaded that the Lùta Nzigé must be a second source of the Nile, and that the expedition would be incomplete without making this point sure. Sir Samuel shall go on with the story of the noble emulation, so free from any taint of mean jealousy or sordid ambition.

"I had been much disheartened at the idea that the great work was accomplished, and that nothing remained for exploration. I even said to Speke, "Does not one leaf of the laurel remain for me?" I now heard that the field was not only open, but that an additional interest was given to the exploration by the

proof that the Nile flowed out of one great lake, the Victoria, but that it evidently must derive an additional supply from an unknown reservoir."

Not only did Captain Speke urge Sir Samuel Baker to go on with his expedition, which had been fitted out at so much cost and pains, but generously gave him a map of his route, and with his own hand wrote minute instructions as to the best way of managing the natives, adding every possible hint about the nature and resources of the country. Sir Samuel says, "I am particular in publishing these details, in order to show the perfect freedom from jealousy of both Captains Speke and Grant. Unfortunately, in most affairs of life there is not only fair emulation, but ambition is too often combined with intense jealousy of others. Had this miserable feeling existed in the minds of Speke and Grant, they would have returned to England with the sole honour of discovering the source of the true Nile; but in their devotion to the specific object of their expedition, they gave me all information to assist in the completion of the great problem—the 'Nile Sources.'"

And now we will take leave of our former fellow-travellers, with a parting wave of the hand in friendship, and set our faces for the Lùta Nzigé,—undaunted by all the tales we have heard of hardship and danger ahead,—in company with Sir Samuel and his heroic wife. Our readers will have glanced over the last two pages to but little purpose if they do not share our admiration for the character of our new exploring companion, and for his ready acknowledgment of the value of the geographical achievements of his fellow-countrymen.

On the 26th February, 1863, Captains Speke and Grant sailed from Gondokoro, returning down the

Nile in boats belonging to Baker's expedition, and that explorer started a few days later, after quelling a serious mutiny and outbreak among his men, for the Latooka Country. Before this was reached, however, they had to pass through a powerful and unfriendly tribe, who dwelt among the mountains of Ellyria. They had neither guide nor interpreter, and they commenced the desperate journey in darkness, about an hour after sunset. The expedition had been most carefully planned, and everything arranged to insure success. The transport animals were in good condition, the saddles and pads made under Sir Samuel's own superintendence, and every detail of pack-saddles and loads simplified. All that is said on this point, in the volumes before us (Baker's Albert N'yanza), is of real practical value to the traveller, be he journeying for pleasure or business, and will be equally sound advice to wayfarers in other countries. Look after the pence—so to speak—the petty details of travelling, and the pounds, or great events, will take care of themselves. The improvidence of the natives in the uncivilized countries we have travelled through, is the most striking feature of their character. Like children in their loves and hatreds, their fits of good or bad temper, they are also childlike in neglecting to take the simplest precautions to avoid suffering extremes of hunger and thirst.

No sensational novel is more thrilling in its interest than the pages devoted to these forced marches through the narrow defiles between Tollogo and Ellyria, where each rock ahead might prove the cover from which a shower of spears would be cast at the advanced guard of the little force. At this stage of the expedition, its pioneers were invariably Sir Samuel and his brave wife. Side by side, and unattended and undaunted, they rode

before their cowardly followers, to warn the caravan of any difficulty. But all difficulties and obstacles were overpassed, and the rocky gorges threaded with no more serious misadventure than the pet monkey eating and scattering the men's supply of kisras, or black pancakes, or a tired camel nearly crushing a poor woman, or the drum which announced the hour of starting being squeezed flat, and silenced for ever. During most of the journey, the donkeys were a constant source of aggravation. It was above all things necessary to push on towards the Ellyrian chief's village with great speed; the principal hindrance to a rapid progress consisted in the frequent stumbles of the poor camels, but as if their misfortunes were not bad enough, whenever a camel fell and a halt was called, all the donkeys—twenty-one in number—laid themselves quietly down and rolled upon their loads.

At last the lonely valley of Ellyria was reached, and the camp formed under some large trees which grew by the side of a stream. The appearance of the white people was the signal for all the natives to swarm like bees out of their palisaded villages on the heights above, and cluster around the strangers. They are described as being naked and brutal, but in these unpleasant attributes they were exceeded by their chief Leggé, who is pronounced to be the greatest rascal in Central Africa. Without generosity, or even a barbarous sense of honour, Leggé begged for everything he saw, and would not hear of making the customary return presents, and as the natives refused to sell provisions, the camp was chiefly dependent for food upon its leader's rifle.

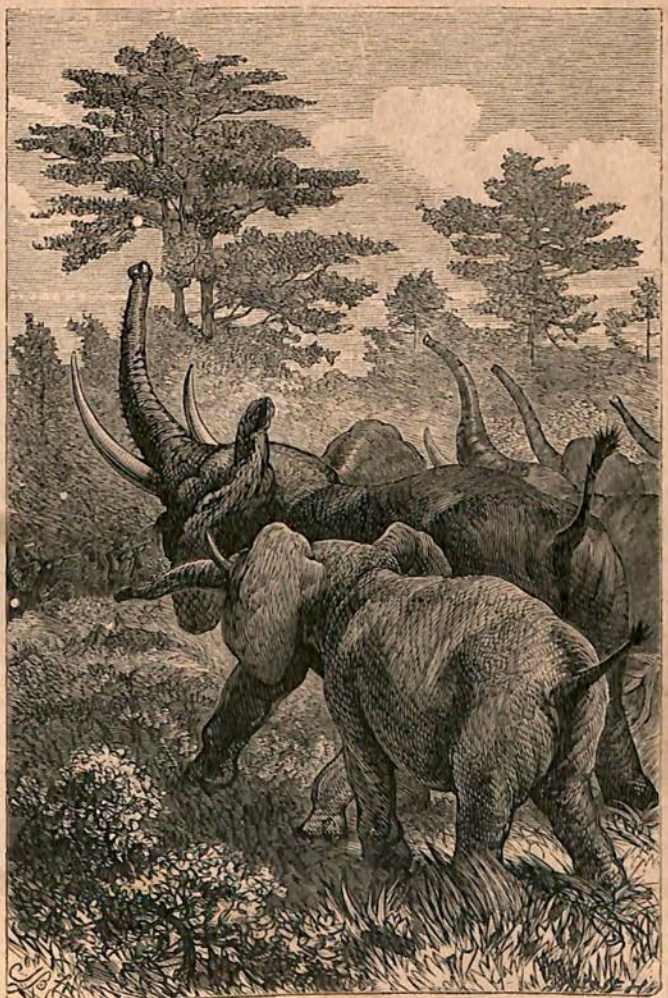
On the 30th March, they turned their backs on this fertile and beautiful but inhospitable region, and held an easterly course through a somewhat flat country,

until the Kanieti river was passed, and a welcome halt made at the village of Wakkala, which stands amid the happiest of hunting grounds. Elephants, giraffes, buffaloes, zebras, rhinoceros, and many varieties of antelope are the large game, and it was a severe trial to so ardent a sportsman as Sir Samuel to be unable to linger for a few days' shooting. But the lofty summit of "Gebel Lafeet," one of the chief peaks of the Latooka range, lay before them, and they pushed on through the winding valley at the foot of the hilly chain which encloses the Latooka country. The capital of this district is called Tarrangollé, and when this point was reached, Gondokoro had been left 101 miles behind them.

Very different from the Bari and Ellyrian savages were the gentle inhabitants of Latooka. Tall and well made, their cast of countenance was remarkably pleasing; Moy, the principal chief, was a model of savage courtesy, and his brother Commoro, or the Lion, one of the cleverest and most sensible natives ever met with. The toilette of the natives is primitive in the extreme, as all their efforts are devoted to covering their heads. This is effected by allowing the hair to grow long, and then twisting it into a natural helmet, intertwined with narrow strips of bark, and, as soon as the proper shape is attained, sewing bright beads in a regular pattern over the felt-like material offered by the mixture of hair and bark fibre. The men devote all their energies to perfecting this adornment, which requires the patient hair-dressing of years; but the women prefer to plaster their thick locks quite flat to the head, with red ochre and fat, tatooing their cheeks and temples.

About the middle of April, Sir Samuel went on a short elephant-hunting expedition, accompanied by a

few Latookas, who were keen sportsmen, and Richarn, a faithful black, brought up by the Austrian Mission at Khartoum, and hired at that place. Buffaloes were first met with, but the hunters were distracted from following them by the sudden appearance of two fine bull elephants, steaming away like locomotives ahead of them. To mount his old Abyssinian hunter, "Tétel," or "hartebeest," touch him with the spur and start with a shout of "Follow me" to the Latookas, in swift pursuit of the noble game, was the work of a moment. After a quarter of an hour's chase over deep ruts and gullies concealed by long grass the quarry was overhauled, and received a shoulder shot from the Reilly No. 10 rifle. The only effect of the wound was to make the elephant rush along quicker, and it was some time before the bold huntsman could get an opportunity of reloading, obliged as he was to follow the animal closely, lest it should be lost sight of amid the tall grass and bush. A second shot, just behind the bladebone, brought the elephant with a shrill scream down full charge upon his pursuer, and it became a regular "battle of the spurs," for there was nothing for it but to fly and reload at full gallop. At last the poor beast halted, and stood before his pursuer, with drooping trunk and ears closely pressed back upon its neck. But just as the rifle was raised and ready, a rushing sound was heard, and a herd of some eighteen or twenty elephants, with immense tusks, broke cover and bore down to where "Tétel" and his rider stood motionless and concealed by the high grass. When they had arrived within twenty yards of his ambush, the bold hunter dashed out of his cover with a yell which fairly scared them. They turned and rushed up hill, but owing to the rough ground it was difficult to keep up with the herd. Sir



ELEPHANT HUNTING. P. 286

Samuel accordingly singled one out, and stuck closely to him, but his men having, as usual, run away the moment the sport grew dangerous, he had no second gun at hand. It became therefore necessary to give over the chase, and seek for the track of the wounded elephant. A short search brought Sir Samuel to the spot, but lo! like Mother Hubbard's dog, who was found laughing, when his coffin was brought home, the supposed dying beast had revived, and the moment he saw his enemy, jerked up his trunk in saucy defiance, and made straight at him. It was now the hunter's turn to be hunted, and he had a very narrow escape, only saving himself by a sharp turn round a tree. When the open was gained, a fresh steady shoulder-shot brought the elephant once more on his knees, but only to stagger up again, and, screaming with rage, charge wildly and desperately at his implacable foe. Sir Samuel declares that in a life's experience in elephant-hunting, he never was hunted for such a distance, and that another hundred yards would have baffled him. At one time the huge animal was within ten yards of the horse's tail, and had his trunk stretched to the utmost to grasp it, but the horse, not relishing the idea of being thus stopped, put his best legs foremost, and did his best. But poor Tétel's best would not have availed him if the elephant had not suddenly given up the chase and turned away into the jungle, where he was found dead, poor beast, next morning.

Scattered thickly through Sir Samuel's book are stories of hunting expeditions, of dangers met and overcome with prudence and courage, and, as we read on, we feel puzzled to know which of the two explorers to admire and wonder at the most,—the husband, or the brave and beautiful wife. Never

had an adventurous pioneer of civilization such a help-meet. No personal hardship, no suffering, no misery weighed, even lightly as a feather, in the unequally poised scales where failure or success trembled in the balance. The gentle yet heroic woman-spirit never failed to counsel perseverance, and enforce hope in the most desperate crisis; her husband has rewarded her, for it is through his pages that we all learn to love and admire her.

Making a fresh start from the beautiful Latooka Valley with the shattered remnants of the expedition on the 2nd of May, 1863, we once more enter the mountainous country which encloses it. Obbo was the name of the next district, where the explorers were hospitably invited to remain, but the climate not being found favourable, they started on the 21st, and returned to Latooka, where fever and small-pox made their dreaded appearance in the little camp. Change of air was the only remedy, so a month later they made another attempt to get through the Obbo country. This part of the march was difficult in the extreme. Famine brooded over the once fertile plains, constant fever enfeebled the English travellers, and the heavy rains not only made the roads almost impassable, but disagreed with the animals, whose fast diminishing numbers were thinned yet more rapidly by the attacks of the odious Tsetse. Yet here, in tiresome inaction, Sir Samuel was forced to remain until the month of January, 1864.

By this time he and his wife were reduced to the very threshold of death's awful door by constantly and regularly recurring attacks of fever. Just at the moment when an easy mode of transit became of paramount importance to the weak frames which still held, as if by a miracle, those dauntless spirits, the

last of the baggage animals died. Mouse, the solitary remains of the original stud, had long ago been bitten and tormented to death by birds and flies, and now the last donkey gave up the struggle for existence. Even the quinine came to an end, and never was there a more forlorn hope than that which led Sir Samuel and his wife, with faltering steps, towards the hidden lake. The lady rode on an ox; her husband, who could hardly stand, lost his bovine steed at the outset, and had to journey on foot until another could be procured.

Three days' slow and painful progress through lovely scenery brought them to the Asua river, and Shooa, a highland village, was reached on the 13th January. At this place their few remaining porters deserted, but still they held on their way through forest and prairies till they struck the Somerset river, or Victoria White Nile, on the 22nd January. From this point they made for the Karuma Falls, which Captain Speke had visited in October 1862, and put up at the village of Atāda, about three hundred yards from the river. Here they were delayed waiting for Kamrasi, our former acquaintance, to make up his capricious mind on the subject of their reception. In vain Sir Samuel sent ambassadors and messages by the dozen to declare that he was "Speke's own brother," and to drop hints of costly and beautiful presents in reserve for the M'Kamma, or king; it was the middle of February before they were escorted to the palace, where the king received him very graciously. It turned out, however, afterwards, that this was not the true Kamrasi, but his younger brother. Of course the first subject of conversation was on the topic which laid so near the explorers' hearts, the Lùta Nzigé, and they were now told it was *six months'* journey off, and

that it would be certain death to attempt it in their weak state.

At this place every one of their porters left them, and not a man was left to carry the luggage. Constant attacks of fever succeeded each other with frightful regularity, but on the 22nd February a final start for the Lake was made, Kamrasi, or rather M'Gambi, having furnished them a guide and a few porters. But before they could turn their backs on this marshy place, where every instant's delay lessened their slender chance of success, it was necessary to bid good bye to the rapacious impostor, who wound up his hundred and one requests by a demand that pretty, fair Lady Baker should be left behind in exchange for a couple of his "squalid savage" mates. We are delighted to find, however, that the supposed Kamrasi very nearly had his brains blown out and his dusky face well scratched by the indignant couple, and he hastily retracted his insolent demand with an ample apology, and did his utmost to speed his infuriated guests on their desperate way.

The next two chapters read like the record of a dreadful nightmare journey, and it is with a thrill of triumph and joy we stand with the undaunted travellers, alone and hand in hand, on the shores of the Lùta Nzigé, early on the morning of the 14th March. From its blue bosom rose towards the west, mountains 7,000 feet high; a boundless sea horizon glittered far as their weary eyes could reach, on the south and south-west; whilst the eastern shores of the lake were from north to south occupied by the Chopi, Unyoro, Uganda, Utumbi and Karagwé countries. From this latter point the Lake was reported to turn suddenly to the west, and no man knew how far it extended in that direction.

This then was the great Basin of the Nile, where every drop of water was received, from the passing shower to the mountain torrents which drain the north of Central Africa. The Victoria N'yanza was only a vast reservoir for the great system of western drainage, and this was the true birthplace of the mighty river. On the shores of the huge rocky cistern, appropriately called by Sir Samuel the Albert N'yanza, we will leave the worn-out wayfarers. Theirs must have been the deep joy with which no stranger dare intermeddle, and to all who would read the simple and touching record of a brave man's triumph, we would say, read it in his own words, for they can alone do justice to the subject.

There, too, will be found the account of the return journey, full of its own trials and sufferings, beginning from the time when they reluctantly turned their backs on the fascinating lake, including a shameful detention at Patooān of two months' duration, and a further delay at Kisoona, where they would have been tolerably comfortable had it not been for the terrible frequency of the fever fits, which were at length subdued by a sort of vapour bath formed by the steam of boiled castor-oil leaves.

There was little doubt of its being the true Kamrasi this time who acted as their jailor-host, for he begged for everything, from Lady Baker's little fringed kerchief on her head, to the stool her husband was sitting on.

Early in September the camp moved on, holding an E.N.E. course, passing, first through the Foweera tribe and then through that of the M'was, till they reached the shores of the White Nile again. It was quite the middle of November when the travellers at length bade adieu to Kamrasi, and joined

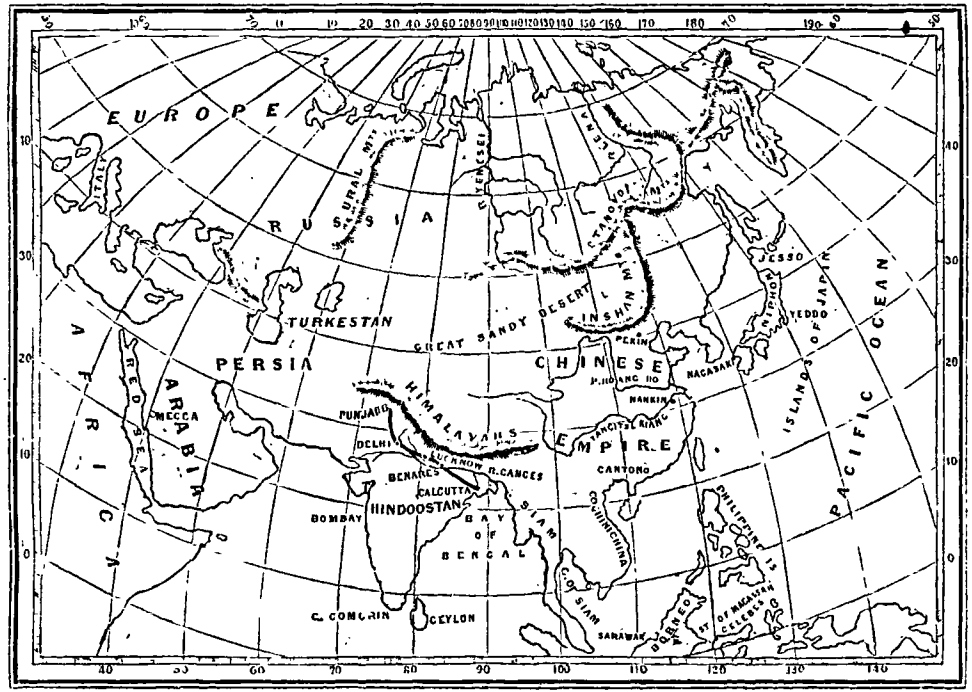
their small party to a band of eighty Turks and 700 porters on their way to Shooa laden with ivory. The end of the fifth day brought them to that place, where they lingered for six months, making excursions, collecting geographical information, and drawing maps of their journey. There was no big game to be met with, except waterbucks and hartebeestes. February 1865 found the travellers *en route* once more, passing through the Ellyrian mountains and reaching the depôt at Gondokoro before the end of the month, and making Khartoum at sunset on the 5th May.

Here the joy of the richly earned welcome which awaited them was damped by the news of the noble-hearted Speke's accidental death, and Sir Samuel winds up his lament for him in these generous words, with which also we must reluctantly bring our chapter on African Travel to a close.

"I wish it to be distinctly understood how thoroughly I support the credit of Speke and Grant for their discovery of the first and most elevated Source of the Nile in the great Victoria N'yanza. Although I call the river between the lakes the 'Somerset,' as it was named by Speke upon the map he gave me, I must repeat that it is positively the Victoria Nile, and the name 'Somerset' is only used to distinguish it, in my description, from the entire Nile that issues from the Albert N'yanza.

PART V.

ASIA.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YEDDO
ISLANDS OF JAPAN
PACIFIC OCEAN
HANG HO
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HIMALAYAHS
PUNJAUB
DELHI
LUCKNOW
CANCES
BENARES
CALCUTTA
CANTONG
COCHINCHINA
HINDOOSTAN
BOMBAY
BAY OF BENGAL
GULF OF SIAM
PHILIPPINE IS
ARABIAN SEA
RED SEA
MECCA
ARABIA
C. COMORIN
CEYLON
SARAWAK
BORNEO
ST. OF MACASSAR
CELEBES

ASIA

CHAPTER XXVII.

BORNEO, SARÁWAK, AND CELEBES.

THOUGH everybody knows where Borneo is, perhaps few are able to put their finger instantly on Saráwak, or Celebes, for the geography of even "well educated" people is often rather hazy, and they would be very sorry to fall into the hands of an examiner with maps printed neatly off upon his wonderful brain. Nothing short of such a theory could account to them for the way in which such an examiner would know exactly where every place was, its latitude, longitude, chief products, and all about it. Of course I do not suppose that any one so learned will ever look into this humble little book, which only professes to instruct the *very* ignorant, and to amuse those who are easily amused.

To such then, for whom I confess a strong sympathy and fellow-feeling, I address myself with the whispered information that Saráwak is a province on the western coast of the island of Borneo, whilst Celebes is an island on the east, and is separated from its big neighbour by the straits of Macassar.

All travellers declare that the scenery, whether on the coast or in the interior of these islands, is exqui-

sitely beautiful, but they are inhabited by a fierce warlike mixed race, who are very difficult to civilize and govern. So long as we glide among the thickly clustered isles of this southern portion of the Indian Archipelago, and enjoy from the deck of the ship the splendid outlines of mountain and cliff, bays and river-mouths,—or wander, gun in hand, under the deep shade of the inland forests, to emerge next moment upon picturesque glades and waterfalls,—all is well with us. But when it comes to perpetual alarms of tribal warfare, among the numerous inhabitants of the districts or rajahates, who are not given to discriminating between friend and foe,—when we hear that the savage Saribus, or head-hunters, are out "a-moking,"[1] and would rather prefer the variety of a white man's head to the usual bronze-coloured ones;—then we feel it would be far better to dwell in the ugliest and most prosaic spot of earth where the doctrine of peace and goodwill towards your neighbour was taught and obeyed.

But fortunately for these wild members of the great human family, there are some adventurous spirits who prefer carrying their lives in their hands to insuring them in an office, and who devote all the best years of their existence to trying to tame and teach the beauty of law and order to savages whose actions are guided almost entirely by omens and dreams. Foremost among these unselfish men stands the Rajah Sir James Brooke, who tells us frankly, that he has found his happiness in advancing the happiness of his adopted people, and whose nephew, Mr. Charles Brooke, the Tuan-Muda of Saráwak, has been equally fortunate in trampling out the last efforts of the piratical Malayan chiefs and their friends and sup-

[1] An expression equivalent to our "running a muck."

WAR PRAHUS.

porters amongst the Dyaks of Saribus. Another member of the same family, Mr. Brooke Brooke, was also Tuan-Besar of Saráwak, and in spite of the difficult tempers and volcanic natures of the Malays and Dyaks, these Englishmen feel a real affection for the wild race to whose welfare they have devoted their lives.

We will turn over the pages of some published journals of both the Tuan-Muda and the Rajah, which are edited by Captain R. Mundy, R.N., who also adds some very interesting remarks of his own.

More than thirty years ago, Sir James, then only Mr. Brooke, touched land at that part of the island of Celebes where a deep arm of the sea runs into the interior, forming a large bay called the Gulf of Boni. Celebes is of a most eccentric shape. As I look at it now in a large map of the Indian Archipelago, it resembles nothing so much as a star-fish, with one of its points shorter, and the other much more elongated, than in the real creature. Boni's Gulf is the space between the south-east and western tongues of land, whilst Faminie Bay divides another and more northern strip from these. Celebes has far more than its fair share of sea-coast, and scarcely any part of it can be said to be inland.

However, Mr. Brooke was in ecstasies with the first glimpse of its mountain ranges, after a tedious three weeks' passage thither from Singapore, and the New Year's Day of 1840 found the good ship (or, as its owner and master calls it, the yacht) *Royalist* cruising along the western side of the Gulf of Boni. The Dutch were before us in this island, as they were in all these latitudes, but, what with wars and treaties, they and other nations have gradually made way

for us. In 1840 the State of Boni was the most powerful in Celebes, and was governed by a king, elected by the seven chief rajahs of the territory; but although Mr. Brooke desired to see this monarch, the state ceremonies were too long and tedious to admit of his doing so. So he set forth again, still coasting northwards; and even at this early stage of his career we come across some words written in this, his private journal, for his own individual guidance, which we must transcribe here. They carry their own teaching with them. Perhaps among the unknown boy-readers of this little book there is one whose future career may resemble in some respects that of Sir James Brooke. May he be guided by the spirit of these lines; so will the good which the great Rajah did during his life live after him.

"I must ever stamp on my mind, ever and ever recur to the same just principle, that any collision with these poor people would be as barbarous as unjustifiable. It rests with me alone to forbear. All about me would plunge forward, take and give offence, and cause the shedding of blood—and innocent blood. Patience; patience, then, patience!" And yet the Rajah was by no means a peace-at-any-price man. We find him later counselling bold measures with the turbulent Sea Dyaks, and asserting his own position with courage and dignity when necessary.

After six months' cruise around the Gulf of Boni, Mr. Brooke returned to Singapore, refitted and sailed once more for Borneo, landing at Saráwak at the end of August, 1840. Borneo, in its entirety, measures 900 miles in length, 700 at its greatest breadth, and its circumference is six thousand miles. Except Australia, it is the largest island in the world, and

from its favourable geographical position, its fertile soil, healthy climate, and rich mineral treasures, will doubtless be of great importance in future commercial history. Its capital—that is, the capital of Borneo Proper—is Bruné, on the western sea-board, and not very far from the little island of Labuan, now belonging to us. The inhabitants of Borneo may be roughly divided into two races—the Kadyans, or Hill people; and the Muruts, or Dyaks. These again are subdivided into many sects differing from each other in laws and customs, the constant infringement of which is a fruitful source of wars. It is impossible to imagine any country more misgoverned than this at the date of Mr. Brooke's arrival. The people were starving amid the possibility of plenty; the once considerable trade with China in camphor, tortoise-shell, birds'-nests, and sandal-wood, had dwindled to nothing, and the violent and anarchical native government frightened away European settlers.

Omar Ali-Sapudin was the reigning Sultan in 1840, and a very inefficient one he appears to have been, for half his people were rebels, and each man's hand was raised against his neighbour. Although Mr. Brooke defends his future subjects from some of the most odious accusations made by other travellers, still he admits enough to prevent our having any great envy of his elevation to rule over people who, for instance, eat their parents when they get old and helpless, or, as the amiable Patakans do, wander from place to place without home or hearth, and roost, like birds, in trees. The Battas dispose of their criminals also by eating them; but Mr. Brooke emphatically denies that they are anthropophagi, and declares that the famous *lor dara*, or feast of blood, consists of nothing worse than the tit-bits of a newly

killed animal minced and eaten raw with blood and spices.

I will tell you some of the curious habits of these people; first and foremost, that the women have, ages ago, outstripped their more civilized sisters in the race for power and place. All the offices of state in Celebes are open to women, including that of Aru Matoah, or chief magistrate, and four out of six of the principal chiefs of Wajo are generally females. These strong-minded ladies appear in public like the men, governing and acting in the most independent fashion, with or without the consent of their husbands. But we cannot find that the difficulties or troubles of Government are more easily met or fewer than under our "oppressive and tyrannical" system, which enjoins women to remain as quiet as their nature permits. Indeed the evidence goes to prove rather the other side of the question. The more open and avowed the petticoat government, the more confusion and intrigue, at all events among the Dyaks.

They are guided almost entirely by omens. Everything is a sign or symbol of the future, even to a knot in a bit of wood, and everybody is his own fortune-teller. When, in addition to this spiritual bondage to a straw or a feather blown at random by the wind, a dream is held to be an infallible warning, we may imagine how difficult it is to carry on even the simplest business. As may be expected, the Dyaks are credulous to a degree, and the wildest stories are gravely received, if backed up by a good nightmare or a puzzling omen. For example, in Saráwak a man took a sudden freak to run off into the jungle and live as an Antu, or spirit. We are not told how Antus manage to exist in this world, with its trouble-

some unspiritual ways, but Mr. Charles Brooke was assured that when the individual returned, after a few years, to his own place and people, he was covered from head to foot with a thick coating of hair, like the orang-outans with which the woods are crowded. The story goes on to declare that in a short time the hair all fell off, and he became once more like his fellows.

Another legend is, that once upon a time a Dyak lost himself and wandered for a month in some mountain caves, returning to his friends and relations without either ears, lips, or fingers. These somewhat indispensable parts of his frame he asserted to have been eaten off by the swarms of bats which infested the rocky labyrinth, and his only food during his wanderings consisted of his winged enemies.

On the whole, "head-hunting" must be the most disagreeable of the customs of the country, and was the one which the Rajah and Tuan-Muda did their best to put down with a strong hand. A man is not allowed to take unto himself a wife until he can produce at least one head as a trophy, and it does not signify in the least on whose shoulders the head has grown. Friend or enemy, it is quite the same to the Saribus Dyaks. Heads they want, and heads they will have. When they have obtained the coveted article, they exhibit it at a feast much as we should a racing-cup; after which the company, dressed in their best clothes, walk past in procession, each person tapping it with a bit of wood for luck's sake. Unfortunately, the same head won't do twice—it must be a fresh head for each festival.

Like many savage nations, the Dyaks have a surprising memory, but possess no means of distin-

guishing marks or letters. One day the Tuan-Muda wanted to give some instructions to a Dyak friend, and as a great deal of counting was involved in the transaction, the natives brought a few dry leaves, for which pieces of paper were afterwards substituted. He arranged each fragment separately on the table, and used his fingers in counting as well, until he reached ten, when he lifted his foot on the table, and took a toe to accord with each bit of paper answering to the name of a village, name of chief, number of followers, and amount of fine. After having finished with his toes, he returned to his fingers again. When the list was completed, Mr. Charles Brooke (the Tuan-Muda) counted forty-five bits of paper on the table, and repeated once more the names of the villages, &c. "Now," said the Dyak, "this is our kind of letter; you white men read differently." Mr. Brooke goes on to say that early the next morning the names were gone over with perfect accuracy, and for a month longer remained fixed by this curious process in the Dyak's memory.

Each tribe's manners and customs vary far from its neighbour's, and doubtless this is the reason of the incessant hot water in which the Borneans live; yet both the Rajah and the Tuan-Muda and Besar found the people amenable to reason, and full of good qualities. The Rajah acknowledges that he was much discouraged, in his earlier attempts to develop the mineral resources of his adopted country, to find that whilst he was making preparations with trench and sluice to wash the earth of the Santah river for diamonds, his head man, or overseer, devoted his energies to carving on a stick an inscription in Chinese characters, which signified, "Rajah Mudah Hassim, James Brooke, and Hajji Ibrahim present

their compliments to the Spirit, and request his permission to work at the mine."

I must conclude my chapter with a good word for the ladies of the islands of the Indian Archipelago; that is, a good word for their appearance. The women of Borneo, Celebes, and Saráwak, are far from plain. In early youth they are quite handsome, and appear, from the evidence of European visitors, to be sprightly, laughing damsels enough; rather free and easy, perhaps, according to our ideas, but strictly proper according to their own. In spite, however, of the gallantry of the Rajah and others in trying to paint these dusky damsels in bright colours, we come across stories of childish rage and unchildish deceit. Their tempers are also of the shortest, and it is not an uncommon occurrence, if a husband ventures to find fault with his dinner, either in quantity or quality, for the wife to go off to the nearest jungle and deliberately poison herself. In such a case the husband would be summoned before a tribunal, reproved for his harshness, and fined "a jar" (of what we do not know), which is supposed to be the market value of an average wife.

The instance of deceit is more commonplace. A young Dyak lady had a habit of running away from her home to avoid performing her share of the household duties. The chief, or head of the family, tried every means to tame the fugitive; he even persuaded her to take an oath that she would not run away for a certain time. The next morning the bird had flown. When caught and brought back her feet were fastened into a kind of frame, or stocks, and in this position she received, with great apparent penitence, a long lecture from the head of the household. Topsy-like, she bewailed her inability to be good, but

declared she would try her best in future. Whilst she was speaking, her hands were slyly but busily engaged in hacking and hewing, with a rude tool, at the insecure stocks, and so soon as the Mentor's back was turned, the young lady was off and away to her jungle haunts, where she could live in idleness on wild berries and fruits.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

THE DYAKS.

In spite of the peaceful efforts of the good Rajah to develop the resources of Borneo, he was discouraged and thrown back from time to time by an unexpected outbreak of his turbulent subjects. We find him deploring, in the bitterest grief, that whilst he was working hard and finding his reward in the general prosperity and increasing happiness of the tribes, news came that the Sakaran Dyaks had made a sudden piratical descent upon the main land with a fleet of seventy prahus[1] conveying 1,200 fighting men. With this force they perpetrated frightful ravages, burning villages, laying waste the country wherever they effected a landing, and carrying off the women and children into slavery. This outbreak took place early in 1846, and before half that year was over, came the intelligence that Brunê had been the scene of still more frightful calamities. The Sultan of Borneo became alarmed at the favour with which most of the members of his family regarded the British Government, and in order to secure the throne to his elected successor Muda Hassim, quickly massacred all the rest of his relations. Mr. Brooke says, "My un-

[1] Boats adapted for coast warfare.

happy friends have all perished for their faithful adherence to us. Every man of ability, even of thought, in Borneo, is dead—sacrificed!"

Up to this time Mr. Brooke's efforts had been chiefly devoted to developing the trade and industry of the people, encouraging their rulers to undertake and fulfil the duties of government in a more enlightened and patriotic spirit. But now it was necessary to put down these horrors with a high hand. The Sultan had set an example of treachery and cruelty which showed his unfitness for his high position. Mr. Brooke never rested therefore until, by means of a division of the English fleet under Rear-Admiral Sir Thomas Cochrane, he had brought about the defeat and submission of the Sultan, the total destruction of the strongholds of the Illanun pirates, and the cession of the Island of Labuan. By September of the same year, Mr. Brooke had been, by the universal demand of the people, raised to the dignity of Rajah, and invested with the sovereignty over the whole coast of Borneo Proper from Point Assi to Malladu.

Captain Mundy gives a very interesting account of the cruise of H.M.S. *Iris* along the sea-board, in the course of which he describes how the treacherous Sultan tried to get money for Labuan. This was an after-thought on his Bornean Majesty's part, and not to be entertained for a moment by the British Government. Then Omar Ali tried to gain time by declaring it would be unlucky to sign the treaty of cession on the day fixed, as it happened to be Friday. After some argument he was driven from that position; but fresh difficulties were raised, until at last Captain Mundy "turned to the Sultan and exclaimed firmly, 'Bobo chop, bobo chop!' followed up by a few

other Malay words, the tenor of which was that I recommended his Majesty to put his seal forthwith." Now we do not know what "bobo chop" signifies, but it must be a very strong expression, for the story goes on to say that his Highness instantly arose, saying "I promised and I will perform;" and returned in a few minutes bearing the royal signet, which was then and there affixed to the treaty.

Before closing these chapters on the principal islands of the Malayan group, I must give my young readers a specimen of Dyak diplomacy and Dyak warfare. I find both in Captain Keppel's "Expedition to Borneo of H.M.S. *Dido*," and I heartily recommend all boys who love stories about piracy to get these two volumes and read for themselves of surprises and fights by sea and land. I can safely promise that if, like fat Joe in *Pickwick*, "they wants to make their flesh creep" (and what boy does not desire this?) they will find stories horrible enough to satisfy the most voracious appetite for pirates.

It was some time before that just mentioned, when the Sultan had taken it into his head to murder his whole family, that he employed himself in writing Captain Keppel a letter. Now this was by no means an everyday affair with his Majesty, and he made a tremendous fuss about handing it to the brave captain of the *Dido*.

First of all the letter had to be sealed with a seal "as big as the crown of my best bonnet," as Katie says in her song; then to be sewn up in a large yellow silk bag, which bag had to be laid on a shining brass tray; a huge canopy was held over tray and letter and all; and so, with sword-bearers before and sword-bearers behind, this wonderful document was borne into the

presence of Captain Keppel, who sat in formal state to receive it, surrounded by high officials and native chiefs. It did not take the gallant sailor long to open his letter. A knife soon unfastened the yellow bag which was its envelope, and the interpreter read out these words:

"This friendly epistle, having its source in a pure mind, comes from Rajah Muda Hassim, next in succession to the Royal throne of the kingdom of Borneo, and who now holds his court at the trading city of Saráwak, to our friend Henry Keppel, head captain to the war-frigate belonging to her Britannic Majesty, renowned throughout all countries, who is valiant and discreet, and endowed with a mild and gentle nature."

Then the letter went on to say what the writer wanted, which was simply that as he and the Sultan found it a great deal of trouble to put down piracy, he wished Captain Keppel and the *Dido* to do it for them. The postscript runs thus: "We can present nothing better to our friend than a kris, such as it is," and the date is "20th day of Rabial Akhir, 1257." We are glad to learn that the royal kris, or dagger, was a handsome weapon with a good deal of gold about it, and a handle of carved ivory. The return gift of Captain Keppel was a French timepiece, which greatly delighted Muda Hassim.

Before we come to the pirate-hunting adventures which were the natural consequence of Captain Keppel's undertaking the job the Sultan and Muda Hassim found too difficult, we will give a little bit of one more letter which is still worthier of a place in the Bornean Polite Letter Writer. It is from a certain Laputongei, the Rajah of Waju, and is addressed to Mr. Brooke.

"The Prince Saduka now embraces and kisses his

adopted father Mr. Brooke, and presents the compliments of the Queen Arutempih. This is our statement. We now let fly this writing to Singapore," and so on, about a list of grievances, winding up with, "As a mere *sign* of our regard, for there is no substance to it, Laputongei sends Mr. Brooke two pieces of Bugis cloth, and to Mr. Bonstead a couple of bags of sugar."

But if we turn from words to deeds, we shall find a great difference in style. Fair speeches are exchanged for hard blows, and protestations of eternal gratitude for the blackest treachery.

First of all, we will see what a "prahu" or gunboat was like in Captain Keppel's day. They were too heavy to pull, though they carried from thirty to fifty oars, according to size. Their armament consisted of one or two six-pounders in the bow, one four-pounder stern-chaser, and a number of swivels, besides musketry, spears, and swords. The boat was divided into three sections, and fortified with strong planks, one behind the bow, one amidships, and one astern to protect the steersman. The women and children were taken on the piratical excursions, for the simple reason that they dare not remain behind, lest a neighbouring tribe should make a descent on the river village during the absence of the men, and carry off its weaker inhabitants to perpetual slavery. When an action was imminent, the prisoners, the women, and the infant pirates were stowed away down below, and ran as great risk from suffocation as from a stray shot.

Nothing could exceed the valour of these pirates. They looked upon the occupation as an honourable hereditary pursuit, and were robbers from pride as well as from taste. Indifferent to bloodshed, they were fond of plunder, but fondest of slaves; and their

Datus, or chiefs, regarded piracy as the noblest profession open to free men. Their prahus never sailed singly, but in fleets, and did not venture out to sea except in the calmest weather. They drove a flourishing trade at the river mouths, and were very wrath at the efforts of the English Admiral to put a stop to their mode of doing business. For many generations, both the Dutch and English Governments had left them unmolested, and they bitterly resented their interference now.

Captain Keppel was persecuted by entreaties from the feeble Sultan and his equally useless heir, Muda Hassim, to put a stop to these piracies, which were gradually destroying the native trade; and the Captain of the *Dido* readily promised to see what could be done by his blue-jackets. News came that a fleet of prahus had been hovering about Cape Datu, and as the *Dido's* largest pinnace happened to be under repair, Mr. Brooke lent a large boat, which had been built under his orders by the natives at Saráwak, and was called the *Jolly Bachelor*. There was no lack of volunteers from the *Dido* for pirate-hunting, and a mate, two middies, six marines, and a dozen seamen were despatched, under the command of the second lieutenant, a Mr. Hunt. They hoisted a brass six-pounder into the *Jolly Bachelor*, and started in high spirits. About a week later, one of the middies returned, bearing in his arms the captured colours of an Illamin pirate, and this was the story he told :—

"Three days after they got outside, they observed three boats in the offing, to which they immediately gave chase, but unsuccessfully. However, as soon as darkness came, the prahus could be made out creeping towards them, but the moment the *Jolly Bachelor* attempted to get near them, they scudded away.

When this game had been played two or three times, the sailors grew tired and hungry, and resolved to pull in shore, light a fire, and cook their supper. This was eaten in peace, and they returned to their boat, hauled her out to her grapnel near some rocks for the night, and, having stacked their loaded muskets round the mainmast, laid down to sleep with their cutlasses beside them. Sentries and officers of the watch were duly placed, but each man was more tired than his neighbour, and soon all the *Jolly Bachelors* were sound asleep.

"At three o'clock next morning, Lieutenant Hunt chanced to awake, and thought he was still dreaming, when he saw a Malay, brandishing his kris, and performing softly a private war-dance on the bit of a deck, being unable to restrain his ecstasies at having got possession of a fine trading boat. In the middle of the triumphant jig, the pirate turned, and saw Mr. Hunt's bare head and round astonished face, with the moonlight shining full upon it. In an instant he jumped overboard, and almost at the same moment a discharge from three or four cannon, only a few yards off, cut the *Jolly Bachelor's* rigging almost to pieces, and awoke her sleeping crew. It was fortunate that the men had been lying down when the volley of grape and canister came on board, for not one was hurt. When they sprung to their feet, they found a large prahu on each bow, lashed to the side by cables. In a moment these ropes were cut, the fire returned with interest, and the *Jolly Bachelor* backed astern to gain room. The struggle was both sharp and short, for a Malay pirate never expects or gives quarter, and fights as it were with a halter round his neck. The odds were fearfully against our men, for the prahus were protected with shot-proof barricades across the fore part of the boat, which had to be cut away before

the fire from the swivel guns could take effect. They pressed hotly forward, knowing that the fate of the battle depended on the first five minutes; but discipline carried the day against numbers. The marines stood steady as rocks, loading and firing with coolness and precision, whilst the pirates wasted their strength in trying to board, only to be driven back, first by a volley and then by clubbed muskets. One pirate boat soon began to sink, and the other made off round a point, where they were joined by a larger boat in reserve, which took them in tow and out of sight as quickly as possible. When our men boarded the sinking prahu, ready as Jack ever is to be good to his enemy the moment he is down, they found nothing but three feet of blood and water, with dead and dying men lying across the thwarts, or heaped on each other in the ghastly pool beneath. Every pirate who could move had thrown himself overboard, never dreaming of mercy or pity being shown to a fallen foe."

On another occasion, Captain Keppel was in command, the boats of the *Dido* were pulling up the branch river Lupar, on an errand of punishment against one Seriff Muller, a great friend and patron of pirates, if not actually one himself. It was necessary to advance with caution, and when night came on they took possession of a deserted farmhouse on the river bank, which was soon fortified and occupied by about fifty volunteers, commanded by our sailor-author, who was as usual attended by his bugler and a medley of Dyak and Malay followers, in addition to his own gig's crew and some officers and marines.

Sentries and look-out men were duly placed, "Tiga" given as a watchword, and all was quiet and peaceful until midnight, when suddenly a Dyak war-yell burst

out from the midst of the sleepers, which was mechanically answered, and gave the signal for the commencement of a scene of indescribable confusion in the crowded farmhouse. In a moment every man was on his legs; swords, spears, and krisses dimly glittered over their heads; but the difficulty was to find the enemy. Everybody, with great promptitude, held his loaded pistol to the head of the man nearest to him, but his hand was invariably stayed by the cry of "Tiga" from the fancied enemy. In the meantime, the bugler was pathetically imploring his master to allow him to sound the alarm; but it was quite unnecessary, for the yell had also awakened the men in the boats, who hurried to rescue, as they imagined, their friends on shore from a night surprise. When order was somewhat restored, it was discovered that the whole alarm arose from a Dyak who, having eaten too much supper, dreamt or imagined, that he felt a spear thrust upwards through the bamboo floor of the building, and promptly yelled with the anguish of his dream-wound. Indeed, it took "all the Queen's *sailors* and all the Queen's men" to convince him, after torches were lighted, that he had not received a mortal injury.

But our last look at beautiful Borneo need not be on its dark places, for even thirty years ago it was not without happy and peaceful scenes.

Let us imagine a successful expedition on its homeward way, after having driven a fleet of piratical prahus out of the river, and bestowed for a time the sense of security and safety, so precious and so rare, upon the dwellers in Saráwak.

As soon as the leading boat comes in sight, guns are let off dangerously at random; cannon fire, and all the inhabitants of the river-side village go forth

to meet and welcome the men who have rid them of their foes. In all countries, civilized or savage, the first form which gratitude takes is a good dinner, so our brave tars are fed and feasted to their hearts' content. When the practical part of the entertainment comes to an end, and the deliverers have well dined, a band of females, headed by the three principal wives of the Tumangong,[1] advance to welcome them. These ladies are richly and prettily dressed in sarongs, or short petticoats, and silken scarves worn gracefully over one shoulder. All are young, and most are pretty, for the Borneans judge, and judge rightly, that, however useful old women may be in their generation, on festive occasions young ones are more popular and more ornamental. What would become an intolerable bore if performed by a copper-coloured, toothless hag, becomes a pleasing ceremony when the principal performer is nineteen years old, and has a lovely face and lithe, slight figure. These dusky nymphs advance in a graceful procession, with half-dancing steps; and as they pass the good-humoured jolly tars, each lady throws a handful of yellow rice over him, repeating some mystical words, and follows it up by grating a lump of gold against a dried piece of shark's skin, till a glittering shower besprinkles each sailor's head, in token of coming rewards and honours.

Then the pipes are lighted by the ladies' hands, and gravity and silence settle down on the convivial party.

So we will leave them, feasting, not fighting; and our last glance shall be at the pretty Inda and Amina,

[1] Title of a Malay officer.

not at the rebel Pangeran troop, or the pirate chief described so vividly by Captain Keppel, dying, shot through the lungs, with his latest look a proud wistful survey of that ocean over which his fast-sailing prahu had so often skimmed in pursuit or triumph.

CHAPTER XXIX.

FROM CALCUTTA TO LUCKNOW.

THE title of this chapter would have been more attractive twenty years ago than it is now. Twenty years ago the route from Calcutta to Simla was not the beaten, tourist-frequented track, which it has become in days when a traveller thinks nothing of "taking a run out to India for some shooting." Ever since the introduction of railroads and the consequent opening up of the interior of the country, travelling has become so easy, not only to India, but in India, that not a few of those who feel a spirit in their feet impelling them to ramble about for a time choose to set their faces to the far East.

Twenty years ago the very Overland voyage to Calcutta would have been matter enough for a book, not to say a chapter. Now, even the stay-at-homes know as much about it as the travellers; for there have been libraries written about the route, and every meal and stopping-place are as accurately set forth as in a Murray's Guide Book. Besides which it is a melancholy fact that we don't care to hear about the doings of our fellow-creatures when these no longer involve hardships and tragedy. Who cares to know how comfortable was the cabin of the P. and O. steamer?

or how fine the weather was, a little hot perhaps, but that was of no consequence; or how agreeably a few hours were spent in the Bazaar at Cairo, or a hundred other pleasant little occurrences? No! Don't tell us anything about your journey unless you were shipwrecked or attacked by pirates, or there was a fire or a mutiny on board, or some other "interesting circumstance."

I choose Dr. Macleod's book, "Peeps at the Far East," from among its fellows, because much of what it describes is already familiar to me; but I shall certainly skip the introductory chapter about the voyage, which was unexciting and prosperous, and, turning to the middle of the handsome volume, we will land with the chatty Doctor at the Calcutta wharf. He does not say whether he shared the disappointment which I was childish enough to feel at the sight of Garden Reach. The only explanation which I can give of the exaggerated accounts of its beauty is, that after the months of sea and sky of the old-times voyages, any spot of earth must have looked fair and lovely, and was accordingly described in glowing colours. At all events, whatever may be the reason, Garden Reach, as my eyes beheld it ten years ago, was undeserving of its pretty name and fame.

The first remark which Dr. Macleod makes about the Calcutta houses, is one of those neat little word-touches which give one a more vivid idea of a place than pages of minute description. He notices the spaces between the houses, and says every house seems to say to the other, "Keep off, I am hot—let me breathe—let me have air!" That is just it. The so-called Palaces of Calcutta are large, forlorn, dreary-looking mansions, standing in lonely grandeur. When a dwelling is fresh from the plasterers' and painters'

hands it looks tolerably handsome; but the first rainy season washes its outer coat of stucco nearly off, and gives it a ruinous and neglected appearance. Perhaps my theory of a long voyage on first impressions may account for Calcutta's name—"A City of Palaces." We all know how large a hovel looks after some weeks or months on board ship, so these very moderate-sized houses may have appeared more worthy of their fine names to our forefathers than they do to us. The palaces at Calcutta would not look very regal if they were put down among the half-finished houses South Kensington-way.

Dr. Macleod's sea-weary eyes were delighted with the green verdure of the "Maidan," or Park, and impressed by the grandeur of the Chowringee Villas. He describes very well the evening appearance of this fashionable resort, with its crowd at once gay and picturesque, its mingling of the refinement of the West and the barbaric splendour of the East. He admires the branch of the Ganges, here called the Hooghly, flowing along one side of the well-kept parallelogram which forms the Park, and giving the scene so peculiar and distinctive a character. In no other city in the world do great vessels fresh from the storm—dangers of the sea lie moored to a shore whereby its rank and fashion drive and sit. Yet the taper masts and confused lines of rigging are harmonious adjuncts to the scene, and do not seem to entail any of the usual unsightly accompaniments to river traffic. Hereabouts are on ugly wharves or storehouses, no ghastly funeral piles or dying pilgrims, not even a bad smell. But, alas! there is only one short hour between sunset and dark in which to enjoy it all. The moment the sun is sufficiently low on the horizon to render it safe,

every one goes out riding and driving. Scarcely has a new comer looked around him or her, noticed the wonderful smartness of the ladies' toilettes—unwisely attracting more attention to their faded charms than simpler and less conspicuous garments—the listless, *boiled* look of the cross children in their ayah's laps, the harassed overworked appearance of the gentlemen, than the daylight goes out of the sky as if the sun had been put out with an extinguisher, and in five minutes it is pitch dark. The lamps, with which every buggy and carriage is provided, are lighted amid indescribable jabbering and chattering of the native servants, every one goes home as fast as he can, and the hurrying carriages and horsemen, all going in the same direction, the carriage lamps glowing like fireflies in the increasing darkness, the ghostliness of the white robes and turbans of the Syces as they flit through the crowd, all make up a scene of mystery and enchantment which no one who has once seen it can ever forget, and which can never grow tame or common-place.

This fashionable quarter of Calcutta, however, represents but a very small portion of the city, which covers an area of sixteen square miles, and contains very nearly a million of inhabitants: 400,000 of these are natives; but there is one portion devoted to the Chinese, and in their bazaar, or street of hovel-like shops, you may buy treasures of ivory toys, and film-like kites, and astoundingly ugly josses.

Our fellow-traveller was much amazed at the early hours at which visits are paid. Indeed, it is by no means uncommon for a high Calcutta official to leave his card upon a new arrival somewhere about six o'clock in the morning, whilst from ten to twelve are

the fashionable hours at which ladies make calls. The reception-rooms struck Dr. Macleod, as they strike every one, as being of a singularly empty and unhome-like appearance, wanting that cosy, inhabited look which an English drawing-room generally acquires, even in spite of gaudy upholstery. The indispensable Punkah is also a great disfigurement to a Calcutta room, whether its waving drapery be brown holland or crimson silk.

Open handed hospitality is the rule in Calcutta, as it is all over India; and Dr. Macleod speaks gratefully of the attentions he received. However cold and formal we, as a nation, may be in our own dear little foggy island, the moment we go to foreign parts we become confiding, nay, even rash, in the warm welcome we extend to new comers. The Christian teaching which is so little practised at home, is fully carried out among Englishmen abroad in all parts of the world. It is enough to be a stranger, and in any distress or trouble, to be fed and visited and comforted by fellow-countrymen and women who have already made comfortable homes for themselves in the far land.

Dr. Macleod saw Calcutta at the most favourable time of year, when the mornings and evenings are cool, and the heat at mid-day bearable; though even then it always appeared to me a stretch of courtesy to call it the "cold season." But by February, this comparative coolness changes day by day to a warmer glow, and it is necessary to hasten the journey "up country," ere the warm winds set in. These gales are considered very healthy; they prevail all over the N.W. Provinces of Bengal during the summer months. Inside a house, where the wind blows through wet mats of

fragrant cus-cus grass, they are exceedingly pleasant, but woe betide the unhappy traveller who makes a long dawk journey during their continuance. I can only say he will be a very strong minded and admirable person if he preserves his temper for five consecutive minutes.

However this was not our traveller's fate, and railroads would have shortened his sufferings even had the dreaded Monsoon been abroad. He left Calcutta on the 11th February, starting from the railway station at Howrah on the opposite bank of the Hooghly, and travelling on the iron road which stretches straight off for a thousand miles to Delhi.

It has always seemed to me that there are two things concerning Bengal which no one ever realizes from travellers' tales, whether printed or written. One of them is the vast extent, far beyond our insular imagination, of the plains between Calcutta and Umballah, and the other is the dead level, the utter flatness of these plains: no words can convey the immensity of the one, or the monotony of the other. But both these topographical features became enormous advantages to engineers when a line of railroad had to be laid down, though we suspect they would rather have to tunnel through hills than bridge the rivers which sweep across the flat expanse—rivers which, for some months of the year, are quiet and well conducted, and during the others behave like the ungovernable capricious torrents they are.

But we must return to the good Doctor, whose first resting-place was, after twenty-four hours' rail, at Bankipore, the nearest station to Patna, where only a short halt was made, and Benares reached at midnight of the same day. This city, on the frontier of the N.W. Provinces, is to the Hindoos what Mecca is to

the Mohammedans, or Jerusalem to the Jews. Its antiquity is so great that its early history is almost entirely lost and buried amid wild legends and traditions; but even to this day a thousand temples remain within its walls to testify to the religious spirit of former days. It was the home of theology and learning, the stronghold of the Brahmin teachers; at once the Rome and the Oxford of India.

The sacred territory is nearly fifty miles in circumference; and to crawl around its limits has always been the dearest wish of the devout Hindoo; and even now the ghauts or landing-places on the holy Ganges are crowded with devotees, whilst it is impossible to go a mile on the high road in any direction without meeting pilgrims returning to their homes laden with jars of the river-water, as presents to those who cannot journey thither themselves.

The Moslem conquerors, with their hatred to idols and temples have laid low many of the most splendid shrines of Brahma, and only one of any note—the Temple of Bisheswar, the idol king of Benares—remains in good preservation. The number of sacred bulls wandering loose about the streets has of late years greatly diminished, but the monkeys are just as much protected and worshipped as ever. It is certain death to a European to kill a monkey, and it is not long since a young officer who did this, was shot in his bed by his servant. The wretched native had the true martyr spirit, though his light was but darkness. He entreated the lad not to kill the animal, assuring him that his fate was sealed if he did so. The young man persisted in wantonly destroying his former pet, and two days afterwards this servant, who had been up to that fatal morning attached and devoted to him, shot him in the back with his own gun as he lay in his bed,

and then stood quite still, holding the smoking weapon in his hands until he was seized. He never attempted to elude his fate or deny his crime, and the only grief he showed was for his young master's fate. As for his own doom, he never said more than "He killed me as well as himself when he shot the monkey."

To see the native part of Benares, or "the City," as it is called in distinction to the European bungalows which form its suburbs, one must go on elephant-back; for thus, and thus alone, can a visitor penetrate through the narrow streets of houses seven storeys high with small latticed windows. But after a time the lanes, never very wide, become so narrow that the elephant has to be exchanged for one's own feet or a donkey. In the shops on each side of these slender threads of streets are displayed the brocades for which Benares is celebrated; curious native arms and accoutrements, toys, sweetmeats, and what not.

But other cities as attractive entice us onward; their tall minarets and gilded cupolas telling of barbaric splendour and pomp which existed when we were blue-skinned savages with matted hair, dressing in skins and living in forests. Let us courageously turn our backs on Benares, as beautiful in its grey and silent age as it ever could have been in the first flush of its grandeur and power.

A few hours' railway journey brings the traveller to Cawnpore, a place which derives its sole interest from the tragedy enacted there during the Great Mutiny. In itself the town is even more commonplace than most military stations in India, with its comfortable bungalows, well-made roads, clubs and assembly rooms. As Dr. Macleod says: "where the desperate defence was made, one sees only a flat dusty plain; where the awful slaughter-house stood, a flower-

garden of beautiful roses; the ghaut of the massacre appears but a commonplace river bank, and the Well looks only a nice bit of gothic architecture." But a whole generation must pass, perhaps many generations, before Englishmen or women can gaze at these spots without the colour leaping to their cheeks and the light of battle flashing into their eyes. Other spots of earth have their fearful story written in red words, which can thrill or freeze the reader's soul, but no other place can vie with Cawnpore in exciting burning indignation, and a wild surge of revengeful wishes. The gentlest spirit in the feeblest human frame cannot stand by that well without needing to repeat, as a spell to calm its fierce inner tumult, the solemn words carved on a rude wooden cross which used to stand near its bricked-up mouth: "Vengeance is mine, I will repay, saith the Lord." That tottering, hastily erected symbol of Christain charity has been removed long ago, and round the deep grave where our countrymen and women and their fair-haired children lie sleeping quietly, has been raised a beautiful gothic screen; but the lesson is still enforced by Marochetti's Angel of Peace. Behind and above this serene and saintly figure rises a tall cross; and the Angel's arms rest meekly over her breast, enfolding the martyr's palm branches, whilst her downcast eyes gaze for ever on the tomb beneath her feet. The dead sculptor's heart and hand have well realized and expressed the human sorrow and the divine sympathy.

Yet this was the end of the tragedy; and one feels that here the weary at least found rest, and could feel neither shame nor anguish more. It is far worse to stand on the steps of the ghaut against which the Ganges laps so peacefully, to look down the placid

reach of the noble river, and to remember that *here* was the greatest Massacre. Down these slippery steps came delicate women, and stalwart soldiers, and little children, all thinking that they were going to Allahabad, to safety and peace, that the bitterness of death was over. In a few hours the remnants of the fugitives returned. It is for these survivors we feel the most intense pity, not for those of the little band whose shot-riddled bodies were swirling down the river, or lying, past sense and feeling, in the blazing boats. Beyond the first wild terror of the surprise, they had felt no pain or trouble; but not till the day of judgment shall we ever know what misery was in reserve for those whom Tantia Topee's ambuscade spared. But, ah! by that Great Day we may each of us feel our need of forgiveness too much to denounce or cry for vengeance on those who have wronged us on earth!

In one of the burying-grounds stands a tomb which tells us that Sir William Peel is buried there—a frank, loyal-hearted sailor, beloved by all who knew or served under him; shot and shell had spared the life which fell a prey to cholera in the pest-stricken city of blood, which Cawnpore then was.

Only forty miles off stands Lucknow, the capital of Oudh, and the former residence of its King and Court. But we shall find too much to interest us in that fine old city, with its beautiful buildings and the story of its gallant defence, to crowd the subject in at the end of a chapter. It deserves a fresh page to itself.

CHAPTER XXX.

LUCKNOW, AGRA, AND DELHI.

LUCKNOW is built on the Goompty River, and one of the first things the Rebels did was to destroy the bridge, thinking by this plan to stop Outram's force, which was advancing as fast as man and horse could travel, to the rescue of our beleaguered countrymen. As well might the Sepoys have tried to stop a runaway horse with a packthread. They had not time to blow up the massive buttresses on which the old bridge rested; and behind the shelter of these projections our engineers laid down pontoons in the night for Outram and his brave following to cross over, and complete the good work of deliverance begun by Havelock.

Every spot of Lucknow is full of thrilling interest.

Let us enter the city at the gateway common to Indian towns beneath the shot-pecked span of which many heroes passed that year, their hearts beating high with the hope that there was yet time to save. Here Outram dismounted on the 1st September, after he had fought his desperate way right through the mutineers; and here had passed before him his noble brother-warriors, pressing forward eagerly to be first in at the Relief. Under its grim portals had wound, not long before, a long procession, chiefly women and

children, whom Havelock had snatched away from their desperate position and sent off to a place of comparative safety, whilst he remained to hold the Rebels at bay. Few men were to be seen in the slowly moving line. These had laid down their lives long before, during the terrible hundred and thirteen days of the first siege, and it was their widows and fatherless children who now took their sad way out of the fatal town.

Come up with me to the top of the Kaiser-Bagh, and look round in the early dawn of a new day. Beneath our feet lie the ruined gardens of the palace of the last King of Oudh. Within each large square of buildings was once a plot of garden-ground, but the enclosures are now a wild tangle of roses and jasmines; in one particular quadrangle we may notice a few orange-trees, standing at regular distances apart, in gaunt isolation, whilst around them lie confused heaps of ploughed-up earth, with here and there what looks like broken pink crockery with a glint of gold where a sunbeam wavers.[1] What are these? They are the ruins of a pink and gold tessellated pavement, made at one of the great Staffordshire manufactories, and laid down just before the Mutiny, for the delicate feet of a favourite and beloved Ranee to walk on. Of the hundreds of dozens of gay tiles in this spot, only three escaped unbroken from the fire of our artillery; and it is strange to think of the destiny of those pieces of china, to have been made in a smoky district of England, by grimy English workmen, and to lie shivered to pieces by the fast and furious fire of English gunners. They were ordered for feet clad in velvet and gold embroidery

[1] I need not say that all this is changed now, but I describe exactly what I saw ten years ago.

to walk on, they were trodden under the iron heels of rough half-maddened soldiers.

But we must not linger too long gazing beneath us. Glance around. There is the 32nd Mess House, with its partitions letting in the daylight through bullet-holes; those bare ruined walls yonder once belonged to Mr. Gubbin's house, and that square dilapidated building is the famous Residency. The pointed slender arch before us marks the spot where brave Neill fell, and the exquisite minarets yonder belong to the Imaum Baragh. The strange shape of the roofs of the Chattah Munzil, or "Umbrella Palace," attracts the eye, and it is quite possible to see from this distance the gilding on the queer little mushroom-shaped cupolas dotted about that building.

I have been speaking of ten years ago—four years only after the mutiny. Now, of course, all the ruin is repaired; over the ground occupied by the Rebel lines has passed the plough and harrow; fresh green turf has been laid over the once baked and trampled ground; trees are planted where cannon stood in position; and Lucknow owes to that dreadful Mutiny a magnificent People's Park, or Maidan.

The devastation around the old Dilkoosha Palace is not so well obliterated. Its Deer Park is a thing of the past, and the splendid timber about the remains of the great pile of buildings is more useful to conceal than to ornament the ruinous gardens. Of all the beautiful Indian gateways, few are more perfect than the Roumey-Durwassa, and Lucknow would be well worth a visit if that "doorway" were its sole architectural gem.

The next stage toward the giant mountains which are before us, though we cannot yet see them, is Agra; so near (as distances go in India) and yet so dif-

ferent from Lucknow. Although it is intensely and thoroughly Eastern in its buildings, still it is not in the least like other Hindoo cities.

Three miles out of Agra, on the west bank of the River Jumna, stands a woman's tomb in pure white marble, which so long as the world shall last, will be unrivalled in fame and beauty. The Taj-mahal was built by Shahjehan, as a mausoleum for his wife Noor-mahal; and for the last two hundred years and more he has slept beside her, beneath that wonderful fairy-like dome. The chief charm of the Taj is the sharp contrasts it presents both inside and out. It is surrounded by a dense mass of trees selected for their dark and glossy foliage. At a short distance from the entrance, two slender white minarets point heavenwards like snowy fingers from amid this sombre cypress grove. After the handsome red stone Gateway is passed, you see before you a lovely vision of pure white marble, which seems irregular in shape, and yet is harmonious in its perfect outlines. The eye travels up to the great dome, standing out against the turquoise sky as if it were carved from snow, along a water-way leading straight up to the platform on which the Taj stands. The edges of this canal are also of purest white, and a brilliant flower ribbon of colour borders its sides, the gay tints of the flowers showing still brighter against the shadow of the gloomy background.

When we have crossed the threshold with its inscription, "To the Memory of an undying Love," we come again upon flower-wreaths, twining sprays, and bouquets of loveliest blossoms, the sole flecks of colour amid the white arches, lace-like screens, and slender shafts around. But these are inlaid flowers, and, ever fresh as when they left the mosaic-workers' hand two

hundred years ago, they bloom eternally in lapis lazuli, chalcedony, cornelian and jasper. The least tone or note of music sounded under the dome goes sighing softly up into the arched vault above, and after wandering round it in fairy echoes, at last dies away gradually, or we may fancy that, like a soul set free, it has floated out into the blue and boundless ether.

Such is the Taj, and poor and cold and colourless my words seem, whilst memory brings back to me all the purity of its outline, and the solemn tenderness of its colour.

Having seen this glorious tomb, no other building seems worth seeing, but after visiting it again and again, the traveller may go seven miles in another direction, north of Agra, to Secundra, and look at the noble mausoleum to Akbar Shah, who lived about three hundred years ago, and was one of the most celebrated rulers of India in old days. He was tolerant, wise, and just, and his English successors have found little to alter in the scheme of social improvement which he left behind him. He lies beneath a marble cenotaph surrounded by an ornamented wall, unroofed, so that the blue sky hangs ever over his resting place. Before the great Shah came here to sleep his last sleep, he dwelt within the massive red stone walls of the fort, and his Audience Hall still exists, at one end of which is his throne, empty for nearly three centuries.

Close to the Fort is the Mootee Musjid or Pearl Mosque, a gem of Art, with its exquisite arches and triad of white domes. The balcony of the Zenana Musjid, or women's Mosque, is beautiful as a dream, and the despair of all description.

And now let us go on to the capital of the Great Mogul, the ninth Delhi built over the ruins and in the

neighbourhood of its predecessors. The present city is walled, unlike most Indian towns, which are surrounded by a suburb of native houses, and rely for their defence on a citadel or large fort in the centre, which affords shelter for all in case of attack. The walls of Delhi are not very imposing in appearance, but, nevertheless, they kept our troops at bay for some time, owing to the military advantages possessed by the surrounding country, which the rebels occupied before the arrival of our siege train.

I have yielded so much to the temptation of recalling the stirring scenes of '57, enacted at Cawnpore and Lucknow, that I must needs omit all mention of the mutiny in connection with Delhi, unless we mean to turn our Travels into records of battles and sieges. Instead, therefore, of taking my readers to the low ridges around the town, where our artillery were posted, and pointing out every spot full of historical interest, I will try to keep more to the peaceful profession of sight-seeing, and walk with them down the Chandnee Chouk, the principal street of Delhi. We will stand at the Lahore gate, and look down this picturesque and beautiful road, more than street, for it is ninety feet wide and divided along the centre by a row of tall trees. Beneath their shade is a canal at which groups of natives and animals stand drinking, and the view is arrested by the lofty red embattled walls of the king's palace at the other end of the long street. On the right hand of the Chandnee Chouk, are the shops of the goldsmiths, and on the left those of the silversmith. As we walk down one side and come up the other, it is impossible to know which turns out the most beautiful embroideries. Here are gorgeous shawls, and saddle cloths, blazing in massive bullion

on a black or crimson ground, golden sword-handles, and velvet scabbards; next door are exquisite ornaments to imitate the mimosa blossom, with its little golden tuft of a flower, or huge bangles with jewelled eyes gleaming out of dragon's heads; besides turquoises and carbuncles from Lahore, set in every kind of quaint device. Our breath is taken away, and our eyes dazzled, so we think to restore the balance of our minds by strolling up the other side of the street. But the temptations are even greater here. Look at that cloak of pale blue cashmere, covered with silver brocade, a line of crimson silk thread following the glistening curves of the pattern, so as to give warmth of tone without gaudiness; or pause at that enormous case, with a silver tiara, star-shaped pins, bangles for ancle and arm, huge tassel-like earings, and massive chains, ordered for a native princess. Here are also silver-hilted weapons, both swords and spears, silver-mounted pipes, silver bits and frontlets for horses, silver-embroidered housings.

Yes, the silver side of the Chandnee Chouk is even more tempting than the gold, so we had better hurry once more down its length, under the shade of the trees, this time away from the shops, and reach the Palace Gateway, whose open court can hold ten thousand horsemen with ease.

There is no remnant here of former glory, except size. In the Hall of Audience, where once the famous peacock throne stood, there is nothing left to admire except the carving of the white marble pillars which supported the arched roof. It is pathetic beyond the power of words, this desolate silence, these odours and tokens of decay and dilapidation, and amidst it all remains the vain inscription, "If there be a paradise on earth, it is here." Passing

on through the private Hall of Audience, more moderate in size, but exquisite in its inlaid decorations, we arrive at the Hall of Justice, where the light comes in through filmy sheets or panes of Alabaster, which act as prisms, and cast exquisite dancing flecks of colour on the pure white marble pavement. One feels as if this hall were a chapel, with its pointed roof springing from two rows of columns down the centre, which form an isle on either hand, and the subdued sunlight flickering in bright spots as if through stained glass, adds to the impression.

Let us hasten out once more from the close, foul smells within these empty walls, and climb the marble steps hard by, which lead to the platform where the Jumna-Musjid, the Great Mosque of Delhi, stands. You will be weary of raptures over stone and marble, if I linger here, perhaps. Those who care to read an account of this noble pile of buildings, an account which will bring it before their eyes as vividly as if they stood looking up at the three marble domes, the cornices running round the whole red sandstone building, the verses from the Koran traced in black marble, in letters two feet high, can do so in Dr. Macleod's beautiful book.

We will keep out in the open air, and drive off to see one of the cities of tombs, just outside the present Delhi. This is one of the strangest spots in India. Here is a space equal to the site of a small town covered entirely by tombs, and yet not in the least resembling a cemetery. Most of the silent resting-places are cenotaphs, enclosed in walls of white marble, with steps leading up to them. Some are like small mosques, others like solitary minars; but all are beautiful and poetical in feeling. On many of the sculptured decorations, we recognized familiar types,

such as a railing or wall around a young girl's tomb, made of tall lilies, every second flower or so, hanging as if drooping from its stalk. There are inverted torches, butterflies soaring aloft, many images from the old and new worlds, speaking probably of foreign workmen. Yet this strange city was not given over to the dead. When our voices disturbed its profound hush, there swarmed out from its sheltering roofs, crowds of loathsome beggars, lepers, maniacs, outcasts and pariahs from the haunts of living men. Ah! how horrible it was, the gaunt famine-stricken wretches, looking as if they had died long ago, and yet were still wandering about their last earthly home. Their dusky skins showed so distinctly among the fresh, lovely carving of the tombs where they dwelt. Death was, here, ever so much lovelier than life.

We will pass quickly by Humayoon's Tomb, because we feel somewhat ashamed to remember that here the old king and the princes of the blood royal took refuge after the fall of Delhi; from hence they set out to return, as they thought, in peace and safety to the captured city; and they were simply murdered on their way thither by us. No doubt their death would have been decreed sooner or later, but we in England cannot be reconciled to the idea of killing a man without a fair trial, and I hope we never shall.

Now let us come to the curious old observatory, built, this and five others, in 1728, by the Rajah of Jeypore, Jeh Sing, who was the Herschel of India. He conceived the idea of making astronomical instruments in stone, and there they stand to this day, on the dusty plains of Delhi, two equatorial dials of gigantic dimensions; there are also others near Benares.

It would be a pity to touch Dr. Macleod's account

of the Kootab, besides which you really should read the book yourselves. There is only one little thing I may mention, because evidently no person has dared to tell so learned and clever a man as our traveller such nonsense; but still it may amuse us silly people.

Close to the Kootab stands a remarkable pillar, of a single cast of wrought iron, about seventeen tons in weight, and fifty feet high, of which more than half is under ground. It measures only five feet in circumference, and has not a speck of rust, although it appears from the inscription that it was put up in the sixth century. Now Dr. Macleod's Cicerone stopped there, but mine informed me gravely that there was no doubt whatever that the world turned round upon this pillar, and that the other end stuck out at the antipodes of that exact spot. The guide added that he knew it "*as a fact!*"

CHAPTER XXXI.

UP TO SIMLA.

AT Delhi we must take leave of Dr. Macleod, parting from him at the Cashmere Gate whose story he tells so well. His face was turned towards Calcutta, a thousand miles away, but we will set ours towards the glorious mountain ranges and go swiftly on up to their very foot.

We will not journey quite so fast as we have done hitherto with the good Doctor, but will loiter at Kurnaul for a little shooting. Never was there such a place for game. Snipe abound in the marshes, whilst the jungle is alive with hares, partridges, and peacocks. At each jheel or pond we come to, coveys of duck and teal are flushed, but owing to the absence of retrievers, we lose half the game which falls to our guns.

Dogs in India get quite as much spoiling as children from their native attendants, who never think of correcting them in any way, but let them do just as they please. The consequence of this treatment is that the dogs never dream of obeying orders, and hunt on their own account and for their own amusement, whilst their owners rail at them, and their attendant runs about after his haughty

charges, imploring them to behave properly. Perhaps the dogs don't understand Hindoostanee; at all events they treat with supreme contempt the dog-keeper's pathetic entreaties to "Mr. Dog" to fetch a bird out of the water, or to stand steady at his point until his master arrives. What would an English gamekeeper say to such behaviour?

The constant presence of jackals in the jungle interferes very much also with the scent, and I remember that upon one occasion a steady old pointer, too old to learn bad habits, stood for nearly half an hour motionless, with fixed eyes and raised front paw, before a bush from which the beaters found it impossible to flush a bird. At last after much knocking of the shrubs about with sticks, and calling off old Ponto, who would not listen to any suggestion of giving in, a huge wild boar was dislodged from his hiding place. It is impossible to describe the look of horror and amazement which came over the pointer's face as his game rushed out at him, upsetting and trampling him under foot. It was so totally unexpected an episode in Ponto's sporting career that he could not get over it, but slunk at heel all day with his tail drooping, pondering deeply on what sort of a country it could be where partridges looked like pigs and knocked a dog down.

Most of the shots are fired from the back of an elephant which has been trained to stand steady under fire, and is therefore called a "shikarri" or hunting elephant, yet it is very rare to find one who will really remain sufficiently steady for what is called among sportsmen a pretty shot. But it is still more difficult to see the game, or to take aim on foot, for the jungle is so dense that the sportsman cannot look a yard ahead on account of the numerous

light bushes, through which the elephant goes steadily crashing, acting unconsciously as a beater, and putting up red-legged partridges at almost every step.

The "hills" as they are called, are in full view now, straight ahead, and morning and evening their lofty peaks can be seen far above, in what seems cloud land. At first, and if one has never seen real Alps, it appears incredible that those fantastic, half-hidden outlines, so high up above the peaks of ordinary mountains, should be anything but unsubstantial shapes, "daughters of earth and water" "nurslings of the sky;" but that is only because no imagination can grasp the height and grandeur of the three or four great mountain ranges of the world unless something akin to them has previously taught us on what scale to regulate our expectations.

Umballah is the last large town almost at the foot of the Himmalayas on this side, and it presents none of the interesting features of Indian cities. It is in fact only a very large military station, built in the midst of a dusty hot plain, and it does not possess any of the interesting features of the towns we have stopped at by the way. No mosques or ruins, or beautiful native goods exposed for sale, nothing but barracks and bungalows, and a native quarter where the most unpicturesque side of Bengalee manners and customs are exhibited.

There is nothing here to detain the traveller, unless his taste lies in the direction of military sights and sounds, so we will push on to Kalka, a small station quite under shelter of the lower range of the great mountains. This little place is in the province or kingdom of Puttialah, whose Rajah has, or had, a perfect mania for letting off fireworks! He was an exceedingly amiable personage, a very good friend

to the English, and desirous of shewing them every civility in his power, upon all occasions. These attentions invariably took the form of fireworks, and nothing delighted the good Rajah's heart so much as a visitor of high degree, who would consent to linger whilst he caused rockets and catherine wheels and roman candles to explode in their honour. We cannot help fancying what would be His Highness' delight at our Crystal Palace, the dazzling displays from the terraces of which are enough to create in all bosoms the same intense longing for snapping, sputtering delights which the Rajah possesses. Cremorne also would be to him "the place to spend a happy day," or rather evening, and he would fain have the fifth of November celebrated with all its fizzing honours, twice a year.

But perhaps it may not have been our good fortune to be entertained with pyrotechnic displays, and we have gone quietly to bed instead, with our last waking thoughts running on the journey before us on the morrow. After so many hundred miles of dead level it is an excitement to look forward to mountain travelling, though by the time twenty-four hours have passed we are fain to cry for mercy, and tempted to regret the plains beneath us.

This part of the journey is performed in a different manner from those in any other portion of the world over which we have so rapidly skimmed. It is true that people sometimes ride over these paths, but the general form of locomotion is to be carried in a Jhaunpauhn, or sedan chair, with curtained sides, by four men at a time, who are relieved every quarter of a mile or so by a fresh set of bearers. However luxurious and easy such a mode of conveyance may sound, it is the very reverse of comfortable in reality, for the unhappy

passenger is jolted until he expects his spine to appear through the top of his head, and, by the time Kussowlie is reached, it needs all the exquisite beauty and grandeur of the scenery around him to efface the recollection of his sufferings by the way. He looks with envy on his head native servant, sitting in cross-legged dignity upon a light platform borne on the shoulders of a couple of stout mountaineers, who step easily out with their load, grunting a sort of chorus to while away the time.

The narrow mountain-track is perhaps more precipitous, as far as Kussowlie, than at any other portion of the road to Simla; but it is a new and delicious sensation to the traveller to breathe the fresh mountain air, to get away from the monotony and dusty glare of the plains, and to zigzag along the mountain side, watching the immense plateau falling away, as it were, beneath his feet. A short halt is all that can be spared for rest or breakfast, and then begins a long tedious day of up and down hill, climbing to the very summit of a steep ridge, only to descend to the bottom of the ravine below, and so on up the next step of the giant staircase. Sometimes when the weary Jhaunpauhnees have paused at a streamlet in the shade, to drink and rest or smoke their hubble-bubble for a few minutes, the wayfarer may look up and see, from the over-hanging cliffs or shrubs, a peering monkey-face, or a hairy arm stretched out to pluck a tempting berry. He may even see, as I did once, a panther watching two monkeys at play on a ledge of rock. The lithe beautiful creature—the morning sun shining on its glossy yellow coat—lay stretched out, cat fashion, with its eyes intently fixed on an old monkey, who was apparently trying to educate her refractory baby. The child would not do something

the mother wished, so she held it out by one outstretched arm over the very verge of the shelf of rock, shook it vigorously, and with many cuffs tried to frighten it into obedience, evidently threatening that if it were not good directly she would drop it, in which case it must have fallen straight into my Jhaunpauhn! The small monkey did not relish the prospect, and squealed, and, I regret to say, *bit* its mother. Again and again was the struggle for parental authority resumed, until at last the mother chanced to turn her head, caught sight of the watching foe, and with a shriek of terror which was almost human in its piercing shrillness, swung herself with one bound on to an overhanging branch, and so into a thicket above the rock, her baby clinging tightly round her neck with both arms, and burying its little head in her long hairy coat, as if afraid to look at the crouching creature. It was such a glimpse of wild life, made up of narrow escapes and frolic passing into deadly terror, though the little scene did not last as long as these lines would take to write or read.

All through the long bright day we go up and down, over ridge after ridge, until the traveller's bones ache, and he feels as if Simla must be in the moon. But at last, just at dusk, he sees standing out against the darkening sky-line of one long bare ridge, sundry gables and straight roof-lines. That is Simla. Through the suburb of Boileau Gunge, with its scattered houses and beautiful glimpses amid its forest clearings, the Jhaunpauhnees trot with short quick steps, assuring each other, in a doggrel chant, that the rice is even then being cooked and the curry prepared, and that a good sleep will soon make them forget how heavy the Sahib has been and how long the road. Then there is a sudden stop, the Jhaun-

pauhn is put down before a door, and, dazed and confused, feeling as if his brains were upside down, and he was not sure whether his whole body was not also in the same position, the traveller emerges from cold and weariness and darkness into the bright light and warmth of a Simla hearth, and the first words he says are, "It is exactly like England!" That is the highest praise the exile can bestow on any place. We grumble at the dear old nest so long as we are in it, but when we spread our wings and fly away, our thoughts turn back more faithfully even than our tongues; and if we were candid or humble enough to acknowledge it, our inmost hearts sing ever—

"It's hame, hame, I fain wad be,
Hame in my ain countrie."

CHAPTER XXXII.

JAPAN.

AND now we must begin to think of winding up our pleasant journeyings together, unless we want to make this volume so large that little people will be afraid to open it lest it should contain more instruction than they have any idea of acquiring. We would fain hope that it will teach the little readers as much indirectly as it has taught the big writer, and that they will study the routes described on the maps which have been drawn on purpose for them with so much pains and care.

Without going quite so far as Mrs. Blimber in "Dombey and Son," who used to declare that she only wished to see "beautiful Tusculum" and would then be ready to die, we may say in more sober fashion that of all the countries re-travelled in this little volume, there is not one which possesses a greater attraction for us than Japan. Japan which has been shut up for so many centuries, and which even now has opened only three of her ports to European traders.

Look at the map, and you will see on the eastern side of the Asiatic continent, divided from it by the Sea of Japan, a long, narrow cluster of islands, of

which the largest is called Nipon, and at its south-western extremity a smaller group; they all make up the Japanese Empire. We learn that the word *Japan* is only a European corruption of Ji-pun-quo — the country where the sun is born. This is again the Chinese pronunciation of Nipon, or Dai Nipon (great sun origin); and the imperial banner is a red sun on a white ground. It is supposed that there are nearly 3,000 islands in the Mikado's empire, and that if they were all placed side by side, instead of being broken up with narrow channels of water between them, they would cover somewhere about 170,000 square miles. Only four of these islands are large enough to be distinct on our map—Nipon, Kinsin, Sikok, and Yesso. In Nipon, which is of far greater size than the others, is built the chief city Yedo, and inland from Wodowara Bay rises the famous Fusiyama, the most perfect of volcanic cones, 14,177 feet above the sea. There are authentic records of terrible eruptions from its now peaceful and snow-clad summit, beginning from the year 781, and extending at intervals down to 1707; but since that date it has not emitted a puff of smoke. It is regarded as sacred, and thousands of pilgrims from the lower classes ascend it annually to offer up prayers and incense to the turbulent spirit who is supposed to dwell inside the vast empty crater which has sunk 350 feet below the level of its lip.

After the careful perusal of many books, winding up with a recent Blue-book (most interesting of all!), I have come to the conclusion, that the Japanese are a generous and brave people, frugal and thrifty, scrupulous, clean, and neat in their habits and in their houses, wonderfully ingenious, and full of patriotism and devotion to their insti-

tutions. In the Blue-book I found an account of the wonderful recent revolution in Japan, when the whole system of the double monarchy, the Tycoon and the Mikado, was done away with, and the people's eyes were opened suddenly to the absurdity of having a sort of dummy sovereign in the Mikado, an emperor who was jealously locked up and kept in cotton-wool at Kioto.

No sovereign of Europe or China, no prince in India, can show a pedigree to match with that of the Mikado, which stretches back for twenty centuries. But for the last 700 years the Mikados have been emperors only in name, their empire being really ruled by the successors of one Yoritomo, a prince of the imperial blood, who usurped the secular power in the twelfth century, and transmitted it to his descendants. These reigned at Yedo as hereditary Tycoons or Shoguns; but the Mikado, secluded in his city of Kioto, always remained the sacred Emperor venerated by his people.

Scarcely three years ago, however, came a change. The powerful Daimios, answering to our old feudal Barons, fomented a revolution, which spread so rapidly that the power of the Tycoons was broken up, and the last of the dynasty, Prince Keiki, voluntarily returned his powers into the hands of the Mikado. By November 1868 the revolution was virtually accomplished, the ex-Tycoon had taken his place among the other Daimios as the mere chief of a clan, and the Mikado and his Court left the sacred city which had been their residence from time immemorial, for Yedo.

It must have been a strange procession, and it is no wonder that thousands of Japanese flocked to see it, bowing their heads in death-like silence as the

sacred presence passed by. First came the Daimios and their armed followers, then the kuges or court lords, one of whom bore the regalia, and, surrounded by the household troops, the flower of the Japanese army, came the Ho-or-een, or Phœnix car, crowned with a golden image of the Phœnix, represented by the head and body of a peacock, joined to the spreading plume-like tail of the magnificent copper pheasant.

But the noblest incident in this wonderful revolution was contributed to the future history of the island empire by its own Daimios. Prince Kaga, the richest of the nobles, set the example, and the official *Gazette* of December 1869 contains a memorial, signed by this prince by right of nature as well as by courtesy, and many other Daimios of the West. It has been so well translated by Mr. Mitford, that it is a great pity we cannot give it at length. It sets forth how, in the humble opinion of the memorialists, the Great Body must not lose, nor the Great Strength delegate its power, for a single day; how all was the Emperor's to give and to take away; and how they, the undersigned, reverently returned into the Emperor's hands all the possessions he had in former ages bestowed on their ancestors, praying him to issue orders for the remodelling of the various clans. They say at the end: "Let all proceed from the Emperor; let all the affairs of the empire, both great and small, be referred to him, so that the internal relations of the country may be placed on a true footing."

This loyalty and devotion of the nobles is almost without a parallel among Western nations, and well deserves a record here; but having briefly noticed it we will pass on to a less historical, but perhaps more amusing account of Japanese ways and customs.

First we shall glance at the universal use they make of paper. Perhaps you may think that we in England put our waste rags to a great many uses, and may instance all the pretty things made of papier-mâche. Well, the Japanese are far before us in that manufacture, and they employ quantities of paper besides in its more tissue-like state. Imagine a paper pillow-case, or rather a pillow made of folded layers of paper, the uppermost being taken off every morning. The doors of the houses are of paper stretched on a slight frame; handkerchiefs, and many other things which we make of calico, silk, or muslin, have their paper substitutes in Japan. Waterproof coats are made of it, and so are dusters and *string;* all parcels being tied up by strips of paper. In the marriage settlements of the Japanese ladies, the most important question to be decided between the two families is the quantity of paper allowed to the bride, lest the generous lover should turn into a stingy husband and curtail the supply of paper for household consumption.

We have in England so many specimens of Japanese lacquer-ware, porcelain, carving, and embroidery from Yedo or Nangasaki, that any description of them here would be superfluous; but perhaps we may say a word about the difficulty in buying and selling all these pretty things in the country where they are made. First of all a list is drawn for official information of every purchase made by a foreigner, and when articles have been selected in the bazaar, they are carried straight off to a Government office, where their value in silver *itzibus* (a little silver coin worth about sixteen-pence) is placed in one scale, whilst the foreign coin is placed in the other, allowing for a certain percentage to meet the expense of recoining

the foreign money. Even then the poor merchant does not get his hard cash; the Government official carries the amount of the value of all the *itzibus* to his credit. All this cumbrous machinery is set to work merely to prevent Europeans receiving Japanese money, and to guard against foreign coin being circulated in the country. The new treaties of commerce, however, stipulate that these absurd restrictions shall be done away with.

The Japanese are the most extraordinary people in the world with regard to their bathing arrangements. All travellers agree in declaring them to be an instinctively modest and decent nation, refined in their domestic habits, and far superior in civilization, as we understand the term, to most Eastern nations. Yet with all this high social standard it is the custom of the country to bathe in public. A tub of cold water is placed in the street, outside the hall door, and into this bath the lady of the house, generally accompanied by her children, has the embarrassing habit of stepping three or four times during the course of a long summer's day. One traveller records his horror and amazement, at going to some public baths where he had observed that there were separate entrances for ladies and gentlemen, to find that, once within the paper partition, everybody splashed about with as little regard for each other's presence as if they were so many fishes. One polite lady overwhelmed him with confusion by observing the wretched man's hesitation, and, attributing it to the bath being too crowded, she gracefully stepped out of the division she and her family occupied, and offered it to the stranger. Captain Sherard Osborn records that although he took every possible precaution to ensure a private tub during his stay at

Yedo, he never could shake off the attendance of an old priest, who was deputed by the Japanese Government to take notice of the English method of using soap and towels.

A ride in Japan must be a fearful undertaking both for man and beast. The poor horses have their tails tied up in bright blue bags, whilst their heads can scarcely be seen from the quantity of brass and bronze trappings which cover it. Then, in describing the saddle, we hardly know which to pity most, the horse that carries it or the man who rides on it. Imagine a huge, demi-peak, brass or bronze-bound affair, shaped like the letter V, with stirrups like large shoes, which are made of solid bronze, inlaid with silver, and weighing about forty pounds the pair. It is no wonder that sedan chairs are preferred as modes of conveyance, or that when an Englishman *has* to ride on a Japanese saddle, he generally brings his pillow out with him, and sits on it on horseback.

Never were such people for fairy tales and legends. All books of travel in Japan have one or two of these stories introduced into their pages, but Mr. Mitford, who was the secretary to our legation in Japan for some years, has collected and translated a few of the most curious and beautiful national legends, and published them, with quantities of illustrations from Japanese pictures done on wood by Japanese artists.

It is not within the scope of a book of travels to talk about fairy tales, but any boys or girls who want to add Japanese myths to their heap of legendary lore cannot do better than try to get a peep at the two volumes which Mr. Mitford has published, called "Tales of Old Japan."

But we must come back from the fairy to the real world, and say a little word about the extraordinary

custom of *hara-kiri* or suicide. In the first place all the Japanese officials wear one or two swords, and consequently the operation can be performed at a moment's notice. Not only are criminals of high rank sentenced to perform *hara-kiri* on themselves, which they do without the least hesitation, but young men of good family are trained from childhood to have such a nice sense of honour, that if a disparaging remark is made on one of them, the object of the sarcasm immediately performs *hara-kiri* on himself in public. The only satisfaction the sensitive victim of ill-nature can possibly have in thus dying, is the knowledge that etiquette demands that the person who made the remark which led to the suicide shall also perform *hara-kiri*, so at all events they die together, the slanderer and the slandered. Perhaps you will ask what the rite is; it is very nasty, but quite simple, consisting merely of drawing the invariable sword, and giving a couple of slashes in the shape of a cross over the stomach. Nowadays it is considered more fashionable to give yourself a little scratch, upon seeing which the nearest attendant draws on a pair of white gloves, and neatly finishes cutting you to pieces. We must state that it is not nearly so common as it used to be, and early English travellers in Japan often unconsciously caused the nobles to commit suicide by neglecting some custom, or infringing one of the many laws of etiquette which it was death to neglect.

We may easily imagine that two large double-hilted swords must be a very cumbrous addition to one's every-day dress, and occasionally they get their wearer into serious scrapes. Mr. Pumpelly gives us an account of an incident which occurred during his stay in Japan. He and some Japanese officials had been making an

expedition to see a volcano, and in cantering home through the woods in single file, one of the officers met with the following accident. Mr. Pumpelly says:

"As I was riding at a brisk gallop, a short distance in advance of the others, I saw, too late to avoid it, a grape-vine hanging like a swing, forty or more feet long, and its lower end just high enough from the ground to strike my stomach. To cry out a warning to those behind, and give the swing a push into the air was the work of an instant, but it was too late; the returning vine embraced Takeda, and as I looked back his horse had gone from under him, while the force of the shock expended itself in causing him to make several somersaults around the loop, preparatory to a tremendous flap on the ground. His swords had fallen from the scabbards, and he narrowly escaped being transfixed by one of them, which stood point up, its hilt buried in the moss."

Among the odd customs of the country there is none stranger than the toilette of the boatmen in the Bay of Yedo. These stout, athletic fellows, smooth-skinned and bronze-coloured, dispense, unlike their countrymen, with all clothing except a small blue waist-cloth; but then, on the other hand, why should they tie up their noses? Is it for fear of malaria, of which there is certainly more risk ashore than afloat, or is the Japanese nose a fractious feature, or do noses require to be taken great care of in Japan?

Captain S. Osborn asks these questions, and is unable to answer them, but there is evidently some unexplained mystery about Japanese noses, for if we turn to a page of Japanese caricatures, in another work, we shall find most of the fun is connected with the nose. In one large picture two bird-men are represented dressed in feather suits, with preposterous

beaks or noses, which are carried over a friend's shoulder, and made useful by bearing baskets of goods slung midway. In another caricature, worthy of a place in the Book of Nonsense, a young lady has stuck her long and pointed nose out of a casement window, and is anxiously trying to induce a pair of tame birds to alight on it.

But oh! the little wee dogs in Japan! Not only do all travellers agree in representing them as fascinating pets, but I have had many acquaintances among them. First and foremost was a yellow dog, about as large as a small King Charles, and with just the same feathery legs and tail, but with the face of a pug. She was named "Darù," and was of a most loving and timid disposition, but dainty and charming in her manners and behaviour. Then there was a tiny creature of a more rare and valuable breed; pure white in colour, with black marks, a long silky coat, and very pug face. This poor little pet became stone blind, but possessed a wonderful intelligence, and lived to a good old age in great happiness. Then I have seen very small jet-black Japanese dogs, with pointed faces, extremely like Pomeranian dogs in miniature. They are sold in pretty little cages; and I only know that if I had the good fortune to go to Japan, I should make very extensive purchases in the dog bazaar, for all the dogs I have met with from that country are so extraordinarily sagacious and affectionate.

The police arrangements in Japan are very complicated, and in addition to the vast official staff there is a sort of arrangement by which everybody becomes a special constable at a moment's warning. For instance, if a fight should arise in a street, the nearest inhabitants must separate the combatants.

Should a man kill another, his life pays the forfeit even if he did it in self-defence; but the three nearest families are by law and custom compelled to keep within doors for many months; time is given them to lay in a stock of provisions for the period of their domiciliary imprisonment, and then their doors and windows are closed upon them. Besides this, all the inhabitants of the street are punished by public labour in proportion to their negligence in preventing the murder; the chief men of the street are more rigorously punished than the rest, for whom they are responsible.

And now I have told you all about Japan that I know myself, and I can only hope that I have been able to awaken in you a wish to see not only that wonderful and interesting country, but some of those touched upon in other parts of this little book; and I would fain believe that it may afford you a little pleasure to read what has been such a great happiness to me to write—a record of the perseverance and energy of brave men who have led the van in the march of civilization all over the world.

THE END.

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